THE

Vocal Miſcellany.

A

COLLECTION

Of above FOUR HUNDRED

CELEBRATED SONGS;

Many of which were

Never before PRINTED.

WITH

The Names of the TUNES prefixed to each SONG.

VOLUME the Firſt.

The THIRD EDITION, with many Alterations and large Additions.

LONDON,

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DEDICATION,

TO

All, and Every one of the LADIES *of* Great-Britain, *who are either* Beautiful, Witty, Well-ſhap'd, Agreeable, *or* Young.

LADIES,

VARIOUS are the Species of Poetry, various the Topicks which employ the Muſe: but though all have an undoubted Right to implore the Protection of the Fair, the Great, and Wiſe; yet nothing is more ridiculous than when this Claim is ill adapted. When a Poem treating only on the *Art of War*, is laid at the Feet of a fine Lady, or *Modern Beau*; or an Eulogium on the Charms of *Youth*, and *firſt Enjoyments of the Hymeneal State*, is preſented to a Senator of ninety-five: what Recompence can the Authors expect, beſides the Con-

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tempt of their Patrons and the whole judging World? Yet ſuch Things we ſometimes ſee.

But it would be unneceſſary to expatiate on an Error I have ſo well avoided, in Inſcribing this Collection to thoſe who only have a Right to it: It is you, LADIES, who are the Inſpirers of the Vocal Muſe; even Muſick takes its Key wholly by your Humours, and, as you ſmile or frown, tunes itſelf to the ſprightly or the dying Strain: you alſo add Harmony to the ſofteſt Notes, whenever you vouchſafe to give them Utterance. And as every thing wrote in this way is an Oblation due to your Merits, ſo ought you to encourage even the meaneſt Performance: though what is now offered, I flatter myſelf, has ſomething more in it than a bare Dependance on your Good-nature, to recommend it to your Favour, and apologize for this Preſumption, in

LADIES,

Your moſt devoted Servant,

The Editor.

PREFACE.

NOtwithſtanding the great Diſadvantage this Book ſet out with, as having been preceded by many of the ſame Kind, yet the extraordinary Succeſs it has met with in having Two Impreſſions of above 7000 Volumes ſold off within Four Years after its firſt Publication, may be ſufficiently convincing to the Purchaſer that it excels all the other Collections hitherto publiſhed.

This Conſideration has induced the Editor to reviſe it for a Third Edition, wherein are inſerted many excellent Compoſitions not in the former, alſo all the moſt celebrated Songs in the Ballad Opera's and Entertainments publiſhed to this Time.

PREFACE.

Tho' this Work at first appears much of a Piece with other Collections of Songs, yet it will, on Examination, be found to have no other Resemblance than in the Title; those being a confused Mixture of Good and Bad, as they came to hand, and this consisting only of the most Elegant among the Old Songs, and above an Hundred New ones, wrote by Celebrated Hands, and never before printed.

Besides the particular Care that has been taken in the Choice of the Compositions, in which the Opinion of the best Judges has been consulted, the Tunes are likewise mentioned, which must be allowed a very great Addition to the Work; as it enables the Reader to sing, what might otherwise have possibly been passed over only as a Copy of Verses.

Where a Song will go to two or more Tunes, that which is the newest and most esteemed is set down, and where they will go to no other than they were originally designed for (and which indeed is the most proper for them) they

are

are ſignified by their firſt Line, as Song LXXXIX. *Page* 74. The Laſs of Peatie's Mill, *&c.*

This Method is obſerved throughout the Book, rather than make uſe of the frequent Repetition, To its own Tune.

The great Succeſs of this Undertaking having induced others to publiſh Collections in Imitation of this, yet as the Editor is perſuaded it far excells any Miſcellany of the Sort, he depends entirely on the Quality *and not the* Quantity, *or* Cheapneſs *of the Book for Encouragement.*

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The

THE Vocal Miſcellany.

SONG I. *Sweet, if you love me, come away, &c.*

He. SWeet, if you love me, ſmiling turn,
Smiling turn, ſmiling turn,
Sweet, *&c.*
Ah let me taſte a thouſand Sips,
From thoſe dear balmy ruby Lips,
And gently ſlip into thy——
Smiling turn, ſmiling turn,
And gently ſlip into thy Favour.

She. Pray now give o'er, you court in vain,
Pray give o'er, pray give o'er,
Pray now, *&c.*
And yet ſo warm was e'ery Kiſs,
An Earneſt of ſuch future Bliſs,
I fear at laſt he'll——
Pray be gone——Pray now ſtay,
I fear at laſt he'll gain my Favour.

He. Thus let me preſs thee cloſe, my Dear,
Cloſe, my Dear, cloſe, my Dear,
Thus let me, &c.
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Fie for Shame, fie for Shame,
Fie, now, &c.
He. Ah! do not frown upon me now,
She. I feel I'm growing kind I vow.

He. Since you this kind Embrace allow,
She. O dear he has ſo mov'd me now,
He. O let me ſlip into thy——
She. I fear he'll ſlip into my——
He. Kiſs my Dear,
She. Fie for Shame,
He. And let me ſlip into thy Favour. } *Together.*
She. I fear he'll ſlip into my Favour. }

SONG II. *A Cobler there was*, &c.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story moſt merry,
Of a Wager that happen'd near *Elford-Ferry*;
Where my Friend Parſon *V—n* ſet out with much heat,
And ſo run a Race with himſelf, and was beat.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Says the noble Lord *Berkſhire*, a Peer yet unſold,
Whoſe Wit is ſtill new, and whoſe Bounty is old;
That you cannot five times round my Garden, Friend, run,
I'll lay half a Crown; ſays the Doctor, 'tis done.
Derry, &c.

Like a large Knave of Clubs, in your Boots and your Gown.
Firſt prithee *Tom V—n* lay Divinity down;
Then tho' down hill you run, don't deſpair of ſome Stay,
Thoſe Legs with that Belly can ne'er run away.
Derry, &c.

'Twas then that of *Staffordſhire*'s Prieſthood, the Pride,
Laid his Boots, and his Robe, and his Girdle aſide;
My Lungs which ne'er fail, for my Gurs ſhall atrone,
And I'll do a Miracle *Woolſton* ſhall own.
Derry, &c.

It

It was in Defiance of thick and of thin,
That God's holy Envoy ſtood ſtript to the Skin;
Oh! he labour'd ſo well with Arms, Elbows and Head,
That my Lord thought his Wager was merrily laid.
Derry, &c.

And as he urg'd on o'er the gravelly Plain,
Thoſe Worms which were trod on could ne'er turn again,
The Gard'ners rejoic'd o'er each reverend Stride,
And bleſſing the Prieſt, laid the Rollers aſide.
Derry, &c.

Each Eccho reply'd in the Praiſe of *Tom V——n*,
As with Speed he urg'd on his large Collar of Brawn,
'Till his Legs not rememb'ring a very long Score,
Forſook the great Paunch which ſupply'd them before.
Derry, &c.

Whilſt Biſhops for Places and Penſions contend,
New Tranſlations are wiſh'd, and old Hereſies mend;
Then let us remember in Bumpers around,
The ſtaunch Parſon *V—n* who ſo firm ſtands his Ground.
Derry, &c.

And let all the *Staffordſhire* Laymen go pray,
Since firſt the fat Vicar has ſhewn us the Way,
That our Biſhops when next in the Senate they meet.
May ſo run a Race by themſelves, and be beat.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

SONG III. *Gently touch the warbling Lyre.*

GEntly ſtir and blow the Fire,
Lay the Mutton down to roaſt,
Dreſs it quickly I deſire,
In the Dripping put a Toaſt,
That I hunger may remove;
Mutton is the Meat I love.

On the Dreſſer ſee it lie,
Oh! the charming white and red!
Finer Meat ne'er met my Eye,
On the ſweeteſt Graſs it fed:

Let the Jack go ſwiftly round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the Table ſpread the Cloth,
Let the Knives be ſharp and clean;
Pickles get, and Sallad both,
Let them each be freſh and green;
With ſmall Beer, good Ale, and Wine,
Oh! ye Gods! how I ſhall dine!

SONG IV. *Would Fate to me* Belinda *give.*

WOuld Fate to me *Belinda* give,
With her alone I'd chuſe to live;
Variety I'd ne'er require,
Nor a greater, nor a greater,
Nor a greater Bliſs deſire.

My charming Nymph if you can find,
Amongſt the Race of Human kind,
A Man that loves you more than I,
I'll reſign you, I'll reſign you,
I'll reſign you, though I die.

Let my *Belinda* fill my Arms,
With all her Beauties, all her Charms,
With Scorn and Pity I'd look down
On the Glories, on the Glories,
On the Glories of a Crown.

SONG V. *With an honeſt old Friend.*

WIth an honeſt old Friend, and a merry old Song,
And a Flask of old Port, let me ſit the Night long,
And laugh at the Malice of thoſe who repine,
That they muſt ſwig Porter, whilſt I can drink Wine.

I envy no Mortal, though ever ſo great,
Nor ſcorn I a Wretch for his lowly Eſtate;
But what I abhor, and eſteem as a Curſe,
Is Poorneſs of Spirit, not Poorneſs in Purſe.

Then

Then dare to be generous, dauntleſs and gay,
Let's merrily paſs Life's Remainder away;
Upheld by our Friends, we our Foes may deſpiſe,
For the more we are envy'd, the higher we riſe.

SONG VI. *As Celia near a Fountain lay.*

AS *Celia* near a Fountain lay;
Her Eye-lids clos'd with Sleep,
The Shepherd *Damon* chanc'd that Way,
To drive his Flock of Sheep,
To drive, *&c.*

With awful Step h'approach'd the Fair,
To view her charming Face,
Where ev'ry Feature wore an Air,
And ev'ry Part a Grace,
And ev'ry, *&c.*

His Heart inflam'd with am'rous Pain,
He wiſh'd the Nymph would wake,
Though ne'er before was any Swain
So unprepared to ſpeak,
So unprepared, *&c.*

Whilſt ſlumb'ring thus fair *Celia* lay,
Soft Wiſhes fill'd her Mind,
She cry'd, Come, *Thyrſis*, come away,
For now I will be kind,
For now, *&c.*

Damon embrac'd the lucky Hit,
And flew into her Arms,
He took her in the yielding Fit,
And rifled all her Charms,
And rifled, *&c.*

SONG VII. *How pleaſant a Sailor's Life.*

HOW pleaſant a Sailor's Life paſſes,
Who roams o'er the watery Main!
No Treaſure he ever amaſſes,
But chearfully ſpends all his Gain,

We're Strangers to Party and Faction,
To Honour and Honesty true,
And wou'd not commit a baſe Action,
For Power or Profit in view.
Chor. *Then why ſhould we quarrel for Riches,*
Or any ſuch glittering Toys?
A light Heart and a thin Pair of Breeches
Goes thorough the World, brave Boys.

The World is a beautiful Garden,
Enrich'd with the Bleſſings of Life,
The Toiler with Plenty rewarding,
Which Plenty too often breeds Strife.
When terrible Tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous Billows affright,
No Grandeur or Wealth can avail us,
But skilful Induſtry ſteers right.
Chor. *Then why ſhould*, &c.

The Courtier's more ſubject to Dangers,
Who rules at the Helm of the State,
Than we, that to Politicks Strangers,
Eſcape the Snares laid for the Great.
The various Bleſſings of Nature,
In various Nations we try,
No Mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Chor. *Then why ſhould*, &c.

SONG VIII. *There was a jovial Beggar.*

I Am a jolly Bowler,
Of the Free-thinking Club;
And all my Notes are, *Fly, fly, fly,*
Rub, rub a thouſand, rub,
And a bowling we will go, &c.

There's ne'er a Set of Bowlers
So far and near renown'd

We

We *twiſt* and *ſcrew*, and with Grimace
We *coax* the Bowl around.
And a Bowling, &c.

We have the fineſt Bowling-Green,
There's none with us can vie;
Though void of Mugs, and Pots and Jugs,
To drink when we're a-dry.
And a Bowling, &c.

The Rudiments and Sciences
In Bowling may be found,
For 'tis in vain to think to bowl
'Till you firſt know the Ground.
And a Bowling, &c.

From Bowling we may learn too
The Patience of a *JOB*;
For as in Bowling, ſo in Life,
We bear with many a *Rub*.
And a Bowling, &c.

What Trifles Men contend for,
In Bowling's underſtood;
Where Mortals ſweat, and fret, and vex,
About a Piece of Wood.
And a Bowling, &c.

The Fickleneſs of Fortune
In Emblem here is ſeen;
For often thoſe that touch the *Block*,
Are thrown out of the *Green*
And a Bowling, &c.

Of Courtiers and of Bowlers,
The Fortune is the ſame;
Each joſtles t'other out of Place,
And plays a *ſep'rate Game*.
And a Bowling, &c.

In Bowling as in Battle,
The Leader's apt to claim

The Glory to himſelf,
Though the *Followers* get the *Game*.
And a Bowling, &c.

A *Challenge* from the beſt,
We value not a Straw,
Both *firſt* and *ſecond* too muſt yield,
If we do once but *Draw*.
And a Bowling, &c.

The *Jack* is like a young Coquet,
Each *Bowl* reſembles Man,
They follow, whereſoe'er ſhe leads,
As cloſe as e'er they can.
And a Bowling, &c.

What though they fetch a Compaſs round,
The *Byaſs* draws them in;
And he that lies the cloſeſt to't,
Cock-ſure he is to win.
And a Bowling, &c.

Alas! here's one that *knocks* it off,
And *touches to a Hair!*
Hold, hold an Inch —— your Tongue, you Dog——
A Pox! I can't forbear.
And a Bowling, &c.

Here, quickly bring a Reed, Boy,
And meaſure't out of hand;
The Caſe is clear, 'tis loſt,
You cannot make it ſtand.
And a Bowling, &c.

For though in other Gaming
A Blockhead be in Jeſt,
Yet he that's neareſt *Block-head*,
In Bowling is the beſt.
And a Bowling, &c.

Then to the *Roſe!* —— of Bowling
Now we have had our fill:

Let's

Let's lay aſide our *Jack*, Boys,
And each Man take his GILL.
And a Bowling, &c.

SONG IX. *Phillis, as her Wine ſhe ſip'd in.*

PHillis, as her Wine ſhe ſip'd in,
Gayly talking with her Swain,
Into her Hand he ſlyly ſlip'd in
Tal, lal, lal, lal,
A full Glaſs of briſk *Champaigne.*

Why ſo coy, ſaid he, and fickle?
Muſt I always ſigh in vain?
Muſt I never hope to tickle,
Tal, lal, &c.
Your Ear with a merry Strain?

Long have I been toſs'd and fretting,
Like a Sailor on the Main;
Sure, at length 'tis time to get in,
Tal, lal, &c.
To the Port I hope to gain.

Hearts you take delight in ſtealing,
Of new Conqueſts ſtill are vain;
Torture others whilſt I'm feeling,
Tal, lal, &c.
Pleaſure that is void of Pain.

Won at length, ſhe liſten'd kindly,
And from Love could not refrain;
So in the Nick the Nymph was finely
Tal, lal, &c.
Fitted for her cold Diſdain.

SONG X. *God proſper long our noble King.*

IN *Tyburn-Road* a Man there liv'd,
A juſt and honeſt Life,
And there he might have lived ſtill,
If ſo had pleas'd his Wife.

But ſhe, to vicious Ways inclin'd,
A Life moſt wicked led,
With *Taylors* and with *Tinkers* too,
She oft defil'd his Bed.

Full twice a-day to Church he went,
And ſo devout would be,
Sure never was a Saint on Earth,
If that no Saint was he.

This vex'd his Wife unto the Heart,
She was of Wrath ſo full,
That finding no Hole in his Coat,
She pick'd one in his *Skull*.

But then her Heart 'gan to relent,
And griev'd ſhe was full ſore,
That *Quarter* to him for to give,
She cut him into *Four*.

All in the dark and dead of Night,
Theſe *Quarters* ſhe convey'd,
And in a Ditch at *Marybone*,
His Marrow-bones ſhe laid.

His Head at *Weſtminſter* ſhe threw
All in the *Thames* ſo wide;
Says ſhe, my Dear, the Wind ſets fair,
And you may have the Tide.

But Heav'n, whoſe Pow'r no Limit knows,
On Earth, or on the Main,
Soon caus'd this Head for to be thrown
Upon the Land again.

This Head being found, the Juſtices
Their *Heads* together laid,
And all agreed there muſt have been
Some Body to this Head.

But ſince no Body could be found,
High mounted on a Shelf,
They e'en ſet up this Head to be
A Witneſs for itſelf.

Next, that it no Self-murder was,
The Caſe itſelf explains,
For no Man could cut off his Head,
And throw it in the Thames.

E'er many Days had gone and paſt,
The Deed at length was known,
And *Kath'rine* ſhe confeſs'd at laſt,
The Fact to be her own.

God proſper long our noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all,
And grant that we may take Advice
By *Kath'rine Hays*'s Fall.

SONG XI. *I had rather enjoy.*

I Had rather enjoy
A Girl that is coy,
Than one who is eaſy perſuaded;
For though for a while,
She ſcarcely will ſmile,
Yet at length her Fort is invaded.

When then ſhe's poſſeſs'd,
You doubly are bleſs'd,
Tho' from Pleaſure a while you're confin'd;
The Heart is on fire
With zealous Deſire,
And the Joy of a Lover refin'd.

The Pleaſure's not full,
But damnably dull,
When too willing a Miſtreſs we find;
I'd have her firſt frown,
Her Paſſion diſown,
And begin by Degrees to be kind.

Song XII. *Let's be jovial, fill our Glasses.*

JOlly Mortals, fill your Glasses,
Noble Deeds are done by Wine;
Scorn the Nymph and all her Graces,
Who'd for Love or Beauty pine?

Look within the Bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand Charms you'll find,
More than *Phillis*, though just going
In the Moment to be kind.

Alexander hated Thinking,
Drank above at Council-board,
He forbids the World by Drinking
More than by his conqu'ring Sword.

Song XIII. *Pity the Fall of brave Du Val.*

WHat though hur is in low Estate,
Hur Cousin is to all the Great;
The well-born Knight and courtly 'Squire,
What can hur Soul then more desire?
But yet hur must lament and say,
Pity the Fall of Welchmen All,
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

Hur is as good a Gentleman
As ever came from *Cardigan*,
Tho' in a Brothel hur retail
The true and nut-brown *Pembroke* Ale:
Which makes hur now to lament and say,
Pity the Fall, &c.

Hur left hur own dear native Air,
In haste for *London* City fair:
Hur made the doleful Way on Foot,
Oblig'd to neither Shoe nor Boot:
Which makes hur now to lament and say,
Pity the Fall, &c.

Hur

Hur Father own'd a good She-goat,
For all hur wears a Liv'ry-Coat;
And tho' hur ſwings behind a Coach,
Unto hur Birth 'tis no Reproach:
Which makes hur now to lament and ſay,
Pity the Fall, &c.

What tho' in rotten leathern Chair
Hur Shoulders bear a Lady fair,
Hur Shoe-heels humble, flat and low?
Hur Parentage it was not ſo:
Which makes hur now to lament and ſay,
Pity the Fall, &c.

What though hur drives a dirty Dray,
And Barrels bungs with naſty Clay?
Still hur's of antient Pedigree,
As in hur Bible you may ſee:
Which makes hur now to lament and ſay,
Pity the Fall, &c.

Forc'd in the Streets for Jobbs to wait,
For all hur landed fine Eſtate,
One Pound *per Annum*, Penny-Rent,
Which ſhews hur good and great Deſcent,
And makes hur now to lament and ſay,
Pity the Fall, &c.

Although hur like a Horſe doth ſlave,
Hur came of Anceſtors moſt brave;
Hur Grandmother's Cat ſhe ſlew a Swan,
Hur Father he kick'd a bold Train-Band;
Which makes hur now to lament and ſay,
Pity the Fall, &c.

Hur high-born Heart is grieved much
At *Engliſh*, *Iriſh*, *Scotch* and *Dutch*,
To bear their Taunts, their Flirts and Fleers,
Daily thrown into *Taffy's* Ears;
Which makes hur now to lament and ſay,
Pity the Fall, &c.

Should hur once chance to wear a Sword,
And be a *Valet* to a *Lord*,
Hur will no longer then complain,
'Cauſe hur's a Gentleman again;
Hur muſt no longer lament and ſay,
Pity the Fall of Welchmen *all*,
Nor well-a-day, nor well-a-day.

SONG XIV. *Excuſe me.*

TRade's awry, and ſo am I,
As well as ſome Folks that are greater;
But by the Peace we at preſent enjoy,
I hope to be richer and ſtraighter.
Brib'ry muſt be laid aſide,
To ſome body's Mortification,
He that is guilty, Oh! let him be try'd,
And expos'd for a Rogue to the Nation.
I'm that little Fellow
Call'd *Punchinello*,
Much Beauty I carry about me;
I am witty, and pretty,
And come to delight you,
You cannot be merry without me;
My Cap is made like a Sugar-loaf,
And round my Collar I wear a Ruff;
I'd ſtrip and ſhew you my Shapes in Buff,
But fear the Ladies would flout me;
My riſing Back and diſtorted Breaſt,
Whene'er I ſhew them, become a Jeſt,
And as for what is below my Waiſt,
No Lady ever need doubt me.

Æſop was a monſt'rous Slave,
And waited at *Xanthus'* Table;
Yet he was always a comical Knave,
And an excellent Dab at a Fable:
So when I preſume to ſhow
My Shapes, I am juſt ſuch another;

By

By my ſweet Looks and good Humours I know,
You muſt take me for him, or his Brother.
The Fair and the Comely
May think me but homely,
Becauſe I am tawny and crooked,
But he that by Nature
Is taller and ſtraighter
May happen to prove a Blockhead:
But I, fair Ladies, am full as wiſe
As he that tickles your Ears with Lyes,
And thinks he pleaſes your charming Eyes
With a Rat-tail-Wig and a Cockade;
I mean the Bully that never fought,
Yet dreſſes himſelf in a Scarlet Coat,
Without a Commiſſion, not worth a Groat,
But ſtruts with an empty Pocket.

SONG XV. *Around the Plains.*

AROund the Plains my Heart has rov'd,
The Brown, the Fair, my Flames approv'd,
The Pert, the Proud, by turns have lov'd,
And kindly fill'd my Arms.
I danc'd, I ſung, I talk'd, I toy'd,
While this I woo'd, I that enjoy'd,
And e'er the Kind, with Kindneſs cloy'd,
The Coy reſign'd her Charms.

But now, alas! thoſe Days are done:
The Wrong'd are all reveng'd by one,
Who, like a frighted Bird, is flown,
Yet leaves her Image here.
O could I, yet, her Heart recall,
Before her Feet my Pride would fall,
And for her Sake forſaking all,
Would fix for ever there.

SONG XVI. *Upbraid me not, capricious, &c.*

UPbraid me not, capricious Fair,
With drinking to Exceſs;
I ſhould not want to drown Deſpair,
Were your Indifference leſs.
Love me, my Dear, and you ſhall find,
When this Excuſe is gone,
That all my Bliſs, when *Chloe*'s kind,
All my Bliſs, when *Chloe*'s kind,
Is fixt on her alone.
The God of Wine the Victory
To Beauty yields with Joy;
The God, *&c.*
For *Bacchus* only drinks like me,
When *Ariadne*'s coy.
For *Bacchus* only drinks, &c.

SONG XVII. *Which no body can deny.*

THat all Men are Beggars, we plainly may ſee,
For Beggars there are of ev'ry Degree,
Tho' none are ſo bleſt or ſo happy as we,
Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.

The Tradeſman he begs that his Wares you would buy,
Then begs you'd believe the Price is not high,
And ſwears 'tis his Trade when he tells you a lye.
Which no body can deny, &c.

The Lawyer he begs that you'd give him a Fee,
Tho' he reads not your Brief, nor regards he your Plea,
But adviſes your Foe how to get a decree.
Which no body can deny, &c.

The Courtier he begs for a Penſion or Place,
A Ribbon, a Title, a Smile from his Grace,
'Tis due to his Merit, 'tis writ in his Face.
Which no body can deny, &c.

But if by Miſhap he ſhould chance to get none,
He begs you'd believe that the Nation's undone;
There's but one honeſt Man, and himſelf is that one.
Which no body dare deny, &c.

The

The Fair-one ſhe labours whole Mornings at home,
New Charms to create, and much Paint to conſume,
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural Bloom,
Which no body ſhould deny, &c.

The Lover he begs the dear Nymph to comply,
She begs he'd be gone, yet with languiſhing Eye
Still begs he would ſtay, for a Maid ſhe can't die.
Which none but a Fool would deny, &c.

SONG XVIII. *Of all the Girls that are ſo ſmart.*

OF all the Toaſts that *Britain* boaſts,
The Gim, the Gent, the Jolly,
The Brown, the Fair, the Debonair,
There's none cry'd up like *Polly*;
She'as fired the Town, has quite cut down
The Opera of *Rolli*;
Go where you will, the Subject ſtill
Is pretty, pretty *Polly*.

There's Madam *Fauſtina Catſo*,
And eke Madam *Catſoni*,
Likewiſe Signior *Sobeſino*,
Are *tutte abandonni*.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, do re mi fa,
Are now but Farce and Folly!
We're raviſh'd all with Toll, loll, loll,
And pretty, pretty *Polly*.

The Sons of Bays, in Lyric-Plays,
Sound forth her Fame in Print-o,
And as we paſs, in Frame and Glaſs
We ſee her Mezzotinto:
In *Ivy-Lane* the City Strain
Is more on ſtrait-lac'd *Dolly*;
And all the Brights at *Man*'s and *White*'s,
Of nothing talk but *Polly*.

Ah, *Johnny Gay*, thy lucky Play,
Has made the Criticks grin-a,

They

They cry 'tis flat, 'tis this, 'tis that,
But let them laugh that win a:
I swear *parblew*, 'tis naif and new,
Ill-Nature is but Folly,
'T has lent a Stitch to Rent of *Rich*,
And set up Madam *Polly*.

Ah! tuneful Fair, beware, beware,
Nor toy with Star and Garter;
Fine Clothes may hide a foul Inside,
And you may catch a *Tartar*.
If powder'd Fop blow up your Shop,
'Twill make you melancholy,
Then left to rot, you'll die forgot,
Alas! alas! poor *Polly*.

SONG XIX. *Bacchus muſt now his, &c.*

Bacchus muſt now his Power reſign,
I am the only God of Wine;
It is not fit the Wretch ſhould be
In Competition ſet with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new World, ye Pow'rs divine,
Stock'd with nothing elſe but Wine;
Let Wine its only Product be,
Let Wine be Earth, be Air, and Sea,
And let that Wine be all for me.

Let other Mortals vainly wear
A tedious Life in anxious Care;
Let the Ambitious toil and think,
Let States or Empires ſwim or ſink,
My ſole Ambition is to drink.

SONG XX. *Tell me, tell me charming, &c.*

CRuel Creature can you leave me?
Can you then ungrateful prove?

Did

Did you court me to deceive me,
And to ſlight my conſtant Love.

Falſe ungrateful, thus to woo me,
Thus to make my Heart a Prize;
Firſt to ruin and undo me,
Then to ſcorn and tyrannize.

Shall I ſend to Heav'n my Pray'r?
Shall I all my Wrongs relate?
Shall I curſe the dear betrayer?
No, alas! it is too late.

Cupid, pity my Condition,
Pierce this unrelenting Swain;
Hear a tender Maid's Petition,
And reſtore my Love again.

SONG XXI. *Bacchus one Day gayly, &c.*

THus we'll drown all Melancholy,
In a Glaſs of generous Wine;
Let dull Fools indulge their Folly,
And at Cares of Life repine.

But the Brave, and noble Spirit
Scorns ſuch mean ignoble Views:
Whilſt the World proclaims his Merit,
He ſublimer Joys purſues.

SONG XXII. *Toby Swill.*

TOBY *Swill*
Has ne'er his Fill,
Though he drinks from Night to Day;
But as ſoon as e'er
The Reck'ning's call'd,
Then *Toby* ſneaks away.

Toby laughs,
And puns, and quaffs,

Until

Until a Bill is call'd;
That ſtrikes him dumb,
He's then hum-drum,
And all his Mirth is pall'd.

Pay but his Shot,
'Tis all forgot,
And he again is gay:
He'll ſtand the Rub
Of a whole Club,
To drink, and not to pay.

SONG XXIII. *Cupid, God of pleaſing*, &c.

Cupid, God of pleaſing Anguiſh,
Teach th' enamour'd Swain to languiſh,
Teach him fierce Deſires to know:
Heroes would be loſt in Story,
Did not Love inſpire their Glory,
Did not Love inſpire their Glory;
Love does all that's great below.
Love does all that's great below.

SONG XXIV. *Of a noble Race was Shenkin.*

'TWas in the Land of Cyder,
At a Place call'd *Brampton-Bryon*,
Such a Prank was play'd
'Twixt Man and Maid
That all the Saints cry'd fie on.

For gentle *John* and *Suſan*
Were oft at Recreation;
To tell the Truth,
This vig'rous Youth
Caus'd a dreadful Conflagration.

Both Morning, Noon, and Night, Sir,
Briſk *John* was at her Crupper;

He got in her Geers
Five Times before Pray'rs,
And six times after Supper.

John being well provided,
So closely did solace her,
That *Susan*'s Waist,
So slackly lac'd,
Shew'd Signs of Babe of Grace, Sir.

But when the Knight perceived
That *Susan* had been sinning;
And that this Lass,
For want of Grace,
Lov'd Kissing more than Spinning;

To cleanse the House from Scandal,
And filthy Fornication;
Of all such Crimes
To shew the Times
His utter Detestation:

He took both bed and Bolster,
Nay, Blankets, Sheets, and Pillows,
With *Johnny*'s Frock,
And *Susan*'s Smock,
And burnt them in the Kiln-house.

And every vile Utensil
On which they had been wicked;
As Chairs, Joint-stools,
Old Trunks, Close-stools,
And eke the three-legg'd Cricket.

But had each thing defiled
Been burnt at *Brampton-Bryon*,
We all must grant
The Knight would want
Himself a bed to lie on.

SONG XXV. *Young Damon once the*, &c.

DUlcy, no more miſpend your Prime,
But wiſely uſe the preſent Time,
Nor truſt a future Day;
In vain you think that lovely Face,
Adorn'd with every blooming Grace,
Will not in Time decay.

Obſerve the Lillies in the Field,
That pleaſant Scents and Proſpects yield,
How ſhort their Beauty laſts;
How ſoon their blooming Whiteneſs fades,
How ſoon they mourn with drooping Heads,
In Winter's chilly Blaſts.

Then to ſome Youth thy Charms reſign,
(Oh! may the happy Fate be mine)
And kindly crown his Joys;
If in your Bloom you yield to Love,
The Swain will ever conſtant prove,
When Age that Bloom deſtroys.

SONG XXVI. *I love thee by Heaven*, &c.

NO Glory I covet, no Riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a Mind independent and free.

With Paſſions unruffled, untainted with Pride,
By Reaſon my Life let me ſquare;
The Wants of my Nature are chiefly ſupply'd,
and the reſt is but Folly and Care.

The Bleſſings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll juſtly and gratefully prize;
Whilſt ſweet Meditations, and cheerful Content,
Shall make me both healthful and wiſe.

In the Pleaſures the great Man's Poſſeſſions diſplay,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my Part,

For

For ev'ry fair Object my Eyes can ſurvey,
Contributes to gladden my Heart.

How vainly, through infinite Troubles and Striſe,
The many their Labours employ?
Since all that is truly delightful in Life,
Is what all if they will may enjoy.

SONG XXVII. *The bonny grey-ey'd Morn.*

LET Joy alone take place, and Muſick ſound,
To celebrate the Day conform the Voice;
Then let the Bridegroom's Health and Bride's go round,
And every merry Lad and Laſs rejoice:
Each take the Glaſs in hand, and toaſt the Fair,
Until her Name ſhall make the Bowl divine;
Drink, 'tis but in hope to baniſh Care,
But loſe not all your Praiſes in her Wine.

Let jolly *Bacchus* round the Table go,
For he the Prologue is to *Cupid*'s Flame;
Where Claret and good Sherry freely flow
Youth fires, and it warms the frozen Dame.
Let no Man think to flinch, but fill each Glaſs,
For drinking only can augment Delight;
Nor ſhall the fair Bride nor Bridegroom paſs,
For *Bacchus* now prepares them for the Night.

Let Health and Wealth, indulgent Happineſs,
For ever on this new-made Pair attend;
Let each in mutual Love the other bleſs,
So may their Joys tranſporting never end:
Let ſomething be the Iſſue of their Love,
And pour upon them ev'ry Day a Joy;
Each happy finding that for which they ſtrove,
At ev'ry nine Months end a thumping Boy.

SONG XXVIII. *Come let us prepare.*

PRithee, *Chloe*, give o'er,
And perplex me no more,
For, my Charmer, it looks very queerly,
That in blooming Fifteen,
Thou'rt

Thou'rt afraid to be ſeen
By a Shepherd who loves thee moſt dearly.

When with Speed I purſue,
Intending to woo,
And tell thee how much I'm thy Lover,
Like a fearful young Lamb
Who runs after its Dam,
So thou flieſt away to thy Mother.

I know't has been told,
That the Patriarchs of old
Spent threeſcore Years in their Wooing;
'Twas no wonder then
That a Nymph of Fifteen
Should be coy when a Swain was purſuing.

But, my Charmer, I vow,
'Tis a Miracle now,
That a Nymph in her Teens ſhould fly any,
When I dare now engage,
Not a Man in the Age
But thinks threeſcore Days are too many.

Then prithee, my Joy,
No longer be coy,
But let am'rous deſires inflame ye;
Surrender thy Charms,
Take me to thy Arms,
And thou'lt ſoon love me better than Mammy.

SONG XXIX. *Chloe be wiſe*, &c.

CHloe, be wiſe, no more perplex me,
Slight not my Love at ſuch a rate;
Should I your Scorn return, 'twill vex you,
Love much abus'd will turn to Hate.

How can ſo lovely, fair a Creature
Put on the Looks of cold Diſdain;
Women were firſt deſign'd by Nature
To give a Pleaſure, and not a Pain.

Kindneſs

Kindneſs creates a Flame that's laſting,
When other Charms are fled away;
Think then the Time we now are waſting;
Throw off thoſe Frowns, and Love obey.

Song XXX. *The Groves, the Plains.*

THE Groves, the Plains,
The Nymphs, the Swains,
The ſilver Streams, and cooling Shade,
All, all declare,
How falſe you are,
How many Hearts you have betray'd.

Diſſembler go,
Too well I know,
Your fatal, falſe, deluding Art;
To ev'ry She,
As well as me,
You make an Offering of your Heart.

Song XXXI. *Let Maſonry be now my Theme.*

LET Maſonry be now my Theme,
Throughout the Globe to ſpread its Fame,
And eternize each worthy Brother's Name:
Your Praiſe ſhall to the Skies reſound,
In laſting Happineſs abound,
And with ſweet Union all your noble Deeds be crown'd.
Chor. *Sing then, my Muſe, to Maſons Glory,*
Your Names are ſo rever'd in Story,
That all th' admiring World do now adore ye.

Let Harmony divine inſpire,
Your Souls with Love and generous Fire,
To copy well wiſe *Solomon* your Sire.
Knowledge ſublime ſhall fill each Heart,
The Rules of Geometry t'impart,
Whilſt *Wiſdom*, *Strength*, and *Beauty* crown the glorious
Chor. *Sing then, my Muſe,* &c. [Art.

Let noble *Crawford's* Health go round,
In ſwelling Cups all Cares be drown'd,
And Hearts united 'mongſt the Craft be found.
May everlaſting Scenes of Joy
His peaceful Hours of Bliſs employ,
Which Time's all-conqu'ring Hand ſhall ne'er, ſhall
Chor. *Sing then my Muſe*, &c. [ne'er deſtroy.

My Brethren, thus all Cares reſign,
Your Hearts let glow with Thoughts divine,
And Veneration ſhow to *Solomon's* Shrine.
Our annual Tribute thus we'll pay,
That late Poſterity may ſay,
We've crown'd with Joy this glorious, happy, happy
Chorus. *Sing then, my Muſe, to Maſon's Glory,* [Day.
Your Names are ſo rever'd in Story,
That all the admiring World do now adore ye.

SONG. XXXII. *Gently touch the warbling Lyre.*

WHilſt you jant it up and down,
Through the noiſy, reſtleſs Town,
Viewing Faſhions, ſtudying Man,
Still a *Here-and-there-ian*;
Or at Plays admiring ſit,
Harlequin's prodigious Wit.

How d'ye think my Hours I ſpend?
Fancy thus, poor Country Friend,
With freſh Air and Exerciſe,
Driving far Diſeaſe and Vice,
Lull'd at Night with calm Repoſe,
What your City little knows.

Nothing interrupts my Eaſe,
But I riſe whene'er I pleaſe:
Careleſs dreſs, and plainly feed,
In the Grove I walk and read;
With eaſy Pad I take the Air,
Now and then I courſe the Hare.

Cleanly

Cleanly *Phillis* ſets my Salt,
Truſty *Roger* brews my Malt;
Chearful Neighbours at my Call,
When diſpos'd, to chat withal:
Thus unknown to Fame and Strife,
Stealing through the Vale of Life.

SONG XXXIII. *When Fanny blooming Fair.*

WHEN *Fanny* blooming Fair
First caught my raviſh'd Sight,
Pleas'd with her Shape and Air,
I felt a ſtrange Delight:
Whilſt eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry Part,
And ev'ry Feature prais'd,
She ſtole into my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes
Ten thouſand Loves appear;
There *Cupid* baſking lies,
His Shafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming Cheeks are dy'd
With Colour all their own,
Excelling far the Pride
Of Roſes newly blown.

Her well-turn'd Limbs confeſs
The lucky Hand of *Jove*;
Her Features all expreſs
The beauteous Queen of Love:
What Flames my Nerves invade,
When I behold the Breaſt
Of that too charming Maid
Riſe, ſuing to be preſt.

Venus round *Fanny*'s Waiſt
Has her own *Ceſtus* bound,
There Guardian *Cupids* grace,
And dance the Circle round.

How happy muſt he be,
Who ſhall her Zone unlooſe?
That Bliſs to all, but me,
May Heaven and ſhe refuſe.

SONG XXXIV. *From good Liquor*, &c.

FROM good Liquor ne'er ſhrink,
In Friendſhip we'll drink,
And drown all grim Care and pale Sorrow;
Let us huſband to-day,
Time flies ſwift away,
And no one's aſſur'd, no,
No one's aſſur'd of to-morrow.

Of all the grave Sages
That grac'd the paſt Ages,
Dad *Noah* the moſt did excel,
He firſt planted the Vine,
Firſt taſted the Wine,
And got nobly drunk,
And got nobly drunk as they tell.

Say, why ſhould not we
Get as boſky as he,
Since here's Liquor as well will inſpire?
Thus I fill up my Glaſs,
I'll ſee that it paſs,
To the Manes, to the Manes,
To the Manes of that good old Sire.

SONG XXXV. *In ſpite of Love*, &c.

IN ſpite of Love, at length I find
A Miſtreſs that can pleaſe me;
Her Humour free and unconfin'd;
Both Night and Day ſhe'll eaſe me:
No jealous Thoughts diſturb my Mind,
Tho' ſhe's enjoy'd by all Mankind;
Then drink, and never ſpare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.
Chor. *Then drink*, &c.

If

If you through all her naked Charms,
Her little Mouth diſcover,
Then take her Bluſhing to your Arms,
And uſe her like a Lover;
Such Liquor ſhe'll diſtill from thence,
As will tranſport your raviſh'd Senſe;
Then kiſs, and never ſpare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.
Chor. *Then kiſs*, &c.

But beſt of all, ſhe has no Tongue,
Submiſſive ſhe obeys me;
She's fully better old than young,
And ſtill to ſmiling ſways me.
Her Skin is ſmooth, Complection black,
And has a moſt delicious Smack;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
Tis a Bottle of good Claret.
Chor. *Then kiſs*, &c.

If you her Excellence would taſte,
Be ſure you uſe her kind, Sir;
Claſp your hand about her Waiſt,
And raiſe her up behind, Sir;
As for her bottom, never doubt,
Puſh but home, and you'll find it out;
Then drink, and never ſpare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.
Chor. *Then drink*, &c.

SONG XXXVI. *Gently ſtir, and blow*, &c.

GEntly touch the warbling Lyre,
Chloe ſeems inclin'd to reſt;
Fill her Soul with fond Deſire,
Softeſt Notes will ſooth her Breaſt;
Pleaſing Dreams aſſiſt in Love,
Let them all propitious prove.

On the moſſy Bank ſhe lies
(Nature's verdant velvet Bed)

Beauteous Flowers meet her Eyes,
Forming Pillows for her Head;
Zephyrs waft their Odours round,
And indulgent Whiſpers ſound.

SONG XXXVII. *Bacchus one Day*, &c.

Bacchus one Day gayly ſtriding
On his never-failing Ton,
Sneaking empty Flaſks deriding,
Thus addreſs'd each toping Son:
Praiſe the Joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid Shrine;
All things noble, gay, and airy,
Are perform'd by generous Wine.

Priſtine Heroes, crown'd with Glory,
Owe their noble Riſe to me;
Homer wrote the flaming Story,
Fir'd by my Divinity:
If my Influence be wanting,
Muſick's Charms but ſlowly move;
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
'Till I fill the Swains with Love.

If you crave a laſting Pleaſure,
Mortals this Way bend your Eyes;
From my ever-flowing Treaſure
Charming Scenes of Bliſs ariſe:
Here's the ſoothing, balmy Bleſſing,
Sole Diſpeller of your Pain;
Gloomy Souls from Care releaſing;
He who drinks not lives in vain.

SONG XXXVIII. *My Goddeſs Celia*, &c.

MY Goddeſs *Celia*, heavenly fair,
As Lillies ſweet, as ſoft as Air;
Let looſe thy Treſſes, ſpread thy Charms,
And to my Love give freſh Alarms.

O let

O let me gaze on thoſe bright Eyes,
Tho' ſacred Lightning from them flies:
She me that ſoft, that modeſt Grace,
Which paints with charming red thy Face.

Give me Ambroſia in a Kiſs,
That I may rival *Jove* in Bliſs;
That I may mix my Soul with thine,
And make the Pleaſure all divine.

O hide thy Boſom's killing White
(The *Milky Way* is not ſo bright)
Leſt you my raviſh'd Soul oppreſs,
With Beauty's Pomp, and ſweet Exceſs.

Why draw'ſt thou from the purple Flood
Of my kind Heart the vital Blood?
Thou art all over endleſs Charms!
O! take me, dying, to thy Arms.

SONG XXXIX. *Deſpairing beſide a clear Stream.*

BY the Side of a glimmering Fire,
Melinda ſat penſively down,
Impatient of rural Eſquire;
And vex'd to be abſent from Town:
The Cricket from under the Grate,
With a Chirp to her Sighs did reply:
And the Kitten, as grave as a Cat,
Sat mournfully purring hard by.

Alas! ſilly Maid that I was,
Thus ſadly complaining, ſhe cry'd;
When firſt I forſook that dear Place,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
How gayly I paſs'd the long Day,
In a Round of continu'd Delight?
Park, Viſits, Aſſemblies, and Play,
And *Quadrille* to enliven the Night.

How ſimple was I to believe
  Deluſive poetical Dreams,
The flattering Landſkips they give,
  Of Groves, Meads, and murmering Streams?
Bleak Mountains, and wild ſtaring Rocks,
  Are the wretched Reſult of my Pains;
The Swains greater Brutes than their Flocks,
  And the Nymphs as polite as the Swains.

What though I have Skill to enſnare,
  Where Smarts in bright Circles abound?
What though at St. *James*'s at Prayers,
  Beaus ogle devoutly around?
Fond Virgin, thy Power is loſt
  On a Race of rude Hottentot Brutes;
What Glory in being the Toaſt
  Of noiſy dull Squires in Boots.

And thou, my Companion, ſo dear,
  My all that is left of Relief,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
  Forbear to diſſuade me from Grief:
'Tis in vain then, you'll ſay, to repine
  At Ills which can't be redreſs'd;
But in Sorrows ſo pungent as mine,
  To be patient, alas! is a jeſt.

If farther, to ſooth my Diſtreſs,
  Thy tender Compaſſion is led,
Call *Jenny* to help to undreſs,
  And decently put me to Bed.
The laſt humble Solace I wait,
  Would Heaven indulge me the Boon,
Some Dream leſs unkind than my Fate,
  In a viſion tranſport me to Town.

Clariſſa mean time weds a Beau,
  Who decks her in golden Array,
The fineſt at ev'ry fine Show,
  And flaunts it at Park and at Play;
Whilſt here we are left in the Lurch,
  Forgot and ſecluded from View,

Unleſs

Unleſs when ſome Bumpkin at Church,
Stares wiſtfully over the Pew.

SONG XL. *When I ſurvey Clarinda*, &c.

WHEN I ſurvey *Clarinda*'s Charms,
Folded within my circling Arms,
What endleſs Pleaſures move along,
Serenely ſoft and ſweetly ſtrong:
Ev'ry Smile invites to Love,
Balmy Kiſſes,
Am'rous Bliſſes,
Ev'ry riſing Charm improve.

Immortal Bliſs that ne'er will cloy,
Always attends her Angel Form;
Softeſt Repoſe and blooming Joy,
In her conſpire the Soul to charm:
All that Joy or Love create,
Beauteous Bleſſing,
Paſt expreſſing,
Round the tender Fair One wait.

Love on her Breaſt has fixt his Throne,
And *Cupid* revels in her Eyes;
Who can the Charmer's Pow'r diſown,
When in each Glance an Arrow flies?
Yet when wounded, we feel no Pain,
No 'tis Pleaſure,
Above meaſure,
Raptures flow in ev'ry Vein.

SONG XLI. *The Twitcher.*

WHE that has the beſt Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life,
But for her that will ſcold and will quarrel,
Let him cut her off ſhort
Of her Meat and her Sport,
And ten times a Day hoop her Barrel, brave Boys,
And ten times a Day hoop her Barrel.

SONG XLII. *Tell me, tell me, charming Creature.*

ONCE I lov'd a charming Creature,
But the Flame with which I burn,
Was not for each tender Feature,
Nor for her Wit, nor ſprightly Turn.
But for her down, down, derry down;
But for her down, down, derry down.

On the Graſs I ſaw her lying,
Strait I ſeiz'd her tender Waiſt,
On her Back ſhe lay complying,
With her lovely Body plac'd
Under my down, down, &c.

But the Nymph being young and tender,
Cou'd not bear the dreadful Smart,
Still unwilling to ſurrender,
Call'd Mamma to take the Part
Of her down, down, &c.

Out of Breath Mamma came running,
To prevent poor *Nanny*'s Fate,
But the Girl, now grown more cunning,
Cry'd, Mamma, you're come too late,
For I am down, down, &c.

SONG XLIII. *What care I for Affairs of State.*

WHat care I for Affairs of State?
Or who is rich, or who is great,
How far abroad the Ambitious roam,
To bring or Gold or Silver home?
What is't to me, if *France* or *Spain*
Conſent to Peace, or Wars maintain?

I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,
And wiſh all well at *Gibraltar*;

But

But mind a Cardinal no more,
Than any other ſcarlet Whore:
Grant me, ye Powers, but Health and Reſt,
And let who will the World conteſt.

Near ſome ſmooth Stream, Oh, let me keep
My Liberty, and feed my Sheep;
A ſhady Walk well lin'd with Trees,
A Garden, with a Range of Bees;
An Orchard which good Apples bears,
Where Spring a long green Mantle wears.

Where Winters never are ſevere,
Good Barley-Land to make good Beer;
With Entertainment for a Friend,
To ſpend in Peace my latter End;
In honeſt Eaſe, and home-ſpun Grey,
And let the Evening crown the Day.

SONG XLIV. *Hark, hark, the Huntſman ſounds his Horn.*

HARK, hark, the Huntſman ſounds his Horn,
Let's tipple away the roſy Morn, *ton, ton, ton,*
We'll hunt the Bottle from Sun to Sun,
And hallow the Glaſſes the Courſe to run.
Ton, ton, &c.

Each merry young Toper a Huntſman ſhall be,
And inſtead of a green, wear a red Livery, *ton, ton,* &c.
We'll ſcorn their Bows, their Arrows, and Guns,
We'll hunt with long Pipes, and ride upon Tuns.
Ton, ton, &c.

We'll charge with Tobacco, and follow the Cry,
'Till failing of Speed, the Bottle ſhall die, *ton, ton,* &c.
And then for a Horn make uſe of the Bell,
Whoſe Clangour ſhall rouſe him, and make him run well.
Ton, ton, &c.

When thus reviv'd, we'll merrily ſing,
And joining in Chorus make the Woods ring *ton, ton,* &c.

Our Game we'll eagerly purſue,
Our Glaſſes filling, our Cauſe renew.
Ton, ton, &c.

Our Song ſhall reach the diſtant Plain,
And Eccho ſhall ſummon the weary Swain, *ton, ton,* &c.
The welcome Sport he gladly hears,
His Toil and Labour no more fears.
Ton, ton, &c.

A Pipe he takes, and charges high,
And after the Bottle does nimbly fly, *ton, ton,* &c.
At length with equal Force and Speed,
He makes the generous Victim bleed.
Ton, ton, &c.

As through the wound the Blood does paſs,
He boldly ventures to fill his Glaſs, *ton, ton,* &c.
Nor fears to taſte the flowing Gore,
But hunting and drinking, ſtill hunts for more.
Ton, ton, &c.

Then fill your Glaſſes merrily round,
Since thus ſupply'd with Hare and Hound, *ton, ton,* &c.
While chearful Bacchus leads us on,
We'll follow in Chorus with ſprightly *ton, ton,*
Ton, ton, ton, &c.

SONG XLV. *'Twas when the Seas were roaring.*

'TWAS when the Seas were roaring,
With hollow Blaſts of Wind,
A Damſel lay deploring,
All on a Rock reclin'd;
Wide o'er the roaring Billows
She caſt a wiſhful Look;
Her Head was crown'd with Willows,
That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious Days;

Why did'ſt thou, ven'trous Lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the Seas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe then, cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover reſt:
Ah! what's thy troubled Motion
To that within my Breaſt?

The Merchant, robb'd of Treaſure,
Views Tempeſts in Deſpair;
But what's the Loſs of Treaſure,
To loſing of my Dear?
Should you ſome Coaſt be laid on,
Where Gold and Diamonds grow;
You'd find a richer Maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that Nature
Has nothing made in vain,
Why then beneath the Water
Do hideous Rocks remain?
No Eyes thoſe Rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the Deep,
To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her Dear,
Repaid each Blaſt with Sighing,
Each Billow with a Tear:
When o'er the wide Waves ſtooping,
His floating Corps ſhe ſpy'd;
Then like a Lilly drooping,
She bow'd her Head and dy'd.

SONG XXV. *Peggy grieves me.*

HEAR me, ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain,
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me:
While thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My Vows and Sighs, like ſilent Air,
Unheeded, never move her;

At the bonny Buſh of *Bens Traquair*,
'Twas there I firſt did love her.

The Day ſhe ſmil'd, ſhe made me glad,
No Maid ſeem'd ever kinder;
I thought myſelf the luckieſt Lad
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my am'rous Flame,
In Words that I thought tender;
If more there paſs'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

But now ſhe ſcornful flies the Plain,
The fields ſhe once frequented;
If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews Diſdain,
And looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny Buſh bloom'd fair in *May*,
Its Sweets I'll ay remember;
But oh! her Frowns make it decay,
It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural Powers, who hear my Strains,
Why thus ſhould *Peggy* grieve me?
Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
And let her Smiles relieve me.
If not, my Love will turn Deſpair,
My Paſſion no more tender;
I'll leave the Buſh o' boon *Traquair*,
To lonely Wiles I'll wander.

SONG XLVII. *Whilſt the Town's brim-full of Folly.*

WHilſt the Town's brim full of Folly,
And runs gadding after *Polly*,
Let us take a chearful Glaſs.
Tell me, *Damon*, where's the Pleaſure
Of beſtowing Time and Treaſure,
For to make one's ſelf an Aſs;
Tell me, *&c.*

I'm

I'm for Joys are leſs expenſive,
Where the Pleaſure's more extenſive,
And from dull Attention free;
Where my *Celia* o'er a Bottle,
Can, when tir'd with amorous Prattle,
Sing old Songs as well as ſhe.

SONG XLVIII. *Ghoſts of ev'ry Occupation.*

GHoſts of ev'ry Occupation,
Ev'ry Rank and ev'ry Nation,
Some with Crimes all foul and ſpotted,
Some to happy Fates allotted,
Preſs the *Stygian* Lake to paſs.
Here a Soldier roars like Thunder,
Prates of Wenches, Wine, and Plunder;
Stateſmen here the Times accuſing;
Poets Senſe for Rhimes abuſing;
Lawyers chatt'ring,
Courtiers flatt'ring,
Bullies ranting,
Zealots canting;
Knaves and Fools of ev'ry Claſs!
Knaves and Fools of ev'ry Claſs!

SONG XLIX. *Sweet are the Charms, &c.*

SWeet are the Charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the Damaſk Roſe;
Soft as the Down of Turtle-dove,
Gentle as Air when *Zephyr* blows.
Refreſhing as deſcending Rains
To Sun-burnt Climes, and thirſty Plains.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
Or as the Dial to the Sun;
Conſtant as gliding Waters rowl,
Whoſe ſwelling Tides obey the Moon:
From ev'ry other Charmer free,
My Life and Love ſhall follow thee.

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
The Dam the tender Kid purſues;

Sweet

Sweet *Philomel* in ſhady Bowers
Of verdant Spring her Note renews:
All follow what they moſt admire,
As I purſue my Soul's Deſire.

Nature muſt change her beauteous Face,
And vary as the Seaſons riſe,
As Winter to the Spring gives place,
Summer th' Approach of Autumn flies:
No change on Love the Seaſons bring,
Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time, with ſtealing Pace,
Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow;
Marble Towers, and Walls of Braſs,
In his rude March he levels low:
But Time, deſtroying far and wide,
Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel Dart,
The gentle Godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
To mingle with the Bleſt above:
Where known to all his kindred Train,
He finds a laſting Reſt from Pain.

Love and his Siſter fair, the Soul,
Twin-born from Heaven together came;
Love will the Univerſe controul,
When dying Seaſons loſe their Name:
Divine Abodes ſhall own his Pow'r,
When Time and Death ſhall be no more.

SONG L. *I'll range around*, &c.

HAD I the World at my Command,
And own'd the Wealth of Sea and Land,
To *Flora* I'd preſent it all,
And at her Feet lay down the Ball.

Or was my Life by Scraps ſuſtain'd,
From Door to Door by begging gain'd,
Would ſhe be mine, I'd bleſs my Fate,
Nor wiſh a more exalted State.

Poſſeſſing,

Poſſeſſing her, or rich, or poor,
What is there to deſire more?
There's nothing precious but her Charms,
And Pleaſure dwells but in her Arms.

Oh grant, ye Powers! the Fair I love,
May to my Vows propitious prove;
And from your Altars ſhall ariſe,
The Smoke of daily Sacrifice.

Among the Bleſſings you beſtow
On craving Mortals here below,
Make but the lovely Maiden mine,
I'll all the reſt with Joy reſign.

SONG LI. *Deſpairing beſide a clear Stream.*

BY the Side of a great Kitchen Fire,
A Scullion ſo hungry was laid,
A Pudding was all his Deſire,
A Kettle ſupported his Head:
The Hogs that were fed by the Houſe,
To his Sighs with a Grunt did reply;
And a Gutter that car'd not a Louſe,
Ran mournfully muddily by.

But when it was ſet in a Diſh,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd,
My Mouth it doth water and wiſh;
I think it had better been fry'd.
The Butter around it was ſpread,
'Twas as great as a Prince in his Chair:
Oh! could I but eat it, he ſaid,
The Proof of the Pudding lies there.

How fooliſh was I to believe
It was made for ſo homely a Clown;
Or that it would have a Reprieve,
From the dainty fine folks of the Town!
Could I think that a Pudding ſo fine,
Could ever uneaten remove?
We labour that others may dine,
And live in a Kitchen of Love.

What

What though at the Fire I've wrought,
Where Puddings do broil and do fry?
Though part of it hither be brought,
And none of it ever ſet by?
Ah! *Collin!* thou muſt not be firſt!
Thy Knife and thy Platter reſign;
There's *Marg'ret* will eat till ſhe burſt,
And her Turn is ſooner than thine.

And you my Companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me ſo pale,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear at a Pudding to rail:
Though thro' all the Rooms I ſhall rove,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to go,
'Tis its Fate to be often above,
'Tis mine for to want it below.

If while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In your Breaſt any Pity be found,
Ye Servants that early do dine,
Come ſee how I lie on the Ground:
Then hang up a Pan and a Pot,
And ſorrow to ſee how I dwell;
And ſay, when you grieve at my Lot,
Poor *Collin* lov'd Pudding too well.

Then back to your Meat you may go,
Which you ſet in your Diſhes ſo prim,
Where Sauce in the Middle does flow,
And Flowers are ſtrew'd on the Brim:
Whilſt *Collin*, forgotten and gone,
By the Hedges ſhall diſmally rove,
Unleſs when he ſees the round Moon,
He thinks on a Pudding above.

SONG LII. *Tweed Side.*

LIKE a wandering Ghoſt I appear,
All ſilent, neglected, and ſad,
Tormented by Hopes and Deſpair,
I ſigh when all others are glad.

No

No Joys in this Town can I find,
The Lilly's a Deſart to me?
I ſcarce ſhould regret being blind,
To all other Objects but thee.

In the Fields as I ſaunter along,
I look but for thee in my Way,
And if from my Sight thou art gone,
I mourn all the reſt of the Day;
Or if that by chance thou art there,
I ſhun ev'ry Mortal I meet,
Nor reliſh the Walk, or the Air,
Thou only canſt render them ſweet,

Oh *Nancy*, whilſt thus I complain,
Does your Heart never flutter nor beat,
Nor have you no Senſe of my Pain,
Whilſt the Torment I bear is ſo great.
Muſt thoſe wandering Eyes always rove,
On ev'ry new Object you ſee?
Or muſt you reward my true Love,
And fix them at laſt upon me?

SONG LIII. *When* Aurelia *firſt I courted.*

FOoliſh Mortal pray be eaſy,
Angry *Cupid* made Reply;
Do *Florella*'s Charms diſpleaſe ye?
Die then, fooliſh Mortal die.
Fancy not that I'll deprive her
Of her captivating Store;
Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her,
Twenty thouſand Beauties more.

Were *Florella* proud and ſour,
Apt to mock a Lover's Care,
Juſtly then you'd pray that Power,
Should be taken from the Fair.
But though I ſpread a Blemiſh o'er her,
No Relief from thence you'll find?
Still fond Shepherd, you'll adore her,
For the Beauties of her Mind.

SONG

SONG LIV. *Under the Greenwood Tree.*

OF all the Plagues in human Life,
A Shrew is ſure the worſt;
Scarce one in ten that takes a Wife,
But with a Shrew is curſt.
Since then the Plague in Marriage lies,
Who'd ruſh upon his Fate?
When he for Freedom, Bondage buys,
And ſtill repents too late.

SONG LV. *Black Joak.*

OF all the Girls in our Town,
Or black, or yellow, or fair or brown,
With their ſoft Eyes, and Faces ſo bright;
Give me a Girl that's blith and gay,
As warm as *June*, and as ſweet as *May*,
With her Heart free and faithful as light.
What lovely Couple then could be,
So happy and ſo bleſt as we?
On whom eternal Joys wou'd ſmile,
And all the Cares of Life beguile,
Entranc'd in Bliſs each rapt'rous Night.

SONG LVI. *Fly me not*, Sylvia.

CELIA! my deareſt, no longer depreſs me,
But haſten to bleſs me,
And fly to my Arms.
O could I charm you!
How I would warm you!
How I would revel and ſport in your Arms

No one is near,
Why ſhould we fear?
Why ſhould we then theſe Moments delay?
If I've offended,
I ne'er intended;
I'll beg your Pardon another Day.

SONG

SONG LVII. *The ſweet roſy Morning.*

THE ſweet roſy Morning,
Peeps over the Hills,
With Bluſhes adorning
The Meadows and Fields;
While the merry, merry, merry Horn calls,
Come, come, come away,
Awake from your Slumber,
And hail the new Day.

The Stag rous'd before us,
Away ſeems to fly,
And pants to the *Chorus*,
Of Hounds in full Cry.
Then follow, follow, follow, follow
The muſical Chace,
Where Pleaſure, and vigorous
Health you embrace.

The Day's Sport, when over,
Makes Blood circle right,
And gives the briſk Lover
Freſh Charms for the Night.
Then let us, let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let Love crown the Night,
As our Sports crown the Day.

SONG LVIII. *Vain*, Belinda.

VAIN, *Belinda*, are your Wiles,
Vain are all your artful Smiles,
While, like a Bully you invite,
And then decline th' approaching Fight:
And then decline th' approaching Fight.

Various are the little Arts,
Which you uſe to conquer Hearts:
By empty Threats he would affright,
And you by empty Hopes invite.
And you by, *&c.*

Cowards

Cowards may by him be brav'd,
Fops may be by you enſlav'd;
Then would he vanquiſh, or you bind,
He muſt be brave, and you be kind,
He muſt be, &c.

SONG LIX. *When I was a Dame of Honour.*

FINE Ladies with an artful Grace,
Diſguiſe each native Feature,
Whilſt flatt'ring Glaſſes ſhew the Face,
As made by Art, not Nature:
But we poor Folks in home-ſpun Grey,
By Patch, nor Waſhes tainted,
Look freſh, and ſweeter far than they
That ſtill are finely painted.

SONG LX. *Celia my deareſt, no longer depreſs me.*

FLY me not, *Silvia*; why do you fly me?
Hear me, fair *Silvia*,
Though you deny me:
You're all my Pleaſure,
You're all my Treaſure,
You're all my Joy, and all my Care.
Pity my Anguiſh,
See how I languiſh,
See how I languiſh, ah! cruel Fair!
Smile then and heal me,
Or frown and kill me,
For Death is better than deſpair.

SONG LXI. *By the Mole on your Bubbies.*

BY the Mole on your Bubbies, ſo round and ſo white,
By the Mole on your Neck, where my Arms would delight,
By whatever Mole elſe you have got out of ſight;
I prithee now hear me, dear Molly.

By

By the Kiſs juſt a ſtarting from off your moiſt Lips,
By the delicate up-and-down Jutt of your Hips,
By the Tip of your Tongue, which all Tongues out-tips;
I prithee now, &c.

By the Down on your Boſom, on which my Soul dies,
By the thing of all things, which you love as your Eyes,
By the Thoughts you lie down with, and thoſe when you riſe;
I prithee now, &c.

By all the ſoft Pleaſures a Virgin can ſhare,
By the critical Minute no Virgin can bear,
By the Queſtion I burn for to aſk, but don't dare;
I prithee now hear me, dear Molly.

Song LXII. *'Twas within a Furlong.*

O Charming cunning Man! thou haſt been wondrous kind,
And all thy golden Words do now prove true, I find;
Ten thouſand Tranſports wait,
To crown my happy Fate,
Thus kiſs'd, and preſt,
And doubly bleſt,
In all this Pomp and State;
New Scenes of Joy ariſe,
Which fill me with Surprize!
My Rock and Reel,
And Spinning-Wheel,
And Huſband I deſpiſe:
Then *Jobſon*, now adieu,
Thy Cobbling ſtill purſue, too.
For hence I cannot, will not, no, nor muſt not buckle

Song LXIII. *Why all this whining.*

WHY all this Whining, why all this Pining?
Love is a Folly, and Beauty is vain;
Nothing ſo common, as Wealth and Women,
To raiſe the Vapours, and to dull the Brain.
To him that's merry, that's frolick and airy,
Nothing

Nothing is grievous, nor nothing is ſad;
Then rouſe thy Spirit, and take off thy Claret,
In one ſmiling Bumper a Cure's to be had.

If *Chloe* fly thee, and ſtill deny thee,
Never look ſneaking, nor never repine:
If 'tis her Faſhion, to ſlight your Paſſion,
Then ſeem moſt eaſy, and deny her thine:
Yet ſlily woo her, and cloſely purſue her,
Or ſhe'll prove a Tyrant, and laugh thee to ſcorn:
When ſhe ſeems waggiſh, coquettiſh, and prudiſh,
Then give her her Humour, and let her be gone.

When next you meet her, again intreat her,
And if you find ſtill ſhe'd make you her Tool,
Ne'er let it vex you, or once perplex you,
She'll ſoon repent it, and find who's the Fool.
Then to requite her, deſpiſe her and ſlight her,
And what you commended, as much diſcommend;
But if Love grieve thee, and ſtill will not leave thee,
Then e'en love thy ſelf firſt, and next love thy Friend.

SONG LXIV. *Gently touch the warbling Lyre.*

FAIR Silena, Queen of Love,
Deign to hear the captiv'd Swain,
All he acts or ſays approve,
Strive to mitigate his Pain;
In ſoft Tranſports meet the Boy;
Mutually diſſolve in Joy.

Sweeteſt Slumbers will compoſe,
Love ſhall animate the whole;
Eaſt bleſt minute that we loſe,
Only robs our ſofter Souls:
Fondly then let us embrace,
Each poſſeſſing and poſſeſt.

Hymen's Joys ſhall then unite,
All the Graces too ſhall join;

Melting

Melting Raptures crown the Night,
Make the Pleaſure all divine:
Tranquil Extaſies confeſs,
All is Tranſport, all is Bliſs.

SONG LXV. *Deſpairing beſide a clear*, &c.

Clarinda, the Pride of the Plain,
So fam'd for her conquering Charms,
Repenting her Scorn of a Swain,
Sat penſive, and folding her Arms;
Her Lute, and her ſhining Attire,
Neglected, were laid at her Side:
While pining with hopeleſs Deſire,
The Damſel thus mournfully cry'd:

Oh! cou'd the paſt Hours but return,
When I triumph'd in *Angelot*'s Heart!
Clarinda would mutually burn,
Would mutually ſuffer the Smart:
But far from the Plain he is gone,
Enjoys the ſweet Smiles of a Fair,
Whoſe Kindneſs the Shepherd has won,
And *Clarinda* no more is his Care.

How oft at theſe Feet has he lain,
Bewailing his ſorrowful Fate!
But all his Complaints were in vain,
I fooliſhly doated on State;
I long'd to be gaz'd on in Town,
To ſparkle in golden Array;
By my Dreſs, and my Charms to be known,
In the Park, and at ev'ry Play.

I thought, without Grandeur and Fame,
That Marriage no Bleſſing could prove;
Some wealthy young Heir was my Aim,
And I ſlighted poor *Angelot*'s Love:
Such Madneſs beſotted my Mind,
I receiv'd all his Sighs with Diſdain;
I regarded his Vows but as Wind,
And ſcornfully ſmil'd at his Pain.

How happy my Fortune had been,
Could my Reaſon have conquer'd my Pride?
In Bliſs I had rival'd a Queen,
Had I been my dear *Angelot*'s Bride.
With him more Content I had found,
Than Grandeur and Fame can ſupply;
For his Fondneſs my Wiſhes had crown'd,
With a Paſſion that never would die.

I had feaſted on innocent Joy,
On the Pleaſures of Kindneſs and Eaſe;
While the Fears which the Great Ones annoy,
Had ne'er interrupted my Peace.
But ah! that glad Proſpect is gone,
His Love I can never regain:
And the Loſs I ſhall ever bemoan,
'Till Death ſhall relieve me from Pain.

Thus wail'd the ſad Nymph all in Tears,
When the Swain to the Green did advance;
In his Hand his new Conſort appears,
With a Train gaily join'd in a Dance:
Impatient, and ſick at the Sight,
To the neighbouring Grovs ſhe retir'd
(Once the Scene of her daily Delight)
And fainting, in Silence expir'd.

SONG LXVI. *Dainty Davy.*

BY drinking drive dull Care away,
Be briſk and airy,
Never vary,
In your Tempers, but be gay.
Let Mirth know no Ceſſation;
We all were born (Mankind agree)
From dull Reflection to be free,
But he that drinks not, cannot be:
Then anſwer your Creation.

When

When *Cupid* wounds, grave *Hymen* heals,
Then all our whining,
Wiſhing, ſtriving,
To embrace what Beauty yields,
Is left when in Poſſeſſion;
But *Bacchus* ſends ſuch Treaſure forth,
Poſſeſſion never palls its Worth,
We always wiſh'd for't from our Birth,
And ſhall for ever wiſh on.

All Malice here is flung aſide,
Each takes his Glaſs,
No Healths do paſs,
Nor Party-Feuds here e'er abide,
They nought but Ill occaſion;
We only meet to celebrate
The Day which brought us to this State,
But not to curſe, nor yet to hate,
The Hour of our Creation.

SONG LXVII. *Ye gentle Gales*, &c.

YE gentle Gales that fan the Air,
And wanton in the flow'ry Grove,
Oh! Whiſper to my abſent Fair,
My ſecret Pain, my endleſs Love;
And at the breezy Cloſe of Day,
When ſhe does ſeek ſome cool Retreat,
Throw ſpicy Odours in her Way,
And ſcatter Roſes at her Feet.

That when ſhe ſees their Colours fade,
And all their Pride neglected lie,
Let it inſtruct the charming Maid,
That Sweets, not timely gather'd, die.
And when ſhe lays her down to reſt,
Let ſome auſpicious Viſion ſhow,
Who 'tis that loves *Camilla* beſt,
And what for her I undergo.

SONG LXVIII. *Come let us prepare.*

COME, let us prepare,
We Brothers that are
Met together on merry Occaſion;
Let us drink, laugh and ſing,
Our Wine has a Spring,
Here's a Health to an *accepted Maſon.*

The World is in pain,
Our Secret to gain,
But ſtill let them wonder and gaze on;
Till they're ſhewn the Light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word, or Sign of an *accepted Maſon.*

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what;
Why ſo many great Men in the Nation,
Should Aprons put on,
To make themſelves one,
With a free and an accepted Maſon.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
Have laid by their Swords,
This our Myſt'ry to put a good Grace on;
And ne'er been aſham'd,
To hear themſelves nam'd,
With a free and an accepted Maſon.

Antiquity's Pride,
We have on our Side,
It makes each Man juſt in his Station;
There's nought but what's good,
To be underſtood.
By a free and an accepted Maſon.

We're true and ſincere,
We're juſt to the Fair,
They'll truſt us on ev'ry Occaſion;
No Mortal can more,

The Ladies adore,
Than a free and an accepted Maſon.

Then join Hand in Hand,
To each other firm ſtand,
Let's be merry, and put a bright Face on:
What Mortal can boaſt,
So noble a Toaſt,
As a free and an accepted Maſon?

SONG LXIX. *Good-morrow, Goſſip Joan.*

WHence comes it, Neighbour *Dick*,
That you, with Youth uncommon,
Have ſerv'd the Girls this Trick,
And wedded an old Woman?
Happy Dick!

Each *Belle* condemns the Choice,
Of a Youth ſo gay and ſprightly;
But we your Friends rejoice,
That you have judg'd ſo rightly:
Happy Dick!

Though odd to ſome it ſounds,
That on Threeſcore you ventur'd;
Yet in ten Thouſand Pounds,
Ten Thouſand Charms are center'd.
Happy Dick!

Beauty, we know, will fade,
As doth the ſhort-liv'd Flower;
Nor can the faireſt Maid,
Inſure her Bloom an Hour.
Happy Dick!

Then wiſely you reſign,
For Sixty, Charms ſo tranſient;
As the Curious value Coin
The more for being ancient.
Happy Dick!

With Joy your Spouſe ſhall ſee,
The fading Beauties round her,
And ſhe herſelf ſtill be
The ſame that firſt you found her.

Happy Dick!

Oft is the married State,
With Jealouſies attended;
And hence, through foul Debate,
Are nuptial Joys ſuſpended.

Happy Dick!

But you, with ſuch a Wife,
No jealous Fears are under;
She's yours alone, for Life,
Or much we all ſhall wonder.

Happy Dick!

Her Death will grieve you ſore,
But let not that torment you;
My Life, ſhe'll ſee Fourſcore,
If that will but content you.

Happy Dick!

On this you may rely,
For the Pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in Child-bed die,
Unleſs the D——l's in her.

Happy Dick!

Some have the Name of Hell,
To Matrimony given;
How falſly you can tell,
Who find it ſuch a Heaven.

Happy Dick!

With you, each Day and Night
Is crown'd with Joy and Gladneſs;
While envious Virgins bite
The hated Sheets for Madneſs;

Happy Dick!

With

With Spouſe long ſhare the Bliſs,
Y'had miſs'd in any other;
And when you've bury'd this,
May you have ſuch another.
Happy Dick!

Obſerving hence by you,
In Marriage ſuch Decorum,
Our wiſer Youth ſhall do,
As you have done before 'em.
Happy Dick!

SONG LXX. *Nonſenſical Folks prepare.*

A Trifling Song you ſhall hear,
Begun with a Trifle and ended;
All trifling People draw near,
And I ſhall be nobly attended.

Were it not for Trifles a few,
That lately have come into play,
The Men would want ſomething to do,
And the Women want ſomething to ſay.

What makes Men trifle in dreſſing?
Becauſe the Ladies, they know,
Admire, by often poſſeſſing,
That eminent Trifle, a Beau.

When the Lover his Moments has trifled,
The Trifle of Trifles to gain;
No ſooner the Virgin is rifled,
But a Trifle ſhall part 'em again.

What mortal Man would be able,
At *White*'s half an Hour to ſit?
Or who could bear the Tea-Table,
Without talking Trifles for Wit?

The Court is from Trifles ſecure,
Gold Keys are no Trifles we ſee;

White Rods are no Trifles, I'm ſure,
Whatever their Bearers may be.

But if you will go to the Place,
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will ſhew you his Grace,
Make Promiſes Trifles indeed!

A Coach, with ſix Footmen behind,
I count neither Trifle nor Sin;
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find,
A ſcandalous Trifle within!

A Flaſk of *Champaign*, People think it
A Trifle, or ſomething as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no Trifle, e-gad.

A Parſon's a Trifle at Sea,
A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow;
A Truce is a Trifle to-Day;
Who knows what may happen to-Morrow.

A black Coat a Trifle may cloke,
Or to hide it the red may endeavour;
But if once the Army is broke,
We ſhall have more Trifles than ever.

The Stage is a Trifle, they ſay,
The Reaſon pray carry along;
Becauſe at ev'ry new Play,
The Houſe they with Trifles ſo throng.

But with People's Malice to trifle,
And to ſet us all on a foot,
The Author of this is a Trifle,
And his Song is a Trifle to boot.

SONG LXXI. *Tweed Side.*

WHAT Beauties does *Flora* diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed*?

Yet

Yet *Moggy*'s ſtill ſweeter than thoſe,
Both Nature and Fancy exceed:
Nor Daiſy, nor ſweet bluſhing Roſe,
Nor all the gay Flow'rs of the Field,
Nor *Tweed*, gliding gently through thoſe,
Such Beauty and Pleaſure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thruſh;
The Black-bird, and ſweet cooing Dove,
With Muſick enchants ev'ry Buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us ſee how the Primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome Village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd Folks ſing.

How does my Love paſs the long Day,
Does *Moggy* not tend a few Sheep,
Do they never careleſsly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's Murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt,
Kind Nature indulging my Bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft Pains of my Breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial Kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the Virgins excel,
No Beauty with her may compare;
Love's Graces all round her do dwell,
She's faireſt, where thouſands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed?
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding *Tay*,
Or the pleaſanter Banks of the *Tweed*?

SONG LXXII. *Katherine Ogie.*

AS walking forth to view the Plain,
Upon a Morning early;
While *May*'s ſweet Scents did cheer my Brain,
From Flowers which grow ſo rarely:

I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid,
She ſhin'd, though it was fogie,
I aſk'd her Name; Sweet Sir, ſhe ſaid,
My Name is *Kath'rine Ogie.*

I ſtood a while, and did admire,
To ſee a Nymph ſo ſtately;
So briſk an Air there did appear,
In a Country Maid ſo neatly:
Such nat'ral Sweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like a Lilly in a Bogie?
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame *Kath'rine Ogie.*

Thou Flower of Females, Beauty's Queen,
Who ſees thee ſure muſt prize thee:
Though thou art dreſt in Robes but mean,
Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee:
Thy handſome Air, and graceful Look,
Far excels any clowniſh Rogie,
Thou'rt Match for Laird, or Lord, or Duke,
My charming *Kath'rine Ogie.*

Oh! were I but ſome Shepherd Swain,
To feed my Flock beſide thee!
At Boughting-time to leave the Plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myſelf a happier Man,
With *Kate*, my Club, and Dogie,
Than he that hugs his Thouſands ten,
Had I but *Kath'rine Ogie.*

Then I'd deſpiſe the Imperial Throne,
And Stateſmens dang'rous Stations;
I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,
I'd ſmile at conqu'ring Nations;
Might I careſs, and ſtill poſſeſs,
This Laſs of whom I'm vogie:
For theſe are Toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with *Kath'rine Ogie.*

But I fear the Gods have not decreed,
For me ſo fine a Creature;
Whoſe Beauty rare makes her exceed,
All other Works in Nature.
Clouds of Deſpair ſurround my Love,
That are both dark and fogie:
Pity my Caſe, ye Powers above,
Elſe I die for *Kath'rine Ogie*.

SONG LXXIII. *Once in our Lives.*

ONCE in our Lives,
Let us drink to our Wives,
Though their Numbers be but ſmall;
Heaven take the beſt,
And the Devil take the reſt,
And ſo we ſhall get rid of them all:
To this hearty Wiſh,
Let each Man take his Diſh,
And drink, drink till he fall.

SONG LXXIV. *Come let us drink.*

COME, let us drink,
'Tis in vain to think,
Like Fools on Grief or Sadneſs;
Let our Money fly,
And our Sorrow die,
All worldly Care is Madneſs.

But Wine and good Chear,
Will, in ſpite of our Fear,
Inſpire our Hearts with Mirth, Boys:
The Time we live,
To Wine let us give,
Since all muſt turn to Earth, Boys.

Hand about the Bowl,
The Delight of my Soul,
And to my Hand commend it;
A fig for Chink,
'Twas made to buy Drink,
And before we go hence we'll ſpend it.

SONG LXXV. *Mad Beſs.*

FROM ſilent Shades, and the *Elyſian* Groves,
Where ſad departed Spirits mourn their Loves;
From Cryſtal Streams, and from that Country where
Jove crowns the Fields with Flowers all the Year,
Poor ſenſeleſs *Beſs*, cloth'd in her Rags and Folly,
Is come to cure her love-ſick Melancholy.

Bright *Cynthia* kept her Revels late,
While *Mab*, the fairy Queen, did dance;
And *Oberon* did ſit in State,
When *Mars* at *Venus* ran his Lance.

In yonder Cowſlip lies my Dear,
Intomb'd in liquid Gems of Dew;
Each Day I'll water it with a Tear,
Its fading Bloſſom to renew.

For ſince my Love is dead,
And all my Joys are gone;
Poor *Beſs*, for his Sake,
A Garland will make,
My Muſick ſhall be a Groan.

I'll lay me down and die,
Within ſome hollow Tree;
The Raven, and Cat,
The Owl, and Bat,
Shall warble forth my Elegy.

Did you not ſee my Love,
As he paſt by you?
His two flaming Eyes,
If he comes nigh you;
They will ſcorch up your Hearts,
Ladies, beware you,
Leſt he ſhould dart a Glance,
That may enſnare you.

Hark! hark! I hear old *Charon* bawl,
His Boat he will no longer ſtay;

The

The Furies laſh their Whips, and call,
Come, come away, come, come away.

Poor *Beſs* will return,
To the Place whence ſhe came,
Since the World is ſo mad, ſhe can hope for no Cure;
For Love's grown a Bubble,
A Shadow, a Name,
Which Fools do admire, and wiſe Men endure.

Cold and hungry am I grown,
Ambroſia will I feed upon:
Drink Nectar ſtill and ſing;
Who is content,
Does all Sorrow prevent;
And *Beſs* in her Straw,
Whilſt free from the Law,
In her Thoughts is as great as a King.

SONG LXXVI. *See, ſee, my Seraphina, &c.*

THREE Nymphs contended for my Heart,
With different Charms and Grace;
The firſt ſold Puddings, Pies and Tarts;
The ſecond Pins and Lace;
The third employ'd herſelf to cry
The News three times a Week,
Beſides ev'ry Night 'twas her Delight,
To cry, Hot bak'd Ox-cheek.

Look, Gods, from your celeſtial Bowers,
And guide me to the beſt;
And may my Faculties and Powers,
Of Heart and Mind be bleſt.
Whilſt thus I cry'd, the Gods reply'd,
Thy Fate can't be revers'd;
The Nymph we have choſen for thy Bride,
Sifts Cinders from the Duſt.

SONG. LXXVII. *Dying Swan.*

'TWAS on a River's verdant Side,
About the Close of Day,
A dying Swan with Musick try'd,
To chase her Cares away.

And though she ne'er had strain'd her Throat,
Or tun'd her Voice before,
Death, ravish'd with so sweet a Note,
A while the Stroke forbore.

Farewel she cry'd, ye silver Streams,
Ye purling Waves adieu;
Where *Phœbus* us'd to dart his Beams,
And bless both me and you.

Farewel, ye tender whistling Reeds,
Soft Scenes of happy Love;
Farewel, ye bright, enamell'd Meads,
Where I was wont to rove.

With you I must no more converse;
Look, yonder setting Sun
Waits, while I these last Notes rehearse,
And then I must be gone.

Mourn not, my kind and constant Mate,
We'll meet again below;
It is the kind Decree of Fate,
And I with Pleasure go.

While thus she sung, upon a Tree
Within th' adjacent Wood,
To hear her mournful Melody,
A Stork attentive stood;

From whence, thus to the Swan she spoke,
What means this Song of Joy!
Is it, fond fool, so kind a Stroke,
That does thy Life destroy?

Turn back, deluding Bird, and try
To keep thy fleeting Breath;
It is a diſmal Thing to die,
And Pleaſure ends in Death.

Baſe Stork, the Swan reply'd, give o'er,
Thy Arguments are vain;
If after Death we are no more,
Yet we are free from Pain.

But there are ſoft *Elyſian* Shades,
And Bowers of kind Repoſe,
Where never any Storm invades,
Nor Tempeſt ever blows.

There in cool Streams, and ſhady Woods,
I'll ſport the Time away;
Or ſwimming down the cryſtal Floods,
Among young Halcyons play.

Then, prithee ceaſe, or tell me why,
I have ſuch Cauſe to grieve,
Since 'tis a Happineſs to die,
And it's a Pain to live?

SONG LXXIII. *Fooliſh Mortal, pray be eaſy.*

WHILST I fondly view the Charmer,
Thus the God of Love I ſue;
Gentle *Cupid*, pray diſarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do:
Of a thouſand Smiles bereave her,
Rob her Neck, her Lips, her Eyes;
The Remainder ſtill will leave her
Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape and Feature, Flame and Paſſion,
Still in ev'ry Breaſt will move,
More is Supererogation,
Mere Idolatry of Love:

You

You may dreſs a World of *Chloes*,
In the Beauty ſhe can ſpare:
Hear him, *Cupid*, who no Foe is
To your Altars, or the Fair.

SONG LXXIX. *Cremona Fiddle.*

YE Lads and ye Laſſes, that live at *Longleat*,
Where, they ſay, there's no end of good Drink and good Meat;
Where the Poor fill their Bellies, the Rich receive Honour,
So great and ſo good is the Lord of the Manor.

Ye Nymphs and ye Swains, that inhabit the Place,
Give ear to my Song of a Fiddle's hard Caſe;
For it is of a Fiddle, a ſweet Fiddle I Sing,
A ſofter and ſweeter did never wear String.

Melpomene, lend me the Aid of thy Art,
Whilſt I the ſad Fate of this Fiddle impart;
For never had Fiddle a Fortune ſo bad,
Which ſhews the beſt Things the worſt Fortune have had.

This Fiddle of Fiddles, when it came to be try'd,
Was as ſweet as a Lark, and as ſoft as a Bride:
This Fiddle to ſee, and its Muſick to hear,
Gave Delight to the Eye, while it raviſh'd the Ear.

But firſt I muſt ſing of this Fiddle's high Birth;
'Twas born and 'twas bred in fair *Italy*,
In a Town where a Marſhall of France had the Hap,
(Fortune de la guerre) to be caught in a Trap.

And now, having ſung of this Fiddle's Country;
I ſhould ſing of the Fingers which made ſo much Mirth;
But Fingers ſo ſtraight, ſo ſwift, and ſo ſmall,
Should be ſung by a Poet, or not ſung at all.

Though I am, god-wot, but a poor Country Swain,
And cannot indite in ſo lofty a Strain;
So all I can ſay, is to tell you once more,
Such Hands and ſuch Fingers were ne'er ſeen before.

Having

Having ſung of the Fingers and Fiddle, I trow,
You'll hold it but meet I ſhould ſing of the Bow;
The Bow it was Ebon, whoſe Virtue was ſuch,
It wounded your Heart, if your Ear it did touch.

Cupid fain would have chang'd with this Bow for awhile,
To which the coy Nymph thus reply'd with a Smile,
My Bow is far better than yours, I'll appeal,
Yours only can kill, mine can both kill and heal.

This Fiddle and Bow, and its Muſick together,
Would make heavy Hearts as light as a Feather:
But alas! when I ſhall its Cataſtrophe Sing,
Your Heart it will bleed, and your Hands you will wring.

This Fiddle was laid on a ſoft eaſy Chair,
Taking all for its Friends its ſweet Muſick did hear;
When ſtraight there came in a huge maſculine Bum,
I wiſh the de'il had it, to make him a Drum.

Now wo to the Bum that this Fiddle demoliſh'd,
That has all our Muſick and Paſtime aboliſh'd;
May it never want Birch to be ſwitch'd and be laſh'd,
May it ever be itching, and never be ſcratch'd.

May it never break Wind in the Cholick ſo grievous,
A Penance too ſmall for a Crime ſo miſchievous:
Ne'er find a ſoft Cuſhion, its Anguiſh to eaſe,
While all is too little my Wrath to appeaſe.

Of other Bum-ſcapes may it ſtill bear the Blame,
Ne'er ſhew its Bare-face without Sorrow or Shame;
May it ne'er mount on Horſeback without Loſs of Lea-
Which brings me almoſt to the end of my Tether. [ther;

And now, leſt ſome Critick of deep Penetration,
Should attack our poor Ballad with grave Annotation;
The Fop muſt be told, without ſpeaking in Riddle,
He muſt firſt make a better, or kiſs this Bum-fiddle.

SONG LXXX. *On a Bank of Flowers.*

SHould the Storm blow high,
And cloud the Sky,
What care ſuch Souls as we?
Let the Thunder roll,
Till it ſhakes the Bowl,
It rolls in vain to me:
To the roaring Sound,
Let the Glaſs go round;
While the World ſhall ring,
To the Tunes we ſing;
With a *Fal lal la*,
And I drink with Joy to thee.

SONG LXXXI. *As I went over London-Bridge.*

YOu've heard, no doubt, how all the Globe,
Was ſoak'd of old with *Noah*'s Flood.
See! here's a Globe that holds a Sea!
A Sea of Liquors twice as good!
Tol dol de rol.

Had *Noah*'s been a Flood like this,
And *Anak*'s Sons ſuch Souls as I;
They'd drank the Deluge as it roſe,
And left the Ark, like *Noah*, dry.
Tol dol de rol.

SONG LXXXII. *Since Times are ſo bad.*

She. GO, go, you vile Sot,
Quit your Pipe and your Pot,
Get home to your Stall and be doing:
You puzzle your Pate,
With Whimſies of State,
And play with Edge-tools to your Ruin.

He.

He. Keep in that ſhrill Note,
Or I'll ram down your Throat,
This red-hot black Pipe I am ſmoaking;
Thou Plague of my Life!
Thou Gipſy! thou Wife!
How dar'ſt thou thy Lord be provoking?

She. You riot, and roar,
For *Babylon*'s Whore,
And give up your Bible and Pſalter;
I prithee, dear *Kit*,
Have a little more Wit,
And keep thy Neck out of the Halter.

He. Nay, prithee, ſweet *Joan*,
Now let me alone,
To follow this princely Vocation;
I mean to be great,
In ſpite of my Fate,
And ſettle myſelf, and the Nation.

She. Go, go, you vile Sot!
He. I matter thee not.
She. Was ever poor Woman ſo ſlighted?
He. Thy Fortune is made!
She. Go, follow your Trade.
He. I tell thee, I mean to be knighted.

She. A whipping-poſt Knight!
He. Get out of my Sight!
She. Thou Traytor, thou! mark thy ſad ending.
He. I'll new vamp the State,
The Church I'll tranſlate;
Old Shoes are no more worth the mending.

SONG LXXXIII. *Maiden, freſh as a Roſe.*

MAIDEN, freſh as a Roſe,
Young, buxom, and full of Jollity;
Take no Spouſe among Beaus,
Fond of their raking Quality:
He who wears a long Buſh,
All powder'd down from his Pericrane,

And

And with his Noſe full of Snuſh,
Snuffles out Love in a merry Vein.

Who to Dames of high Place,
Does prattle like any Parrot too;
Yet with Doxies a Brace,
At Night pigs, in a Garret too:
Patrimony out-run,
To make a fine Shew to carry thee;
Plainly, Friend, thou'rt undone,
If ſuch a Creature marry thee.

Then for fear of a Bride,
Of flattering Noiſe and Vanity,
Yoke a Lad of our Tribe,
He'll ſhew the beſt Humanity:
Flaſhy thou wilt find Love,
In civil as well as ſecular;
But when the Spirit doth move,
We have a Gift particular.

Though our Graveneſs is Pride,
That Boobies the more may venerate;
He that gets a good Bride,
Can jump when he's to generate:
Off then goes the Diſguiſe,
To bed in his Arms he'll carry thee;
Then to be happy and wiſe,
Take *Yea and Nay* to marry thee.

SONG LXXXIV. *My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

MY Lodging is on the cold Ground,
And very hard is my Fare;
But that which troubles me moſt is,
The Unkindneſs of my Dear:
Yet ſtill I cry, Oh! turn, Love,
And I prithee, Love turn to me;
For thou art the Man that I long for,
And, alack! what Remedy!

I'll crown thee with a Garland of Straw then,
And I'll marry thee with a ruſh Ring;
My frozen Hopes ſhall thaw then,
And merrily we will ſing:
Oh! turn to me, my dear Love,
And I prithee, Love, turn to me;
For thou art the Man that alone canſt
Procure my Liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy Heart ſtill,
And be deaf to my pitiful Moan;
Then I muſt endure the Smart ſtill,
And tumble in Straw all alone:
Yet ſtill I cry, Oh! turn, Love,
And I prithee, Love, turn to me;
For thou art the Man that alone art
The Cauſe of my Miſery.

SONG LXXXV. *Jolly Mortals fill*, &c.

LET's be jovial, fill our Glaſſes,
Madneſs 'tis for us to think,
How the World is rul'd by Aſſes,
And the Wiſe are ſway'd by Chink.

Then never let vain Cares oppreſs us;
Riches are to them a Snare;
We're ev'ry one as rich as *Cræſus*,
While our Bottle drowns our Care.

Wine will make us red as Roſes,
And our Sorrows quite forget;
Come, let's fuddle all our Noſes,
Drink ourſelves quite out of Debt.

When grim Death comes looking for us,
We are toping off our Bowls;
Bacchus joining in the Chorus,
Death, be gone, here's none but Souls.

God-like *Bacchus* thus commanding,
Trembling Death away ſhall fly;

Evre

Ever after understanding,
Drinking Souls can never die.

SONG LXXXVI. *As tippling John*, &c.

AS tippling *John* was jogging on,
Upon a Riot-Night,
With tott'ring Pace, and fiery Face,
Suspicious of high Flight:
The Guards, who took him by his Look,
For some chief Firebrand,
Ask'd, Whence he came? What was his Name?
Who are you? Stand, Friend, stand.

I am going home; from Meeting come.
Ay, says one, that's the Case:
Some Meeting he has burnt, you see
The Flames still in his Face.
John thought 'twas time to purge the Crime,
And said, 'Twas his Intent,
For to assuage his thirsty Rage;
That Meeting 'twas he meant.

Come, Friend, be plain; you trifle in vain.
Says one, Pray let us know;
That we may find, how you're inclin'd;
Are you High-Church, or Low?
John said to that, I'll tell you what,
To end Debates and Strife;
All I can say, this is the way
I steer my Course of Life.

I ne'er to *Bow*, nor *Burgess* go,
To Steeple-house, nor Hall;
The brisk Bar-bell best suits my Zeal,
With, Gentlemen, d'ye call?
Now judge, am I Low-Church, or High?
From Tavern, or the Steeple,
Whose merry Toil, exalts the Soul,
And make us high-flown People.

The

The Guards come on, and look'd at *John*,
With Countenance moſt pleaſant:
By Whiſper round, they all ſoon found,
He was no dangerous Peaſant:
So while *John* ſtood, the beſt he cou'd,
Expecting their Deciſion;
Pox on't, ſays one, let him be gone,
He's of our own Religion.

SONG LXXXVII. *Midſummer Wiſh.*

WAFT me, ſome ſoft and cooling Breeze,
To *Windſor*'s ſhady, kind Retreat;
Where *Sylvan* Scenes, wide-ſpreading Trees,
Repel the Dog-Star's raging Heat:
Where tufted Graſs, and moſſy Beds,
Afford a rural, calm Repoſe;
Where Woodbines hang their dewy Heads,
And fragrant Sweets around diſcloſe.

Old oozy *Thames*, that flows faſt by,
Along the ſmiling Valley plays,
His glaſſy Surface cheers the Eye,
And through the flow'ry Meadow ſtrays;
His fertile Banks, with Herbage green,
His Vales with golden Plenty ſwell;
Where e'er his purer Streams are ſeen,
The Gods of Health and Pleaſure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave,
With naked Arms once more divide;
In thee my glowing Boſom lave,
And cut the gently-rolling Tide.
Lay me with damaſk Roſes crown'd,
Beneath ſome Oſier's duſky Shade;
Where Water-lillies deck the Ground,
And bubbling Springs refleſh the Glade.

Let dear *Lucinda* too be there,
With azure Mantle ſlightly dreſt:

Ye

Ye Nymphs, bind up her flowing Hair,
Ye *Zephyrs*, fan her panting Breaſt.
Oh haſte away, fair Maid, and bring
The Muſe, the kindly Friend to Love;
To thee alone the Muſe ſhall ſing,
And warble through the vocal Grove.

SONG LXXXVIII. *A Cobler there was.*

WHO has e'er been at *Paris*, muſt needs know the *Greve*,
The fatal Retreat of th' unfortunate Brave:
Where Honour and Juſtice moſt oddly contribute,
To eaſe Heroes Pains by a Halter or Gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the Shackles, which Force had put on,
And the Hangman compleats, what the Judge but begun;
There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Poſt,
Find their Pains no more baulk'd, and their Hopes no more croſs'd.
Derry down, &c.

Great Claims are there made, and Great Secrets are known;
And the King, and the Law, and the Thief has his own;
But my Hearers cry out, What a duce doſt thou ail?
Put off thy Reflections, and give us thy Tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil Reſpect to harſh Laws,
And for want of falſe Witneſs to back a bad Cauſe,
A *Norman*, though late, was oblig'd to appear;
And who to aſſiſt, but a grave *Cordelier*.
Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire, whoſe good Grace was to open the Scene,
Seem'd not in great haſte that the Shew ſhould begin;
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What

What frightens you thus, my good Son? ſays the Prieſt;
You murder'd, are ſorry, and have been confeſt.
Oh Father! my Sorrow will ſcarce ſave my Bacon:
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough! prithee ne'er trouble thy head with ſuch Fancies,
Rely on the Aid you ſhall have from St. *Francis*;
If the Money you promis'd be brought to the Cheſt,
You have only to die: let the Church do the reſt.
Derry down, &c.

And what will Folks ſay, if they ſee you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my Trade:
Courage, Friend; to-day is your Period of Sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow! our Hero reply'd in a Fright: [night.
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-
Tell your Beads, quoth the Prieſt, and be fairly truſs'd up,
For you ſurely to-night ſhall in Paradiſe ſup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the Squire, howe'er ſumptuous the Treat,
Parbleu! I ſhall have little Stomack to eat:
I ſhould therefore eſteem it great Favour and Grace,
Wou'd you be ſo kind as to go in my Place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot;
But our Actions, you know, with our Duty muſt ſuit:
The Feaſt, I propos'd to you, I cannot taſte;
For this Night, by our Order, is mark'd for a Faſt,
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the Hangman, he ſaid,
Diſpatch me, I prithee, this troubleſome Blade:
For thy Cord and my Cord both equally tie;
And we live by the Gold for which other Men die.
Derry down, &c.

SONG LXXXIX. *The Lass of Peatie's-Mill.*

THE Lass of *Peatie's-Mill*,
So bonny, blithe, and gay,
In spite of my Skill,
Hath stole my Heart away.
When tedding of the Hay,
Bare-headed on the Green,
Love 'midst her Locks did play;
And wanton'd in her Een.

Her Arms, white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their Dawn;
To Age it would give Youth,
To press 'em with his hand.
Through all my Spirits ran
An Extasy of Bliss,
When I such Sweetness fand,
Wrapt in a balmy Kiss.

Without the help of Art,
Like Flowers which grace the wild,
She did her Sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:
Her Looks they were so mild,
Free from affected Pride;
She me to Love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my Bride.

Oh! had I all that Wealth,
Hopton's high Mountains fill,
Insur'd long Life and Health,
And Pleasures at my will:
I'd promise, and fullfill,
That none but bonny she,
The Lass of *Peatie's-Mill*,
Shou'd share the same wi' me.

SONG XC. *What though they call me, &c.*

WHAT though they call me Country-Laſs,
I read it plainly in my Glaſs,
That for a Ducheſs I might paſs:
Oh! could I ſee the Day!
Would Fortune but attend my Call,
At Park, at Play, at Ring, and Ball,
I'd brave the proudeſt of them all,
With a Stand-by, — Clear the Way.

Surrounded by a Croud of Beaux,
With ſmart Toupees and powder'd Cloathes,
At Rivals I'll turn up my Noſe;
Oh! could I ſee the Day!
I'll dart ſuch Glances from theſe Eyes,
Shall make ſome Nobleman my Prize,
And then, Oh! how I'll tyrannize!
With a Stand-by, — Clear the Way.

Oh! then for Grandeur and Delight!
For Equipage, and Diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and Plays, and Balls at Night:
Oh! could I ſee the Day!
Of Love and Joy I'd take my fill,
The tedious Hours of Life to kill;
In every thing I'd have my Will:
With a Stand-by, — Clear the Way.

SONG XCI. *Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

YE Shepherds and Nymphs, that adorn the gay Plain,
Approach from your Sports, and attend to my Strain;
Amongſt all your Number, a Lover ſo true,
Was ne'er ſo undone, with ſuch Bliſs in his View.

Was ever a Nymph ſo hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me ſincere, and ſhe ſees how I pine;
She does not diſdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,
But calmly, and mildly, reſigns me to Death.

She calls me her Friend, but her Lover denies:
She ſmiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my Sighs:
A Boſom ſo flinty, ſo gentle an Air,
Inſpires me with Hope, and yet bids me deſpair.

I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears;
Her Anſwer confounds, while her Manner endears;
When ſoftly ſhe tells me to hope no Relief,
My trembling Lips bleſs her, in ſpite of my Grief.

By Night while I ſlumber, ſtill haunted with Care,
I ſtart up in Anguiſh, and ſigh for the Fair:
The Fair ſleeps in Peace, may ſhe ever do ſo,
And only when dreaming, imagine my Woe.

Then gaze at a diſtance, nor farther aſpire,
Nor think ſhe ſhould love, whom ſhe cannot admire:
Huſh all thy Complaining, and dying her ſlave,
Commend her to Heav'n, and thyſelf to the Grave.

SONG XCII. *Farmer's Son.*

SWEET *Nelly*, my Heart's Delight,
Be loving, and do not ſlight
The Proffer I make, for Modeſty's ſake;
I honour your Beauty bright.
For love I profeſs, I can do no leſs,
Thou haſt my Favour won;
And ſince I ſee your Modeſty,
I pray agree, and fancy me,
Though I am but a Farmer's Son.

No: I am a Lady gay,
'Tis very well known, I may
Have Men of Renown, in Country or Town:
So, Roger, *without Delay,*
Court Bridget, *or* Sue, Kate, Nancy, *or* Prue,
Their Loves will ſoon be won;
But don't you dare to ſpeak me fair,
As though I were at my laſt Prayer,
To marry a Farmer's Son.

My

My Father has Riches ſtore,
Two hundred a-year, and more,
Beſides Sheep and Cows, Carts, Harrows, and Plows;
His Age is above threeſcore:
And when he does die, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won;
Both Land and Kine, all ſhall be thine,
If thoul't incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a Farmer's Son.

A fig for your Cattle and Corn,
Your proffered Love I ſcorn;
'Tis known very well, my Name it is Nell,
And you're but a Bumpkin born,
Well, ſince it is ſo, away I will go,
And I hope no harm is done;
Farewel, adieu: I hope to woo
As good as you, and win her too,
Though I am but a Farmer's Son.

Be not in ſuch haſte, quoth ſhe,
Perhaps we may ſtill agree,
For, Man, I proteſt, I was but in jeſt;
Come, prithee ſit down by me.
For thou art the Man, that verily can
Perform what muſt be done;
Both ſtraight and tall, genteel withal,
Therefore I ſhall be at your Call,
To marry a Farmer's Son.

Dear Lady, believe me now,
I ſolemnly ſwear and vow,
No Lords in their Lives, take Pleaſure in Wives,
Like Fellows that drive the Plough:
For whate'er they gain, with Labour and Pain,
They don't to Harlots run,
As Courtiers do: I never knew
A *London* Beau, that could out-do
A Country Farmer's Son.

SONG XCIII. *The last time I came o'er the Moor.*

THE last time I came o'er the Moor,
I left my Love behind me:
Ye Pow'rs, what Pain do I endure,
When ſoft Ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy Morn diſplay'd,
The beaming Day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely Maid,
In fit Retreats for Wooing.

Beneath the cooling Shade we lay,
Gazing, and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd, and promis'd Time away,
'Till Night ſpread her black Curtain.
I pity'd all beneath the Skies,
E'en Kings, when ſhe was nigh me:
In Raptutes I beheld her Eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where Cannons roar,
Where Mortal's Steel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign Shore,
Where Dangers may ſurround me;
Yet Hopes again to ſee my Love,
To feaſt on glowing Kiſſes,
Shall make my Cares at diſtance move,
In Proſpect of ſuch Bliſſes.

In all my Soul there's not one Place
To let a Rival enter;
Since ſhe excels in ev'ry Grace,
In her my Love ſhall center.
Sooner the Seas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their Waves the *Alps* ſhall cover,
On *Greenland* Ice ſhall Roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I go o'er the Moor,
She ſhall a Lover find me;
And that my Faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me.
Then *Hymen*'s ſacred Bands ſhall chain
My Heart to her fair Boſom;
There, while my Being does remain,
My Love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

SONG XCIV. *Oh! my Treaſure!*

OH! my Treaſure!
Crown my Pleaſure,
Let this be the happy Night:
Bleſs, Oh! bleſs me,
Kindly preſs me,
Let me die with dear Delight,
With dear Delight.

Leave this Trembling,
And Diſſembling,
Lay aſide all Female Art;
Love's ſoft Pleaſure,
Beyond Meaſure,
Will attone for all its Smart.

SONG XCV. *Tippling Philoſophers.*

Diogenes, ſurly and proud,
Who ſnarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
Delighted in Wine that was good,
Becauſe in good Wine there is Truth:
But growing as poor as *Job*,
And unable to purchaſe a Flaſk,
He choſe for his Manſion a Tub,
And liv'd by the Scent of the Caſk,
And liv'd by the Scent of the Caſk.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
A Bumper, to cheriſh his Heart;
And when he was mauding, would cry,
Becauſe he had empty'd his Quart:
Though ſome were ſo fooliſh to think,
He wept at Mens Folly and Vice;
When 'twas only his Cuſtom to drink,
Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes;
Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

Democritus always was glad,
To tipple, and cheriſh his Soul;
Wou'd laugh like a Man that was mad,
When over a jolly full Bowl:
While his Cellar with Wine was well ſtor'd,
His Liquor would merrily quaff;
And when he was drunk as a Lord,
At thoſe that were ſober he'd laugh;
At thoſe that were ſober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too like the reſt,
Believed there was Wiſdom in Wine;
And knew that a Cup of the beſt,
Made Reaſon the brighter to ſhine:
With Wine he repleniſh'd his Veins,
And made his Philoſophy reel;
Then fancy'd the World, as his Brains,
Turn'd round, like a Chariot-wheel
Turn'd round, like a Chariot-wheel.

Ariſtotle, that Maſter of Arts,
Had been but a Dunce without Wine;
For what we aſcribe to his Parts,
Is due to the Juice of the Vine:
His Belly, ſome Authors agree,
Was as big as a Watering-trough;
He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
Becauſe he'd have Liquor enough,
Becauſe he'd have Liquor enough.

When

When *Pyrrho* had taken a Glaſs,
He ſaw that no Object appear'd,
Exactly the ſame as it was,
Before he had liquor'd his Beard:
For things running round in his Drink,
Which ſober he motionleſs found,
Occaſion'd the Sceptick to think
There was nothing of Truth to be found,
There was nothing of Truth to be found.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd divine,
Who wiſely to Virtue was prone,
But had it not been for good Wine,
His Merits had never been known.
By Wine we are generous made,
It furniſhes Fancy with Wings;
Without it we ne'er ſhould have had
Philoſophers, Poets, or Kings,
Philoſophers, Poets, or Kings.

SONG XCVI. *Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray.*

O *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
They are twa bonny Laſſes,
They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' Raſhes:
Fair *Beſſy Bell* I loo'd yeſtreen,
And though I ne'er cou'd alter,
But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky Een,
They gar my Fancy falter.

Now *Beſſy*'s Hair's like a Lint-tap,
She ſmiles like a *May* Morning,
When *Phœbus* ſtarts fro' *Thetis*' Lap,
The Hills with Rays adorning.
White is her Neck, ſaft is her Hand,
Her Waiſt and Feet's fou genty:
With ilka Grace ſhe can command,
Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And *Mary*'s Locks are like a Craw,
Her Eyes like Diamonds glances;
She's ay ſae clean, redd-up and braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances:
Blith as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her Air ſae graceſu'-ſtill,
O *Jove!* ſhe's like thy *Pallas!*

Dear *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
Ye unco fair oppreſs us;
Our Fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are ſic bonny Laſſes:
Wai's me! for bath I can na get,
To ane by Law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.

SONG XCVII. *Robin's Complaint.*

DID ever Swain a Nymph adore,
As I ungrateful *Nanny* do?
Was ever Shepherd's Heart ſo ſore,
Or ever broken Heart ſo true?
My Cheeks are ſwell'd with Tears, but ſhe
Has never wet a Cheek for me.

If *Nanny* call'd, did e'er I ſtay?
Or linger, when ſhe bid me run?
She only had the Word to ſay,
And all ſhe wiſh'd was quickly done.
I always think of her, but ſhe
Does ne'er beſtow a Thought on me.

To let her Cows my Clover taſte,
Have I not roſe by break of Day?
Did ever *Nanny*'s Heifers faſt,
If *Robin* in his Barn had Hay?
Though to my Fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If

If ever *Nanny* loſt a Sheep,
Then cheerfully I gave her two;
And I her Lambs did ſafely keep,
Within my Folds in Froſt and Snow.
Have they not there from Cold been free?
But *Nanny* ſtill is cold to me.

When *Nanny* to the Well did come,
'Twas I that did her Pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home:
Her Corn I carry'd to the Mill.
My Back did bear the Sack, but ſhe
Will never bear the Sight of me.

To *Nanny*'s Poultry Oats I gave,
I'm ſure they always had the beſt:
Within this Week her Pidgeons have
Eat up a Peck of Peas at leaſt:
Her little Pidgeons kiſs, but ſhe
Will never take a Kiſs from me.

Muſt *Robin* always *Nanny* woo,
And *Nanny* ſtill on *Robin* frown?
Alas! poor Wretch! what ſhall I do,
If *Nanny* does not love me ſoon?
If no Relief to me ſhe'll bring,
I'll hang me in her Apron-ſtring.

SONG XCVIII. *When the bright God*, &c.

WHEN the bright God of Day,
Drove to Weſtward his Ray,
And the Evening was charming and clear;
The Swallows amain,
Nimbly ſkim o'er the Plain,
And our Shadows like Giants appear.

In a Jeſſamine Bower,
(When the Bean was in Flower,
And *Zephyrs* breath'd Odours around)
Lov'd *Celia* ſhe ſat,
With her Song and Spinnet,
And ſhe charm'd all the Grove with her Sound.

Roſy

Roſy Bowers ſhe ſung,
Whilſt the Harmony rung,
And the Birds they all flutt'ring arrive;
The induſtrious Bees,
From the Flowers and Trees,
Gently hum with their Sweets to their Hive.

The gay God of Love,
As he flew o'er the Grove,
By *Zephyrs* conducted along,
As ſhe touch'd on the Strings,
He beat Time with his Wings,
Whilſt Echo repeated the Song.

Oh! ye Mortals beware,
How ye venture too near,
Love doubly is armed to wound:
Your Fate you can't ſhun,
For you're ſurely undone,
If you raſhly approach near the Sound.

SONG XCIX. *The Play of Love.*

THE Play of Love is now begun,
And thus the Actions do go on,
Strephon enamour'd courts the Fair,
She hears him with a careleſs Air,
And ſmiles to find him in Love's Snare.

The Act-tune play'd they meet again,
Here Pity moves her for his Pain,
Which ſhe evades with ſome Pretence,
And thinks ſhe may with Love diſpenſe,
But pants to hear a Man of Senſe.

The third Approach her Lover makes,
She colours up whene'er he ſpeaks;
But with feign'd Slights ſtill puts him by,
And faintly cries, She can't comply,
Although ſhe gives her Heart the Lye.

Now the Plot riſes, he ſeems ſhy,
As if ſome other Fair he'd try;

At which ſhe ſwells with Spleen and Fear,
Leſt ſome more wiſe his Love ſhould ſhare;
Which yet no Woman e'er could bear.

The laſt Act now is wrought ſo high,
That thus it crowns the Lover's Joy;
She does no more his Paſſion ſhun,
But ſtraight into his Arms does run,
The Curtain falls,——the Play is done.

SONG C. *Alexis ſhun'd his Fellow-Swains.*

ALEXIS ſhun'd his Fellow-Swains,
Their rural Sports and jocund Strains
(Heav'n guard us all from *Cupid*'s Bow!)
He loſt his Crook, he left his Flocks,
And, wand'ring through the lonely Rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came,
His Grief ſome pity, others blame;
The fatal Cauſe all kindly ſeek.
He mingled his Concern with theirs;
He gave them back their friendly Tears;
He ſigh'd, but would not ſpeak.

Clarinda came, among the reſt,
And ſhe too kind Concern expreſt,
And aſk'd the Reaſon of his Woe:
She aſk'd, but with an Air and Mien,
That made it eaſily foreſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
While I the cruel Truth reveal?
Which nothing from my Breaſt ſhould tear;
Which never ſhould offend your Ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the Plain,

You

You are the Cauſe of all my Care;
Your Eyes ten Thouſand Daggers dart,
Ten thouſand Torments vex my Heart,
I love, and I deſpair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cry'd:
But you ſhall promiſe ne'er again,
To breathe your Vows, or ſpeak your Pain:
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

SONG CI. *Alexis ſhunn'd.*

YOung *Damon*, once the happy Swain,
The Pride and Glory of the Plain,
(Yet ſee the Effects of Love!)
Depriv'd of all his former Reſt,
Shunn'd Company, with Grief oppreſt,
And ſought the thickeſt Grove.

The Nymphs and Swains all ſtrove to find,
What 'twas diſturb'd the Shepherd's Mind;
And, when they begg'd to know,
He only ſhook his drooping Head,
And ſighing mournfully, he ſaid,
My Fate will have it ſo.

Myrtillo, hearing of his Woes,
Came too, and kindly aſk'd the Cauſe,
Of all his mighty Pain:
The Youth, tranſported, and amaz'd,
To hear her charming Voice, ſoon rais'd
His Head, and thus began:

I love; but 'tis a Nymph ſo fair,
That I of all Succeſs deſpair,
And nought expect but Scorn;
But, Oh! forgive, ſince aſk'd by you,
If farther I my Tale purſue,
And ſay, for you I burn.

The Nymph then bluſh'd, and ſmiling ſaid,
And is it thus you court a Maid!
You'll by Experience find,
The Fair's not won by dull Deſpair,
But to the Brave and Debonnair,
Our Sex will e'er prove kind.

SONG CII. *The Wheel of Life.*

THE Wheel of Life is turning quickly round,
And nothing in this World of Certainty is found:
The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us out:
Good lack! good lack! how things are wheel'd about!

Some few aloft on Fortune's Wheel do go,
And as they mount up high, the others tumble low;
In this we all agree, that Fate at firſt did will,
That this great Wheel ſhould never once ſtand ſtill.

The Courtier turns to gain his private Ends,
'Till he's ſo giddy grown, he quite forgets his Friends;
Proſperity oft times deceives the Proud and Vain,
And wheels ſo faſt, it turns them out again.

Some turn to this, to that, and ev'ry Way, [Day;
And cheat, and ſcrape, for what can't purchaſe one poor
But this is far below the generous-hearted Man,
Who lives, and makes the moſt of Life he can.

And thus we're wheel'd about in Life's ſhort Farce,
'Till we at laſt are wheel'd off in a rumbling Hearſe:
The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us out:
Good lack! good lack! how things are wheel'd about.

SONG CIII. *Slow Men of London.*

THERE were three Lads in our Town,
Slow Men of *London*,
They courted a Widow was bonny and brown,
And yet they left her undone.

They

They went to work without their Tools,
Slow Men of *London!*
The Widow ſhe ſent them away like Fools,
Becauſe they left her undone.

They often taſted this Widow's Cheer;
Slow Men of *London!*
But yet the Widow was never the near,
For ſtill they left her undone.

Blow, ye Winds, and come down, Rain;
Slow Men of *London!*
They never ſhall woo this Widow again,
Becauſe they left her undone.

SONG CIV. *Margaret's Ghoſt.*

'TWAS at the ſilent midnight Hour,
When all were faſt aſleep;
In glided *Marg'ret's* grimly Ghoſt,
And ſtood at *William's* Feet.

Her Face was like an *April* Morn,
Clad in a wint'ry Cloud;
And clay-cold was her lilly Hand,
That held her ſable Shroud.

So ſhall the faireſt Face appear,
When Youth and Years are flown;
Such is the Robe that Kings muſt wear,
When Death has reft their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the ſpringing Flower,
That ſips the ſilver Dew;
The Roſe was budded in her Cheek,
Juſt op'ning to the View.

But Love had, like the Canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early Prime:
The Roſe grew pale, and left her Cheek;
She dy'd before her Time.

Awake,

Awake, ſhe cry'd, thy True-Love calls,
Come from her midnight Grave:
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
Thy Love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary Hour,
When injur'd Ghoſts complain;
Now yawning Graves give up their Dead,
To haunt the faithleſs Man.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,
Thy Pledge, and broken Oath;
And give me back my maiden Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

Why did you promiſe Love to me,
And not that Promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear my Eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe Eyes to weep?

How could you ſay my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forſake?
How could you win my virgin Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break?

Why did you ſay my Lips were ſweet,
And made the Scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs Maid,
Believe the flatt'ring Tale?

That Face, alas! no more is fair,
Thoſe Lips no longer red;
Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
And ev'ry Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Siſter is,
This Winding-ſheet I wear;
And cold and dreary laſts our Night,
'Till that laſt Morn appear.

But hark! the Cock has warn'd me hence!
A long and laſt Adieu!
Come ſee, falſe Man, how low ſhe lies,
That dy'd for Love of you.

The

The Lark ſung loud, the Morning ſmil'd,
And rais'd her glitt'ring Head:
Pale *William* quak'd in ev'ry Limb,
And raving left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place,
Where *Marg'ret*'s Body lay;
And ſtretch'd him on the green Graſs Turf,
That wrapt her breathleſs Clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Marg'ret*'s Name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his Cheek to the cold Grave,
And Word ſpake never more.

SONG CV. *Charming is your Shape, &c.*

CHarming is your Shape and Air,
And your Face as Morning fair;
Coral Lips, and Neck of Snow,
Cheeks, where op'ning Roſes blow;
When you ſpeak, or ſmile, or move,
All is Rapture, all is Love.

But thoſe Eyes, alas, I hate!
Eyes that, heedleſs of my Fate,
Shine with undiſcerning Rays;
On the Fopling idly gaze;
Watch the Glances of the Vain;
Meeting mine with cold Diſdain.

SONG CVI. *My Time, O ye Muſes, &c.*

MY Time, O ye Muſes! was happily ſpent,
When *Phebe* went with me where-ever I went:
Ten thouſand ſoft Pleaſures I felt in my Breaſt;
Sure never fond Shepherd like *Collin* was bleſt.
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a ſudden I find?
When things were as fine as could poſſibly be;
I thought 'twas the Spring, but, alas! it was ſhe.

With

With ſuch a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
To riſe up and play, or to lie down and ſleep;
I was ſo good-humour'd, ſo chearful, and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day.
But now I ſo croſs, and ſo peeviſh am grown,
So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known;
My Fair One is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart--I am ſure, it weighs more than a Pound.

The Fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'ſt, little *Cupid*, if *Phebe* was there,
'Twas Pleaſure to look at, 'twas Muſick to hear:
But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its ſide,
And ſtill, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Muſt you be ſo chearful, while I go in Pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when *Phebe* and I were as joyful as they,
How pleaſant their Sporting, how happy the Time!
When Spring, Love, and Beauty, were all in their Prime?
But now in their Frolicks, when by me they paſs,
I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Graſs:
Be ſtill then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

My Dog, I was ever well pleaſed to ſee,
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair One and me;
And *Phebe* was pleas'd too, and to my Dog ſaid,
Come hither, poor Fellow, and patted his Head:
But now when he's fawning, I with a ſour Look,
Cry, Sirrah; and give him a Blow with my Crook;
And I'll give him another; for why ſhould not *Tray*
Be as dull as his Maſter, when *Phebe*'s away?

When walking with *Phebe*, what Sights have I ſeen!
How fair was the Flower, how freſh was the Green!
What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,
The Cornfields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made!
But ſince ſhe has left me, though all are ſtill there,
They none of them now ſo delightful appear;

'Twas

'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes,
Made ſo many beautiful Proſpects ariſe.

Sweet Muſick went with us both, all the wood thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Throſtle, and Nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the Graſhopper under our Feet;
But now ſhe is abſent, tho' ſtill they ſing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone;
Her Voice in the Conſort, as now I have found,
Gave every thing elſe its agreeable Sound.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does aught of its Sweetneſs the Bloſsom beguile?
That Meadow, thoſe Daiſies, why do they not ſmile?
Ah! Rivals! I ſee what it was that you dreſt,
And made yourſelves fine for, a Place in her Breaſt,
You put on your Colours to pleaſure her Eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her Boſom to die.

How ſlowly Time creeps, 'till my *Phebe* return?
While amidſt the ſoft *Zephyr*'s cool Breezes I burn;
Methinks, if I knew where-about he would tread,
I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the Lead.
Fly ſwifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And reſt ſo much longer for't, when ſhe is here.
Ah! *Collin!* old Time is full of Delay,
Nor will budge one Foot faſter, for all thou can'ſt ſay.

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my Diſquiet, or ſoften my Pain?
To be cur'd, thou muſt, *Collin*, thy Paſsion remove:
But what Swain is ſo ſilly to live without Love?
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
Ah! what ſhall I do; I ſhall die with Deſpair!
Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye love one ſo fair.

SONG

SONG CVII. *Thus Kitty beautiful*, &c.

THUS *Kitty*, beautiful and young,
And wild as Colt untam'd,
Beſpoke the Fair from whom ſhe ſprung,
With little Rage inflam'd.

Inflam'd with Rage at ſad Reſtraint,
Which wiſe Mamma ordain'd;
And ſorely vex'd to play the Saint,
Whilſt Wit and Beauty reign'd.

Shall I thumb holy Books, confin'd,
With *Abigails* forſaken?
Kitty's for other things deſign'd,
Or I am much miſtaken.

Muſt Lady *Jenny* friſk about,
And viſit with her Couſins?
At Balls muſt ſhe make all the Rout,
And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

What has ſhe better, pray, than I?
What hidden Charms to boaſt?
That all Mankind ſhould for her die,
Whilſt I am ſcarce a Toaſt.

Deareſt Mamma, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
I'll have my Earl, as well as ſhe,
Or know the Reaſon why.

I'll ſoon with *Jenny*'s Pride quit ſcore,
Make all her Lover's fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondneſs prevail'd, Mamma gave way,
Kitty, at Heart's Deſire,
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And ſet the World on Fire.

SONG CVIII. *A Cobler there was.*

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a Stall, [Hall,
Which ſerv'd him for Parlour, for Kitchen and
No Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Pate,
No Ambition had he, nor Duns at his Gate:
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himſelf happy,
If at Night he could purchaſe a Jug of brown Nappy.
How he'd laugh then, and whiſtle, and ſing too moſt ſweet,
Saying, juſt to a Hair, I have made both Ends meet:
Derry down, &c.

But Love, the Diſturber of High and of Low,
That ſhoots at the Peaſant as well as the Beau;
He ſhot the poor Cobler quite thorough the Heart:
I wiſh he had hit ſome more ignoble Part:
Derry down, &c.

It was from a Cellar this Archer did play,
Where a buxom young Damſel continually lay.
Her Eyes ſhone ſo bright, when ſhe roſe e'ery Day,
That ſhe ſhot the poor Cobler quite over the Way:
Derry down, &c.

He ſung her Love-Songs, as he ſat at his Work,
But ſhe was as hard as a *Jew* or a *Turk:*
Whenever he ſpake, ſhe would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor Cobler quite into Deſpair.
Derry down, &c.

He took up his *Awl* that he had in the World,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd;
He pierc'd through his Body inſtead of the *Sole,*
So the Cobler he dy'd, and the Bell it did toll:
Derry down, &c.

And now in good-will I adviſe as a Friend,
All Coblers take Warning by this *Cobler's End:* [paſt,
Keep your Hearts out of Love, for we find by what's
That Love brings us *All* to an *End* at the *Laſt:*
Derry down, &c.

SONG

SONG CIX. *Poor Damon knock'd, &c.*

POOR *Damon* knock'd at *Celia*'s Door,
He ſigh'd and beg'd, and wept and ſwore;
The Sign was ſo:
She anſwer'd, No,
No, no, no, *Damon* no.

Again he ſigh'd, again he pray'd;
No, *Damon*, no, I am afraid;
Conſider, *Damon*, I'm a Maid,
Conſider; no,
I am a Maid,
No, *&c.*

At laſt his Sighs and Tears made way;
She roſe, and ſoftly turn'd the Key:
Come in, ſaid ſhe, but do not ſtay,
I may conclude,
You will be rude,
But if you will, you may.

SONG CX. *Ann thou wer't my ain thing.*

OH! what Pangs are felt in Love!
Swains complaining,
Nymphs diſdaining,
Oh! what Pangs are felt in Love!
'Tis a Paſſion there's no refraining:
But when-e'er the Nymph proves kind,
And relieve the tortur'd Mind,
What endleſs Bliſs the Captives find,
Reliev'd from their complaining!

Haſte, thou blind deluding Boy,
Wing'd with Pleaſure,
Seek my Treaſure,
Chloe to my Arms decoy;
Fly, give her Thoughts no Leiſure;
Bind her with the ſofteſt Chain,
Tho' too long ſhe's given me Pain,
Oh make her too indulge her Swain,
For ſhe alone's my Treaſure.

SONG

SONG CXI. *Ye Beaus of Pleasure.*

YE Beaus of Pleasure,
Whose Wit at Leisure
Can count Love's Treasure,
Its Joy and Smart;
At my Desire,
With me retire
To know what Fire
Consumes my Heart.

Three Moons that hasted,
Are hardly wasted,
Since I was blasted
With Beauty's Ray.
Aurora shews ye
No Face so rosy;
No *July*'s Posy
So fresh and gay.

Her Skin by Nature,
No Ermine better,
Though that fine Creature,
Is white as Snow:
With blooming Graces,
Adorn'd her Face is;
Her flowing Tresses,
As black as Slow.

She's tall and slender,
She's soft and tender,
Some God commend her,
My Wit's too low.
'Twere joyful Plunder,
To bring her under:
She's all a Wonder,
From Top to Toe.

Then cease you Sages,
To quote dull Pages,
That in all Ages,

Our

Our Minds are free;
Though great your Skill is,
So ſtrong the Will is,
My Love for *Phillis*,
Muſt ever be.

SONG CXII. *The Artifice.*

WHEN *Chloe* we ply,
We ſwear we ſhall die,
Her Eyes do our Hearts ſo enthrall;
But 'tis for her Pelf,
And not for herſelf:
It is all Artifice all,
It is all Artifice, Artifice all.

The Maidens are ſhy,
Cry, piſh! and cry, fie!
And vow if you're rude they will call;
But whiſper ſo low,
That they let us know,
It is all Artifice all,
It is all Artifice, Artifice all.

My Dear, the Wives cry,
Whenever you die,
Oh! marry again we ne'er ſhall:
But in leſs than a Year,
They make it appear,
It is all Artifice all,
It is all Artifice, Artifice all.

In Matters of State,
And Party-Debate,
For Church, and for Juſtice we bawl;
But if you attend,
You'll find in the end,
It is all Artifice all,
It is all Artifice, Artifice all.

The *Non-Cons* will cant
In their Pulpits, and rant,
And the honeſt Conformiſt will maul;
In holy Diſguiſe,
They lift up their Eyes,
It is all Artifice all,
It is all Artifice, Artifice all.

The Lawyers you know,
To *Weſtminſter* go,
To plead for their Fees in the Hall;
For their Clients they wrangle,
And make a great Jangle;
It is all Artifice all,
It is all Artifice, Artifice all.

The Wretch that attends,
And on Courtiers depends,
His Fortune he'll find will be ſmall;
For their Actions declare,
Their Words are but Air,
It is all Artifice all,
It is all Artifice, Artifice all.

SONG CXIII. *Would you chuſe a Wife.*

WOULD you chuſe a Wife,
For a happy Life,
Leave the Court, and the Country take;
Where *Dolly* and *Sue*,
Young *Molly* and *Prue*,
Follow *Roger* and *John*,
Whilſt Harveſt goes on,
And merrily, merrily rake.

Leave the *London* Dames,
Be it ſpoke to their Shames,
To lig in their Beds till Noon;
Then get up and ſtretch,
Then paint too, and patch,
Some Widgeon to catch;

Then look on their Watch,
And wonder they roſe up ſo ſoon.

Then Coffee, and Tea,
Both Green and Bohea,
Are ſerv'd to their Tables in Plate;
Where their Tattles do run,
As ſwift as the Sun,
Of what they have won,
And who is undone,
By Gaming, and ſitting up late.

The Laſs give me here,
Though brown as my Beer,
That knows how to govern her Houſe;
That can milk her Cow,
Or farrow her Sow,
Make Butter, or Cheeſe,
Or gather GreenPeaſe,
And values fine Clothes not a Souſe.

This, this is the Girl,
Worth Rubies and Pearl;
This the Wife that will make a Man rich:
We Gentlemen need,
No Quality Breed,
To ſquander away,
What Taxes would pay;
In troth we care for none ſuch.

SONG CXIV. *Why will Florella, when,* &c.

WHY will *Florella*, when I gaze,
My raviſh'd Eyes reprove?
And hide 'em from the only Face,
They can behold with Love?

To ſhun her Scorn, and eaſe my Care,
I ſeek a Nymph more kind;
And while I rove from Fair to Fair,
Still gentle Uſage find.

But Oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy,
Where Nature has no Part?

New Beauties may my Eyes employ,
But you engage my Heart.

So reſtleſs Exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet Pity ev'ry where;
Yet languiſh for their native Home,
Though Death attends them there.

SONG CXV. *Go, go, you vile Sot.*

He.

SInce Times are ſo bad, I muſt tell thee, Sweet-heart,
I'm thinking to leave off my Plough and my Cart,
And to the fair City a Journey I'll go;
To better my Fortune, as other Folks do; [ches,
Since ſome have from Ditches, and coarſe leathern Bree-
Been rais'd to be Rulers, and wallow'd in Riches.
Prithee come, come, come, come from thy Wheel;
For, if the Gypſies don't lye,
I ſhall be a Governor too, e'er I die.

She. Ah! *Collin!* by all thy late Doings I find,
With Sorrow and Trouble, the Pride of thy Mind;
Our Sheep they at random diſorderly run,
And now *Sunday*'s Jacket goes ev'ry Day on: [mean?
Ah! what doſt thou, what doſt thou, what doſt thou
He. To make my Shoes clean,
And foot it to Court, to the King and the Queen;
Where ſhewing my Parts, I Preferment ſhall win.

She Fie! 'tis better for us to plough, and to ſpin:
For as to the Court, when thou happen'ſt to try,
Thoul't find nothing got there, unleſs thou can'ſt buy;
For Money, the Devil, the Devil and all's to be found,
But no good Parts minded, without the good Pound.
He. Why, then I'll take Arms, and follow Alarms,
Hunt Honour, that now-a-days plaguily charms.
She. And ſo loſe a Limb, by a Shot or a Blow,
And curſe thyſelf after, for leaving the Plough.

He Suppoſe I turn Gameſter?
She. So cheat, and be bang'd.

He. What think'ſt of the Road then? *She.* The High-way to be hang'd.
He. Nice Pimping, however, yields profit for Life,
I'll help ſome fine Lord to another's fine Wife.
She. that's dangerous too, among the Town-Crew,
For ſome of 'em will do the ſame thing by you;
And then I to cuckold you may be drawn in:
Faith, *Collin*, 'tis better I ſit here and ſpin.

He. Will nothing prefer me? What think'ſt of the Law?
She. Oh! while you live, *Collin*, keep out of that Paw. [that way;
He. I'll cant, and I'll pray. *She.* There's nought got
There's no one minds now what thoſe black Gentry ſay.
Let all our whole Care be our Farming Affair, [bear.
He. To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-Trees
She. Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can ſhow,
So I'll to my Diſtaff. *He.* And I'll to my Plough.

Both. Let all our whole Care be our farming Affair,
To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-Trees bear.
Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can ſhow;
She. So I'll to my Diſtaff. *He.* And I'll to my Plough.

SONG CXVI. *How much, egregious Moore.*

HOw much, egregious *Moore*, are we,
Deceiv'd by Shews and Forms?
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All human Kind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by Birth,
Vile Reptile, weak, and vain:
A while he crawls upon the Earth,
Then ſhrinks to Earth again.

That Woman is a Worm we find,
E'er ſince our Grandame's Evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient Worm the Devil.

The Learn'd themſelves, we Book-worms name;
The Blockead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whoſe Tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

The Fops are painted Butter-flies,
That Flutter for a Day;
Firſt from a Worm they take their Riſe,
Then in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows;
Some Worms ſuit all Conditions;
Miſers are Muck-worms; Silk-worms, Beaus;
And Death-watches, Phyſicians.

That Stateſmen have the Worm, is ſeen
By all their winding Play;
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah! *Moore*, thy Skill were well employ'd,
And greater Gain would riſe,
If thou could'ſt make the Courtier void,
The Worm that never dies.

Oh learned Friend, of *Abchurch-Lane*,
Who ſet'ſt our Entrails free:
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder Vain,
Since Worms ſhall eat e'en thee.

Our Fate thou only can'ſt adjourn,
Some few ſhort Years, no more:
E'en *Button*'s Wits to Worms ſhall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

SONG CXVII. *A Health to all honeſt Men.*

EVery Man take a Glaſs in his Hand,
And drink a good Health to our King;
Many Years may he rule o'er this Land;
May his Laurels for ever freſh ſpring:
Let Wrangling and Jangling ſtraightway ceaſe,
Let ev'ry Man ſtrive for his Country's Peace;

Neither

Neither Tory, nor Whig,
With their Parties look big:
Here's a Health to all honeſt Men.

'Tis not owning a whimſical Name,
That proves a Man loyal and juſt;
Let him fight for his Country's Fame,
Be impartial at home, if in truſt;
'Tis this that proves him an honeſt Soul,
His Health we'll drink in a brimful Bowl:
Then let's leave off Debate,
No Confuſion create;
Here's a Health to all honeſt Men.

When a Company's honeſtly met,
With Intent to be merry and gay,
Their drooping Spirits to whet,
And drown the Fatigues of the Day;
What Madneſs is it thus to diſpute,
When neither ſide can his Man confute?
When you've ſaid what you dare,
You're but juſt where you were,
Here's a Health to all honeſt Men.

Then agree, ye true *Britons*, agree,
And ne'er quarrel about a Nick-name;
Let your Enemies trembling ſee,
That an *Engliſhman*'s always the ſame;
For our King, our Church, our Law, and Right,
Let's lay by all Feuds, and ſtraight unite,
Then who need care a fig,
Who's Tory or Whig:
Here's a Health to all honeſt Men.

SONG CXVIII. *A Nymph of the Plain.*

A Nymph of the Plain,
By a jolly young Swain,
Was addreſs'd to be kind;
But relentleſs, I find,

To his Prayers she appear'd,
Though himself he endear'd,
In a Manner so soft,
So engaging, and sweet,
As soon might persuade her,
His Passion to meet.

How much he ador'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
I cannot express;
But he lov'd to Excess;
And he vow'd he should die,
Unless she'd comply;
In a Manner, &c.

While Blushes, like Roses,
That Nature composes,
Vermillion'd her Face,
With an Air, and a Grace,
Which her Lover improv'd,
When he found he had mov'd,
In a Manner, &c.

When wak'd from the Joy,
Which their Souls did employ,
From her sweet ruby Lips,
Thousand Odours he sips;
Then amaz'd at her Eyes,
Says he faints, and he dies;
In a Manner, &c.

But how they should part,
Now becomes all their Smart;
'Till he vow'd to his Fair,
That, to ease his own Care,
He would meet her again,
And till then be in Pain;
In a Manner, &c.

SONG CXIX. *Blow, Boreas, Blow.*

BLow, blow, *Boreas*, blow, and let thy ſurly Winds
Make the Billows foam and roar,
Thou canſt no Terror breed in valiant Minds,
But ſpite of thee we'll live, and find a Shore.

Then cheer, my Mates, and be not aw'd,
But keep the Gun-Room clear;
Though Hell's broke looſe, and the Devils roar abroad,
Whilſt we have Sea-Room here, Boys, never fear.

Hey! how ſhe toſſes up, how far!
The mounting Top-maſt touch'd a Star;
The Meteors blaz'd, as through the Clouds we came;
And, Salamander-like, we liv'd in Flame.

But now, now we ſink! now, now we go
Down to the deepeſt Shades below:
Alas! alas! where are we now!
Who, who can tell?
Sure 'tis the loweſt Room of Hell,
Or where the Sea-Gods dwell:
With them we'll live, with them we'll live and reign,
With them we'll laugh, and ſing, and drink amain:
But ſee! we mount! ſee! ſee! we riſe again!

SONG CXX. *I am a poor Shepherd undone.*

I Am a poor Shepherd undone,
And cannot be cured by Art;
For a Nymph as bright as the Sun,
Has ſtole away my Heart:
And how to get it again,
There's none but ſhe can tell,
To cure me of my Pain,
By ſaying ſhe loves me well.
And alas! poor Shepherd! alack, and a-well-a-day!
Before I was in Love, Oh! every Month was May.
If to Love ſhe ſhould not incline,
I told her I'd die in an Hour:

To die, ſays ſhe, 'tis in thine,
But to love, 'tis not in my Power.
I aſk'd her the Reaſon why,
She could not of me approve?
She ſaid, 'twas a Taſk too hard,
To give any Reaſon for Love.
And alas! poor Shepherd! alack, and a-well-a-day!
Before I was in Love, Oh! every Month was May.

She aſk'd me of my Eſtate,
I told her, a Flock of Sheep;
The Graſs whereon they graze,
Where ſhe and I might ſleep.
Beſides a good ten Pound,
In old King *Harry*'s Groats;
With Hooks and Crooks abound,
And Birds of ſundry Notes.
And alas! poor Shepherd! alack, and a-well-a-day!
Before I was in Love, Oh! every Month was May.

SONG CXXI. *'Twas when the Seas were roaring.*

A Swain of Love deſpairing,
Thus wail'd his cruel Fate;
His Grief the Shepherds ſharing,
In Circles round him ſat:
The Nymphs in kind Compaſſion,
The luckleſs Lover mourn'd;
All who had felt the Paſſion,
A Sigh for Sigh return'd.

Oh! Friends! your Plaints give over,
Your kind Concern forbear;
Should *Chloe* but diſcover
For me you've ſhed a Tear;
Her Eyes ſhe'd arm with Vengeance,
Your Friendſhip ſoon ſubdue;
Too late you'd aſk Forgiveneſs,
And for her Mercy ſue.

Her

Her Charms ſuch Force diſcover,
  Reſiſtance is in vain;
Spite of yourſelf you'll love her,
  And hug the galling Chain.
Her Wit the Flame increaſes,
  And rivets faſt the Dart;
She has ten thouſand Graces,
  And each could gain a Heart.

But Oh! one more deſerving,
  Has thaw'd her frozen Breaſt;
Her Heart to him reſerving,
  She's cold to all the reſt.
Their Love with Joy abounding,
  The Thought diſtracts my Brain;
Oh! cruel Maid! —— then ſwooning,
  He fell upon the Plain.

SONG CXXII. *As I beneath the Myrtle*, &c.

AS I beneath the Myrtle Shade lay muſing,
  Sylvia the Fair, in mournful Sounds,
Venting her Grief, the Air thus wounds;
Oh! God of Love, ceaſe to torment me;
  Send to my Aid ſome gentle Swain,
  Whoſe Balm apply'd, may eaſe my Pain.

Aloud I cry'd, and all the Grove reſounded,
  Heavenly Nymph, complain no more;
  Love does thy wiſh'd-for Peace reſtore,
And ſends a gentle Swain to eaſe thee;
  In whom a longing Maid may find
  A Balm to cure her love-ſick Mind.

She bluſh'd and ſigh'd, and puſh'd the Med'cine from her,
  Which ſtill the more increas'd her Pain,
  Finding at length, ſhe ſtrove in vain,
Oh! Love ſhe cry'd, I muſt obey thee;
  Who can the raging Smart endure?
  She ſuck'd the Balm, and found the Cure.

SONG CXXIII. *When first to Cambridge we do come*

TO you fair Ladies, now in Town,
We Country-men do write;
And do invite you to come down,
To taſte of our Delight:
The Weather's fine, the Fields are gay,
And 'tis the pleaſant Month of *May*,
Fa, la, la, la, fa, la.

The Country's now in all its Pride,
New dreſt in lovely Green;
The Earth, with various Colours dy'd,
Diſplays a lovely Scene:
A thouſand pretty Flow'rs appear,
To deck your Boſom and your Hair,
Fa, la, &c.

The Cuckow's pick'd up all the Dirt:
The Trees are all in Bloom;
If Rural Muſick can divert,
Each buſh affords a Tune:
The Turtle's heard in every Grove,
And Milk-maids ſing their Songs of Love.
Fa, la, &c.

Could we perſuade you to come down,
Our Joys would be compleat;
Dear Ladies, leave the noiſy Town,
And to our Shades retreat:
Would you but in our Shades appear,
You'd make our Fields *Elizium* here.
Fa, la, &c.

We'll ſhew you all our Cowſlip-Meads,
And pleaſant Woods and Springs;
And lead you to the tuneful Shades,
Where *Philomela* ſings:
Sweet *Philomel*, whoſe warbling Throat
Excels your *Seneſino*'s Note,
Fa, la, &c.

For

For you we deck and trim our Bowers,
And make our Gardens fine;
For you preſerve our choiceſt Flowers,
That now are in their Prime:
The murmuring Brooks accuſe your Stay,
And *Zephyrs* ſigh for your Delay,
Fa, la, &c.

Come then, and take our Morning Air,
Juſt roſe from flow'ry Beds;
'Tis better than your Snuff, by far,
And all Perfumes exceeds:
Our Evening Walks more Pleaſures bring,
Than the gay Park, and crouded Ring.
Fa, la, &c.

For your own Sakes, if not for ours,
The duſty Town forego;
Freſh Air will give your Eyes new Powers,
And make each Beauty glow:
'Twill to the Lilly add the Roſe,
And every brighter Charm diſcloſe.
Fa, la, &c.

SONG CXXIV. *Mad Tom.*

FORTH from my dark and diſmal Cell,
Or from the dark Abyſs of Hell,
Mad *Tom* is come, to view the World again,
To ſee if he can cure his diſtemper'd Brain.

Fears and Cares oppreſs my Soul;
Hark! how the angry Furies howl!
Pluto laughs, and *Proſerpine* is glad,
To ſee poor angry *Tom* of *Bedlam* mad.

Through the World I wander Night and Day,
To find my ſtraggling Senſes.
In an angry Mood I met old *Time*,
With his Pentateuch of Tenſes:
When me he ſpies, away he flies,
For *Time* will ſtay for no Man.

In vain with Cries I rend the Skies,
For Pity is not common.

Cold and comfortleſs I be,
Help! help! or elſe I die!
Hark! I hear *Apollo*'s Team,
The Carman 'gins to whiſtle;
Chaſte *Diana* bends her Bow,
And the Boar begins to briſtle.
Come, *Vulcan*, with Tools and with Tackle.
And knock off my troubleſome Shackle;
Bid *Charles* make ready his Wain,
To bring me my Senſes again.

Laſt Night I heard the *Dog-ſtar* bark,
Mars met *Venus* in the Dark;
Limping *Vulcan* heat an Iron-bar,
And furiouſly made at the God of War;
Mars with his Weapon laid about,
Limping *Vulcan* had got the Gout;
His broad Horns did ſo hang in his Light,
That he could not ſee to aim his Blows aright:

Mercury the nimble Poſt of Heaven,
Stood ſtill to ſee the Quarrel;
Gorrel-bellied *Bacchus*, Giant-like,
Beſtrid a Strong-beer Barrel;
To me he drinks whole Buts,
Until he burſt his Guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.
Poor *Tom* is very dry,
A little Drink for Charity.

Hark! I hear *Acteon*'s Hounds,
The Huntſmen whoop and hollow;
Ringwood, *Rockwood*, *Jowler*, *Bowman*,
All the Chace do follow.

The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,
Eats powder'd Beef, Turnip, and Carrot;
But a Cup of *Malaga* Sack,
Will fire the Buſh at his Back.

SONG CXXV. *Cupid, God of pleaſing*, &c.

LOnely Groves young *Strephon* chuſing,
There t'indulge his amorous Muſing,
Love augments, while Love he blames:
Cruel Love! you cauſe my Anguiſh,
Thus with Care I pine and languiſh,
Thus conſume amid your Flames.

I deſpair at *Celia*'s frowning;
When ſhe weeps, in Tears I'm drowning;
Smiles give pleaſing Pains at beſt.
Love, who heard the Youth upbraid him,
Conſcious of his Preſence made him,
And his Godhead thus expreſt.

While you ſpeak of Pains and dying,
Soothing Rapture you're enjoying;
My ſoft Empire's built on Sighs:
When thoſe anxious Cares are over,
Soon you loſe the Name of Lover;
Love inſipid grows and dies.

SONG CXXVI. *One April Morn*, &c.

ONE *April* Morn, when from the Sea,
Phœbus was juſt appearing;
Damon and *Celia*, young and gay,
Long-ſettled Love endearing;
Met in a Grove, to vent their Spleen
On Parents unrelenting:
He bred of Tory Race had been,
She of the Tribe Diſſenting.

Celia, whoſe Eyes out-ſhone the God,
Newly the Hills adorning;
Told him Mamma would be ſtark mad,
She miſſing Prayers that Morning:
Damon, his Arm about her Waiſt,
Swore that not ſhould them ſunder;

Should

Should my rough Dad know how I'm bleſt,
'Twould make him roar like Thunder.

Great Ones made by Ambition blind,
By Faction ſtill ſupport it;
Or, where vile Money taints the Mind,
They for Convenience court it:
But mighty Love, that ſcorns to ſhew
Party ſhould raiſe his Glory,
Swears he'll exalt a Vaſſal true,
Let it be *Whig* or *Tory*.

SONG CXXVII. *Wincheſter Wedding.*

AT *Wincheſter* there was a Wedding,
The like was never ſeen,
'Twixt luſty *Ralph* of *Reading*,
And bonny black *Beſs* of the *Green*.
The Fidlers were crowding before;
Each Laſs was as fine as a Queen;
There was an hundred, and more,
For all the Country came in;
Briſk *Robin* led *Roſy* ſo fair,
She look'd like a Lilly o' th' Vale;
And ruddy-fac'd *Harry* led *Mury*,
And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*.

With *Tommy* came ſmiling *Katy*,
He help'd her over the Stile,
And ſwore there was none ſo pretty,
In forty and forty long Mile.
Kit gave a Green-gown to *Betty*,
And lent her his Hand to riſe;
But *Jenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,
For looking blue under the Eyes.
Thus merrily chatting all,
They paſs'd to the Bride-houſe along,
With *Johnny* and pretty-fac'd *Nancy*,
The faireſt of all the Throng.

The

The Bridegroom came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the Dinner was ſpoil'd,
And uſher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
With bak'd, and roaſted, and boil'd.
The Lads were frolick and jolly,
For each had his Love by his Side;
But *Willy* was melancholy,
For he had a mind to the Bride:
Then *Philip* begins her Health,
And turns a Beer-glaſs on his Thumb;
But *Jenkin* was reckon'd for drinking,
The beſt in *Chriſtendom*.

And now they had din'd, advancing,
Into the Midſt of the Hall,
The Fidlers ſtruck up for Dancing,
And *Jeremy* led up the Ball:
But *Margery* kept a Quarter,
A Laſs that was proud of her Pelf,
'Cauſe *Arthur* had ſtoln her Garter,
And ſwore he would tie it himſelf:
She ſtruggled, and bluſh'd, and frown'd,
And ready with Anger to cry,
'Cauſe *Arthur*, in tying her Garter,
Had ſlipped his Hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,
The Bride away was led;
The Bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking
For Candles to light him to bed.
But *Robin* finding him ſilly,
Moſt friendly took him aſide,
The while that his Wife with *Willy*,
Was playing at Hooper's-hide.
And now the warm Game begins,
The critical Minute was come,
And chatting, and billing, and kiſſing,
Went merrily round the Room.

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,
And blith as a Bird in the Spring;

And *Tommy* was ſo to *Kitty*,
  And wedded her with a Ruſh-ring.
Sukey, that danc'd with the Cuſhion,
  An Hour from the Room had been gone;
And *Barnaby* knew, by her Bluſhing,
  That ſome other Dance had been done.
And thus of fifty fair Maids,
  That came to the Wedding with Men,
Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,
  That ſo did return again.

SONG CXXVIII. *I have been in Love.*

I Have been in Love, and in Debt, and in Drink,
  This many and many Year;
And thoſe are three Plagues enough I ſhould think,
  For one poor Mortal to bear.

'Twas Love made me fall into Drink,
  And Drink made me run into Debt;
And tho' I have ſtruggled, and ſtruggled, and ſtrove,
  I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but Money can cure me,
  And rid me of all my Pain;
    'Twill pay all my Debts,
      And remove all my Letts;
And my Miſtreſs, that cannot endure me,
  Will love me, and love me again:
Then, then I'll fall to my loving and drinking again.

SONG CXXIX. *What ſhall I do*, &c.

WHat ſhall I do, to ſhew how much I love her?
  How many Millions of Sighs can ſuffice?
That which wins other Hearts never can move her,
Thoſe common Methods of Love ſhe'll deſpiſe.

I will love more than Man e'er lov'd before me,
  Gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night;
Till, for her own ſake, at laſt ſhe'll implore me,
  To love her leſs to preſerve our Delight.

Since

Since Gods themſelves cannot ever be loving,
Men muſt have breathing Recruits for new Joys;
I wiſh my Love could be always improving;
Though eager Love more than Sorrow deſtroys.

In fair *Aurelia*'s Arms leave me expiring,
To be embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath;
To the laſt Moment I'll ſtill be deſiring:
Never had Hero ſo glorious a Death.

SONG CXXX. *A Trifling Song*, &c.

IN good King *Lewis*'s Land,
In a City of high Degree,
There liv'd a Dyer grand,
And a very good Dyer was he:
This Dyer was married forſooth,
And married in truth was he,
To a Maid in the Bloom of her Youth;
And ſhe gave him ſome Jealouſy.

In vain had he ſought to diſcover,
What he little deſir'd to ſee;
Never dreaming his Wife had a Lover,
Of monkey-fac'd Monſieur *l'Abbie*.
He thought of a politick way,
To bring all the Matter to light,
By his feigning a Journey one Day,
And by lying in Ambuſh at Night.

The Horſes were brought to the Door,
Ev'ry Sign of a Journey appears;
Whilſt his Wife (that diſſembling Whore)
Was bedew'd in her Crocodile Tears.
A thouſand Grimaces ſhe made,
To ſhew forth her Grief at his parting,
But that was the Trick of the Jade,
And regardleſs as old Womens farting.

The Dyer was now out of ſight,
And prepared to diſcover the Treaſon;

You

You will find he was much in the right,
And I'm going to tell you the reaſon.
The Wife was no ſooner alone,
But ſhe ſent for her Father Confeſſor,
He put his beſt Pantaloons on,
And he ran like the Devil to bleſs her.

The Damſel, with Smiles on her Face,
Met the Abbot, and gave him a Kiſs;
But no Man would have been in his place,
If he had known of the Jerquer in Piſs.
We now may ſuppoſe them together,
Confeſſing and preſſing each other;
Bound faſt in Love's Thong of Whit-leather,
Was the reverend Catholick Brother.

Some Hours were paſt at this Rate,
When the Huſband, with *Paſſe-par-tout* Keys,
Made no ſcruple to open his Gate,
And caught napping the Hog in his Peaſe.
Father Abbot, quoth he (without Paſſion)
Is this your Church-way of Confeſſion?
Although 'tis a thing much in Faſhion,
It is nevertheleſs a Tranſgreſſion.

The Abbot, as you may believe,
Had but little to ſay for himſelf;
He knew well what he ought to receive,
For his being ſo errant an Elf:
His Clothes he got on with all Speed,
And conducted he was by the Dyer,
To be duck'd (as you after may read)
And be cool'd from his amorous Fire.

Quoth the Dyer, Moſt reverend Father,
Since I find you're ſo hot upon wenching,
I have gather'd my Servants together,
To give you a taſte of our drenching.
Here,——*Tom*, *Harry*, *Roger*, and *Dick!*
Take the Abbot, undreſs him, and douſe him,
They obey'd in that very ſame nick,
To the Dye-vat they take him, and ſouſe him;

To

To behold what a Figure he made,
Such a Monſter there never ſeen;
'Twas enough to make Satan afraid,
He was colour'd all over with Green.
The Dyer had Pleaſure enough,
When he thought how he dy'd him for Life:
'Twas much better than uſing him rough,
Since he only had lain with his Wife.

The Abbot was led to the Doof,
And he took to his Heels in a trice;
Never looking behind or before;
It was not a Time to be nice.
'Tis reported by ſome of his Neighbours,
That he did not diſcover till Morning,
The excellent Fruits of his Labours,
Nor the Colour he had for his Horning.

But, good lack! when he came to the Glaſs,
And beheld ſuch a ſtrange Alteration,
He was dy'd of the Colour of Graſs,
And had lik'd to have dy'd with Vexation.
As this Stain can be never got out,
And the Abbot muſt loſe the Church-fleece,
Let him bear the Diſgrace (like a Lout)
To be ſhewn for a Penny a-piece.

SONG CXXXI. *Oh! what Pagns are felt in Love!*

ANN thou wert my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
Ann thou wert my ain thing,
So dearly I would love thee:
I would claſp thee in my Arms,
I'd ſecure thee from all Harms;
Above all Mortals thou haſt Charms,
So dearly I do love thee.

Of Race divine thou muſt needs be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For Heaven's Sake, Oh! favour me!

The

The Gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can ſave:
Oh! for their ſake ſupport a Slave,
Who only lives to love thee.

To Merit I no Claim can make,
But that I love; and for thy ſake,
What Man can name, I'll undertake;
So dearly I do love thee.
My Paſſion, conſtant as the Sun,
Flames ſtronger ſtill, will he'er have done,
'Till Fates my Thread of Life have ſpun,
Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

Like Bees that ſuck the Morning Dew,
Frae Flowers o' ſweeteſt Scent and Hue,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy Mou,
And gar the Gods envy me.
Sae lang's I had the uſe of Light,
I'd on thy Beauties feaſt my Sight;
Syne in ſaft Whiſpers thro' the Night,
I'd tell how much I lov'd thee.

How fair and ruddy is my *Jean!*
She moves a Goddeſs o'er the Green;
Were I a King, thou ſhouldſt be Queen,
Nane but my ſell aboon thee:
I'd graſp thee to this Breaſt of mine,
Whilſt thou, like Ivy, or the Vine,
Around my ſtronger Limbs ſhould twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Time's on the Wing, and will not ſtay,
In ſhining Youth let's make our Hay,
Since Love admits of nae Delay:
Oh! let nae Scorn undoe thee:
While Love does at his Altar ſtand,
Ha! there's my Heart, give me thy Hand,
And with ilk Smile thou ſhalt command,
The Will of him wha loves thee.

SONG

SONG CXXXII. *Bright Cynthia's Power divinely great.*

WOMAN, thoughtleſs giddy Creature!
Laughing, idle, flutt'ring thing!
Moſt fantaſtick Work of Nature!
Still, like Fancy, on the Wing.

Slave to ev'ry changing Paſſion,
Loving, hating, in extreme;
Fond of ev'ry fooliſh Faſhion;
And, at beſt, a pleaſing Dream.

Lovely Trifle! dear Illuſion!
Conqu'ring Weakneſs! wiſh'd-for Pain!
Man's chief Glory, and Confuſion,
Of all Vanities moſt vain.

Thus, deriding Beauty's Power,
Bevil call'd it all a Cheat;
But in leſs than half an Hour,
Kneel'd, and whin'd at *Celia*'s Feet.

SONG CXXXIII. *Should I die, &c.*

SHould I die by the Force of good Wine,
'Tis my Will that a Tun be my Shrine;
And for the Age to come,
Engrave this Story on my Tomb:
Here lies a Body once ſo brave,
Who with drinking made his Grave.

Since thus to die will purchaſe Fame,
And raiſe an everlaſting Name;
Drink, drink away; drink, drink away;
And there let's be nobly interr'd:
Let Miſers and Slaves pop into their Graves,
And rot in a dirty Church-yard.

Song CXXXIV. *Come, Neighbours, &c.*

COME, Neighbours, now we've made our Hay,
The Sun in haſte drives to the Weſt,
The Sun in haſte drives to the Weſt;
With Sports, with Sports conclude the Day:
Let ev'ry Man chuſe out his Laſs,
And then ſalute her on the Graſs;
And when you find ſhe's coming kind,
She's coming kind, let not that Moment paſs.
Then we'll toſs off our Bowls,
We'll toſs off our Bowls,
With true Love and Honour,
To all kind loving Girls, to all kind,
Kind loving Girls, and the Lord of the Manor.

At Night, when round the Hall we ſit,
With good brown Bowls, to chear our Souls,
With good brown Bowls, to chear our Souls,
And raiſe, and raiſe a merry Chat;
When Blood grows warm, and Love runs high,
And Jokes about the Table fly;
Then we retreat,
And that repeat.
Which all would gladly try.
Then again toſs our Bowls, with true Love and Honour,
To all kind, loving Girls, and the Lord of the Manor.

Let lazy great Ones of the Town,
Drink Night away,
And ſleep all Day, *&c.*
'Till gouty, gouty, they are grown:
Our daily Works ſuch Vigour give,
That nightly Sports we oft revive;
And kiſs our Dames
With ſtronger Flames,
Than any Prince alive.
Then again toſs our Bowls, with true Love and Honour,
To all kind, loving Girls, and the Lord of the Manor.

SONG CXXXV. *Talk no more of Whig, &c.*

HOW blest are Beggar-Lasses,
Who never toil for Treasure?
We know no Care, but how to share,
Each Day's successive Pleasure.

Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars still with Bliss abound;
Mirth and Joy ne'er can cloy,
Whilst the sparkling Glass goes round.

A fig for gaudy Fashions,
No want of Clothes oppresses;
We live at ease, with Rags and Fleas;
We value not our Dresses.
Drink away, &c.

We scorn all Ladies Washes,
With which they spoil each Feature:
No Patch or Paint our Beauties taint;
We live in simple Nature.
Drink away, &c.

No Cholick, Spleen, or Vapours,
At Morn or Ev'ning teaze us;
We drink not Tea, or Ratifee;
When sick, a Dram can ease us.
Drink away, &c.

What Ladies act in private,
By Nature's soft Compliance,
We think no Crime, when in our prime,
To kiss without a Licence.
Drink away, &c.

We know no Shame, or Scandal,
The Beggars Law befriends us;
We all agee in Liberty,
And Poverty defends us,
Drink away, &c.

Like jolly Beggar-Wenches,
Thus, thus, we drown all Sorrow.
We live to-day, and ne'er delay
Our Pleasure 'till to-morrow,
Drink away, &c.

SONG CXXXVI. *A Cobler there was.*

YE fair injur'd Nymphs, and ye Beaus who deceive 'em,
Who with Passion engage, and without reason leave 'em;
Draw near and attend, how the Hero I sing,
Was foil'd by a Girl, tho' *at Arms he was King*.
Derry down, &c.

Crests, Motto's, Supporters, and Bearings knew he,
And deeply was study'd in old Pedigree;
He would sit a whole Ev'ning, and, not without Rapture,
Tell who begot whom, to the end of the Chapter.
Derry down, &c.

In forming his Tables, nought griev'd him, but solely,
That This Man died *Celebs*, and That *sine prole*.
At last, having trac'd other's Families down,
He began to have thoughts of increasing his own.
Derry down, &c.

A Damsel he chose, not too slow of belief,
And fain would be deem'd her Admirer *in chief*;
He *blazon'd* his Suit, and the sum of his Tale,
Was, *his Coat and her Coat*, join'd *party per pale*.
Derry down, &c.

In different Style, to tie faster the Noose,
He next would attack her in soft Billet-doux:
His *Argent* and *Sable* were laid aside quite,
Plain *English* he wrote, and in plain black and white.
Derry down, &c.

Against such *Atchievements* what Beauty could fence?
Or who would have thought it was all but Pretence?
His Pain to relieve, and fulfil his Desire,
The Lady agreed to join hands with the Squire.
Derry down, &c.

The Squire, in a fret, that the Jeſt went ſo far,
Conſider'd with ſpeed how to put in a *Barr*. [her;
His Words bound him not, ſince hers did not confine
And that is plain Law, becauſe Miſs is a Minor,
Derry down, &c.

Miſs briſkly reply'd, That the Law was too hard,
If ſhe who is Minor may not be a *Ward*,
In Law then confiding, ſhe took it upon her,
By Juſtice to mend thoſe foul Breaches of Honour.
Derry down, &c.

She handled him ſo, that few would, I warrant,
Have been in his *Coat*, on ſo *ſleeveleſs* an Errand:
She made him give Bond for ſtamp'd *Argent* and *Or*,
And *ſable* his *Shield* with *Gules*, *blazon'd* before.
Derry down, &c.

Ye Heralds, produce from the time of the *Normans*
In all your Records, ſuch a baſe Non-performance;
Or if without inſtance the caſe is we touch on,
Let this be ſet down as a *Blot in his 'Scutcheon*.
Derry down, &c.

SONG CXXXVII. *Fill all the Glaſſes.*

FILL all the Glaſſes, fill 'em high,
Drink, drink, and defy all Power but Love:
Wine gives the Slave his Liberty;
But Love makes a Slave of thundering *Jove*.

Drink, drink, away,
Make a Night of the Day,
'Tis Nectar, 'tis Liquor divine;
The Pleaſures of Life,
Free from Anguiſh and Strife,
Are owing to Love, and good Wine.

SONG CXXXVIII. *Chloe bluſh'd*, &c.

CHloe bluſh'd, and frown'd, and ſwore,
And puſh'd me rudely from her;
I call'd her faithleſs, jilting Whore,
To talk to me of Honour.

But when I roſe, and would be gone,
She cry'd, Nay, whither go ye?
Young *Damon*, ſtay; now we're alone,
Do what you will with *Chloe*.

SONG CXXXIX. *Go vind the Vicar of our Town.*

GO vind the Vicar of *Taunton-Dean*,
And he'll tell you the Banes were aſked;
A good vat Capon he had ver's Pains,
And I zent home in a Baſket.
And a *Fryday* Night, I was, by right,
To have prov'd if ſhe were a Maiden;
And now ſhe's run with a Soldier to Town:
Heydledom, deydledom, cudden;
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom:
Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.

My Mother ſhe zold her blue game Cock,
And a dainty Brood of Chicken:
Then bought herſelf a Canvas Smock,
And rack'd it up in the Kitchen:
And ſhe bought me a Cambrick-band,
With a Bumpkin Pair of Breeches:
Not thinking but *Joan*,
Would have made me her own;
But i' faith ſhe'd have none of the Vetches.
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom:
Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.

I'll take a Hatchet and hang my zell,
Before I'll endure theſe Loſſes;
Or elſe a Rope in a doleſome Well,
For I never can bear theſe Croſſes:
Or I'll go to ſome Beacon high,
For i'vaith I am welly wooden,
And throw my zelf down, her Kindneſs to try.
Heydledom, deydledom, &c.

If ſhe can think 'tis a better Trade,
This ſhooting of Guns, and ſlaſhings

She'll

She'll find herzelf but a ſimple Jade,
For there's more to be got by threſhing.
I ne'er ſhall beg without a Leg,
Nor occaſion have ver a wooden;
Nor Cripple become,
By vollowing a Drum.
Heydledom, deydledom, cudden,
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom:
Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.

SONG CXL. *Of all the Girls that are,* &c.

AS *Damon* late with *Chloe* ſat,
They talk'd of am'rous Bliſſes;
Kind things he ſaid, which ſhe repaid,
In pleaſing Smiles and Kiſſes.
With tuneful Tongue, of Love he ſung;
She thank'd him for his Ditty:
But ſaid, one Day ſhe heard him ſay,
The Flute was mighty pretty.

Young *Damon*, who her Meaning knew,
Took out his Pipe to charm her;
And while he ſtrove with wanton Love,
And ſprightly Airs, to warm her:
She begg'd the Swain, to play one Strain,
In all the ſofteſt meaſure,
Whoſe killing Sound would ſweetly wound,
And make her die with Pleaſure.

Eager to do't, he takes the Flute,
And ev'ry Accent traces;
Love trickling through his Fingers flew,
And whiſper'd melting Graces:
He play'd his part with wond'rous Art,
Expecting Praiſes after;
But ſhe, inſtead of falling dead,
Burſt out into a Laughter.

Taking the hint, as *Chloe* meant,
Said he, My Dear, be eaſy;

I have a Flute, which, tho' 'tis mute,
May play a Tune to pleaſe ye,
Then down he laid the charming Maid,
He found her kind and willing,
He play'd again, and tho' each Strain
Was ſilent, yet 'twas killing.

Fair *Chloe* ſoon approv'd the Tune,
And vow'd he play'd divinely;
Let's have it o'er, ſaid ſhe, once more,
It goes exceeding finely:
The Flute is good that's made of Wood,
And is, I own, the neateſt;
Yet ne'ertheleſs I muſt confeſs,
The ſilent Flute's the ſweeteſt.

SONG CXLI. *In London Town*, &c.

IN *London* Town, there liv'd well known,
A Doctor, old and wary;
A Daughter fair was all his Care,
How to diſpoſe and marry:
This Daughter ſhe, as all agree,
Was wond'rous neat and pretty;
Ye Parents dear, I pray draw near,
And liſten unto my Ditty.

The Doctor bent with full Intent,
A Country 'Squire ſhould have her;
For he had Pence, inſtead of Senſe,
Which gain'd this old Man's Favour.
The Daughter ſhe, would not agree,
This was no Match for *Kitty:*
Ye Maidens all, too apt to fall,
Come liſten unto my Ditty.

A neighb'ring Spark, a Lawyer's Clerk,
This fair Maid's Heart obtained;
With Love and Truth, the gentle Youth,
All her Affections gained:
The Doctor he would not agree,
Alaſs! and more the Pity!

Ye

Ye Lovers true, although but few,
Come liſten unto my Ditty.

The 'Squire addreſs'd, the Doctor preſs'd,
But could not bring her over;
She each defies, and both denies,
Nor will ſhe loſe her Lover:
The Lover flew, when this he knew:
And runs away with *Kitty*;
Thus ſoon, my Love, I hope to prove,
The Fact of this my Ditty.

SONG CXLII. *Stay, Shepherd, ſtay.*

STAY, Shepherd, ſtay; I prithee ſtay;
Did not you ſee her go this Way;
Where can ſhe be, can you not gueſs?
Alas! I've loſt my Shepherdeſs!

I fear ſome Satyr has betray'd
My wand'ring Nymph out of the Shade:
Oh! woe is me, I am undone!
For in the Shade ſhe was my Sun.

The Pink, the Violet, and the Roſe,
Strive to ſalute her as ſhe goes;
Nay, be content to kiſs her Shoe,
The Primroſe, and the Daiſy too.

Oh! woe is me! what muſt I do?
Or who muſt I complain unto?
Methinks the Valleys, cry forbear,
And ſighing ſay, She is not here,

Oh! what ſhall I, unhappy, do?
Or who muſt I complain unto?
Where may ſhe be, can you not gueſs?
Where may I find my Shepherdeſs?

SONG CXLIII. *Young Philoret and Celia.*

YOUNG *Philoret*
And *Celia* met,
In an old ſhady Grove;

The Nymph was coy;
The am'rous Boy,
Still sigh'd, and talk'd of Love.
He prais'd her Face,
Her Air, her Grace;
Her lovely charming Mien:
And swore she was
The brightest Lass,
That tript it on the Green.

With skilful Tongue,
The Shepherd sung,
And told a melting Tale;
But all his Art
To touch her Heart,
Prov'd vain, nor could prevail:
Th' insulting Fair,
With scornful Air,
Still mock'd the Love-sick Swain;
And while he sigh'd,
She still reply'd,
I've Pleasure in your Pain.

SONG CXLIV. *To you fair Ladies, &c.*

WHile you, my charming *Nancy*, reign
Of ev'ry Muse the Theme;
Whose Presence decks with Flowers the Plain,
With Pride swells *Isis'* Stream;
May I presume you'll lend an Ear,
To me your humble Sonneteer.
Fa, la, fa, la, la.

But lest, my Fair, you should look cold,
Cry Pish, and call me rude;
Or think that I dare be so bold,
My Passion to intrude:
It is not for myself I sue,
But for some Trees that die for you.
Fa, la, &c.

Since late on *Isis'* silver Stream,
Your fatal Form was seen;

Some luckleſs Trees in *Newnham* Wood
(Till then full fair and green)
No more their leafy Honours ſpread,
But ſigh for you, and hang their Head.
Fa, la, &c.

'Tis ſaid, that with a Look moſt queer,
The Dotards peeping ſtood:
No Prieſt, with more laſcivious Leer,
Confeſſing Nun e'er view'd;
Nay, that they ruſh'd into the Flood:
Were e'er ſuch am'rous Sticks of Wood?
Fa, la, &c.

How then can all your num'rous Band
Of Lovers not deſpair?
When Hearts of Oak cannot withſtand
A Face ſo wond'rous fair:
Since in your Breaſt no Pity's found,
Though Lovers hang, or Oakes were drown'd.
Fa, la, &c.

Well did the Poet's am'rous Song,
Stile you, *The Publick Care:*
For all our Country 'Squires e'er long,
Will dread the paſſing Fair:
Think, what will good * Lord *Harcourt* do,
Now *Newnham* Woods are fir'd by you.
Fa, la, &c.

In pity to our Woods, reſtrain
The Light'ning of your Eyes;
Since at each Glance upon the Plain,
Some blaſted Foreſt lies:
If you proceed, my lovely Maid,
You'll ruin our poetick Shade.
Fa, la, &c.

If ſtill, on fell Deſtruction bent,
You'll uſe your Power to kill;
On *Chriſt-Church* Elms your Fire be ſpent,
Let them your Vengeance feel:

* *The Owner of* Newnham *Woods.*

The Nymph was coy;
The am'rous Boy,
Still sigh'd, and talk'd of Love.
He prais'd her Face,
Her Air, her Grace;
Her lovely charming Mien:
And swore she was
The brightest Lass,
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Fa, la, &c.

If ſtill, on fell Deſtruction bent,
You'll uſe your Power to kill;
On *Chriſt-Church* Elms your Fire be ſpent,
Let them your Vengeance feel:

* *The Owner of* Newnham *Woods.*

No better Fate to them is due,
They know the Hand that libell'd you.
Fa, la, &c.

SONG CXLV. *Flocks are ſporting.*

FLocks are ſporting, Doves are courting,
Warbling Linnets ſweetly ſing;
Joy and Pleaſure, without Meaſure,
Kindly hail the glorious Spring.

Flocks are bleating, Rocks repeating,
Valleys eccho back the Sound;
Dancing, Singing, Piping, Springing,
Nought but Mirth and Joy go round.

SONG CXLV. *What Woman could do,* &c.

WHAT Woman could do, I have try'd to be free,
Yet do all I can,
I find I love him, and tho' he flies me;
Still, ſtill he's the Man.
They tell me, at once he to twenty will ſwear:
When Vows are ſo ſweet, who the Falſhood can fear?
So, when you have ſaid all you can,
Still, ſtill he's the Man.

I caught him once making Love to a Maid,
When to him I ran;
He turn'd, and he kiſs'd me, then who could upbraid
So civil a Man?
The next Day I found, to a third he was kind,
I rated him ſoundly, he ſwore I was blind;
So let me do what I can,
Still, ſtill he's the Man.

All the World bids me beware of his Art;
I do what I can;
But he has taken ſuch hold of my Heart,
I doubt he's the Man.
So ſweet are his Kiſſes, his Looks are ſo kind;
Tho' he may have his Faults, I to them am blind,
Nor can do more than I can;
Still, ſtill he's the Man.

SONG

SONG CXLVII. *Yorkſhire Tale.*

COME hither, good People, both aged and young,
And give your Attention to my merry Song;
I'll ſing you a true one, and not hold you long.
With a down, down, down, up and down, derry, &c.

A Parſon there was, and whoſe Name I could tell,
But ſuppoſe I do not, it will do full as well,
Whoſe Wife did all *Yorkſhire* in Beauty excel.
With a down, &c.

Her Texture ſo perfect, her Eyes black as Sloe,
Her Hair curling ſhone, and like Jet it did ſhow,
Which often denotes 'tis the ſame thing below.
With a down, &c.

A ſprightly young Spark ſhe had ſmitten ſo deep,
Nor Day had he Quiet, nor Night could he ſleep;
Which made him think how to her Bed he ſhould creep.
With a down, &c.

Aſſiſtance he wanted, and then did unbend
His Mind to a Brother, beſure a good Friend;
Who ſaid, Fear not, *Watt*, thou ſhalt compaſs thy End.
With a down, &c.

In Woman's Apparel dreſs out, and be gay,
I'll venture my Life on't, 'twill be a ſure Way,
If you condeſcend but to what I ſhall ſay.
With a down, &c.

And thus to the Parſon's this Couple rode on:
Dear Doctor, ſays *Frank*, here's a thing to be done,
Which Office perform'd, I ſhall gratefully own.
With a down, &c.

This Lady that long has Love's Paſſion defy'd,
And all my Addreſſes ſo often deny'd,
Will now make me happy, by being my Bride.
With a down, &c.

'Tis paſt the canonical Hour, ſaid he,
And 'till the next Morning you know it can't be,
And then I'll attend you, Sir, moſt readily.
With a down, &c.

Says *Frank*, I confeſs, Sir, you're perfectly right:
But here lies the Hardſhip, we can't, while 'tis Light,
Get to the next Town for a Lodging to-Night.
With a down, &c.

Take no Care of that, Sir, for thus it ſhall be,
The Lady, if ſhe thinks it fit, to agree,
Shall lie with my deareſt, and you lie with me.
With a down, &c.

You ſo much oblige me, in what you now ſay,
I hope in return I ſhall find out a Way,
Such generous Kindneſs with Thanks to repay.
With a down, &c.

This being agreed on, both Sides did conſent,
To put the Glaſs round, and the Evening was ſpent
In Mirth and good Chear, then to Bed they all went.
With a down, &c.

No ſooner in Bed then, but with a bold Grace,
Watt, full of Deſire, thus open'd the Caſe;
Dear Madam, ſays he, I muſt—then did embrace.
With a down, &c.

Confounded ſhe lay, and not able to ſpeak,
To think how theſe Wags had deceiv'd her and *Dick*;
But at laſt ſhe was pleas'd with the Frolick and Trick.
With a down, &c.

He pleas'd her ſo well, that tranſported ſhe lay,
Contriving and plotting for his longer Stay,
Which thus to her Huſband ſhe form'd the next Day.
With a down, &c.

This Lady, my deareſt, laſt Night full of Grief,
Oft hugg'd me, and told me, I can't for my Life
Conſent, tho' I've promis'd him to be his Wife.
With a down, &c.

To-

To-morrow, ſaid ſhe, and then freely went on,
Tho' I love him, my Heart tells me I muſt be gone;
If ſo, the poor Man, you know may be undone.
With a down, &c.

Now, how to prevent this, I'll think of a Way,
If I can perſuade her ſome Time for to ſtay;
And that's a good Office, I'm ſure you will ſay.
With a down, &c.

'Tis ſo, my dear Creature; pray do what you can
To pleaſe her, and bring her to Humour again;
And I'll do my beſt to divert the poor Man.
With a down, &c.

The Plot ſo well taken, made both their Hearts bound;
All Night, and all Day too, whenever they found
Convenience for Paſtime, her Pleaſure he crown'd.
With a down, &c.

And thus my Friend *Watt* his full Swing did obtain,
The Wife too in Tranſport a whole Week did reign,
And the Man, ne'er the worſe, had his Mare back again.
With a down, &c.

SONG CXLVIII. *Charles of Sweden.*

COME, jolly *Bacchus*, God of Wine,
Crown this Night with Pleaſure:
Let none at Cares of Life repine,
To deſtroy our Pleaſure:
Fill up the mighty ſparkling Bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal Soul
May drink, and ſing, without controul,
To ſupport our Pleaſure.

Thus, mighty *Bacchus*, ſhalt thou be,
Guardian to our Pleaſure;
That under thy Protection, we
May enjoy new Pleaſure:
And, as the Hours glide away,
We'll in thy Name invoke their Stay,
And ſing thy Praiſes, that we may
Live and die with Pleaſure.

SONG

SONG CXLIX. *While the Town agrees that Polly.*

WHILE the Town's agrees that *Polly*,
Best diverts our Melancholy,
Let us toast the sprightly Lass;
Heedless of the Time and Treasure,
Spent on her who gives such Pleasure;
Drink, and put about the Glass,
Drink, &c.

Polly's Charms are so extensive,
That the chearful, grave, and pensive,
Equally their Power, equally their Power obey;
In a Bed, or o'er a Bottle,
Full of Wit, and am'rous Prattle,
Pretty *Polly*'s always gay,
Pretty *Polly*'s always gay.

SONG CL. *The Spring's a coming.*

YOung Virgins love Pleasure,
As Misers do Treasure,
And both alike study to heighten the Measure;
Their Hearts they will rifle,
For ev'ry new Trifle;
And when in their Teens fall in Love for a Song:
But soon as they marry,
And find things miscarry,
Oh! how they sigh, that they were not more wary;
Instead of soft Wooing,
They run to their Ruin,
And all their Lives after drag Sorrow along.

SONG CLI. *Of all Comforts I miscarried.*

OF all the States in Life so various,
Marriage sure is most precarious;
'Tis a Maze so strangely winding,
Still we are new Mazes finding:

'Tis

'Tis an Action ſo ſevere,
That nought but Death can ſet us clear.
Happy's the Man from Wedlock free,
Who knows to prize his Liberty;
Were Men wary,
How they marry,
We ſhould not be by half ſo full of Miſery.

SONG CLII. *Lucky Minute.*

AS *Chloris*, full of harmleſs Thought,
Beneath a Myrtle lay,
Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,
To paſs the Time away.

She bluſh'd to be encounter'd ſo,
And chid the am'rous Swain;
But as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
He pull'd her down again.

A ſudden Paſſion ſeiz'd her Heart,
In ſpite of her Diſdain;
She found a Pulſe in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Ah! Gods! ſaid ſhe, what Charms are theſe,
That conquer and ſurprize?
Oh! let me — for unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no Power to riſe.

She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he ſhould comply;
Her Looks and Eyes her Heart betray,
And gave her Tongue the lye.

Thus ſhe, who Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
And yielded to a Swain.

SONG CLIII. *Let Ambition*, &c.

LET Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wer't born o'er Men to reign;
Not to follow Flocks design'd,
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll thrown beneath thy Feet,
Thou on Necks of Kings shall tread;
Joys incircling Joys shall meet,
Which Way e'er thy Fancy's led.

Let not Toils of Empire fright,
Toils of Empire Pleasures are;
Thou shalt only know Delight,
All the Joy, but not the Care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
For the Blessings I bestow:
Joyful I'll ascend the Skies,
Happy thou shalt reign below.

SONG CLIV. *Happy Groves.*

OH! happy, happy Groves!
Witness of our tender Loves!
Oh! happy, happy Shade,
Where first our Loves were made!
Blushing, sighing, melting, dying;
Looks would charm a *Jove*:
A thousand pretty things she said,
And all, and all was Love.

But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,
And forsakes the shady Groves:
When I speak of mutual Joys,
Knows not what I mean:
Wanton Glances, fond Caresses,
Now no more are seen,
Since the false, deluding Fair,
Left the flow'ry Green.

Mourn,

Mourn, ye Nymphs that ſporting play'd,
Where poor *Strephon* was betray'd;
There the ſecret Wound ſhe gave,
When I firſt was made her Slave.

SONG CLV. *Black-ey'd Suſan.*

ALL in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd,
The Streamers waving in the Wind,
When black-ey'd *Suſan* came aboard,
Oh! where ſhall I my true Love find?
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet *William* ſails among the Crew.

William, who high upon the Yard,
Rock'd with the Billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his Eyes below:
The Cord ſlides ſwiftly through his glowing Hands,
And (quick as Lightning) on the Deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet Lark, high-pois'd in Air,
Shuts cloſe his Pinions to his Breaſt
(If chance his Mate's ſhrill Call he hear)
And drops at once into her Neſt.
The nobleſt Captain in the *Britiſh* Fleet,
Might envy *William*'s Lip thoſe Kiſſes ſweet.

O *Suſan*, *Suſan!* lovely Dear,
My Vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling Tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye liſt, ye Winds; my Heart ſhall be,
The faithful Compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen ſay,
Who tempt with Doubts thy conſtant Mind;
They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,
In ev'ry Port a Miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

If to fair *India*'s Coaſt we ſail,
Thy Eyes are ſeen in Diamonds bright;
Thy Breath is *Africk*'s ſpicy Gale;
Thy Skin is Ivory ſo white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I view,
Wakes in my Soul ſome Charm of lovely *Sue*.

Though Battle call me from thy Arms,
Let not my pretty *Suſan* mourn;
Though Cannons roar, yet ſafe from Harms,
William ſhall to his Dear return:
Love turns aſide the Balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious Tears ſhould drop from *Suſan*'s Eye.

The Boatſwain gave the dreadful Word,
The Sails their ſwelling Boſom ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard:
They kiſs'd; ſhe ſigh'd; he hung his Head.
Her leſs'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land,
Adieu! ſhe cries, and waves her lilly Hand.

SONG CLVI. *Tranſported with Pleaſure*

TRanſported with Pleaſure,
I gaze on my Treaſure,
And raviſh my Sight, and raviſh my Sight;
While ſhe, gaily ſmiling,
My Anguiſh beguiling,
Augments my Delight.

How bleſt is the Lover,
Whoſe Torments are over,
His Fears and his Pain, his Fears and his Pain;
When Beauty relenting,
Repays with conſenting,
Her Scorn and Diſdain.

SONG CLVII. *There was a jovial Beggar.*

WHILST Diſcord and Envy
In mighty Kingdoms dwell,
The Beggar lives at eaſe,
Within his homely Cell:
And a begging we will go, will go, will go, will go,
And a begging we will go.

No Taxes oppreſs us,
Nor Honours rack our Brain;
State Maxims ne'er perplex us,
Nor Parties give us Pain.
And a begging, &c.

Exempt from all Duty,
By Land, or yet by Sea;
We hope not to command,
Nor care much to obey.
And a begging, &c.

Whatever we get,
We ſeldom keep in ſtore;
We ſpend it all To-day,
To-morrow beg for more.
And a begging, &c.

We live as we liſt,
And ſkulk beneath the Laws;
For none but a Beggar
Should judge a Beggar's Cauſe.
And a begging, &c.

Contented, when Death
Through Age approaches nigh;
In Pleaſure thus we live,
And with Pleaſure thus we die.
And a begging, &c.

SONG CLVIII. *A trifling Song*, &c.

NOnſenſical Folks, prepare
To hear a nonſenſical Song;
Each am'rous Beau with his Fair,
Whoſe Charm's a nonſenſical Tongue.
Were there no nonſenſical Flights,
The Women would want what to ſay;
The Poets want ſomething to write,
And the Actors want Farces to play.

Nonſenſe ſo reigns in this Age,
Both over the Noble and Cit,
The Town ſends a ſhare on the Stage,
And each Aſs ſets up for a Wit.
The Lover calls Nonſenſe his Muſe,
When ſmit by the amorous Boy;
Always gaining with that, the firſt uſe
Of the Lady's nonſenſical Toy.

The Parſons their Nonſenſe will preach,
To pious nonſenſical Fools;
Worn Ladies choice Secrets will teach,
To nonſenſical, bungling Tools.
The Vulgar their Nonſenſe will prate,
And let their Opinions be had,
In Matters concerning the State,
And neglect for a Party their Trade.

A ſcribling Poet with Nonſenſe,
For a Dinner will Nobles aſperſe,
Tho' his Wit is as thin as his Conſcience,
Or rather as bare as his Purſe.
A Parliament-Member ſometimes
May make a nonſenſical Speech:
The Whigs may the Tories of Crimes,
For nonſenſical Reaſons impeach.

Debates full of Nonſenſe will riſe,
Upon a nonſenſical Theme,
'Mongſt thoſe that pretend to be wiſe,
And do their own Nonſenſe eſteem.

Since

Since Nonſenſe is grown ſuch a Charm,
With the Ladies, the Beaus, and the Poet,
Let each one his Reaſon alarm,
And he that has Wit, let him ſhow it.

SONG CLIX. *Ye Gods, ye gave, &c.*

YE Gods, ye gave to me a Wife,
Out of your wonted Favour,
To be the Comfort of my Life,
And I was glad to have her.

But if your Providence divine,
For greater Bliſs deſign her,
To obey your Will at any time,
I am ready to reſign her.

SONG CLX. *Pretty Parrot.*

PRetty Parrot, ſay, when I was away,
And in dull Abſence paſs'd the Day,
What at home was doing?
With Chat and Play,
We are gay,
Night and Day,
Good Cheer and Mirth renewing;
Singing, laughing all, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Was no Fop ſo rude, boldly to intrude,
And like a ſaucy Lover wou'd,
Court, and teaze my Lady?
A thing you know,
Made for ſhow,
Call'd a Beau,
Near her was always ready,
Ever, ever at her Call, like pretty, pretty Poll.
Tell me, with what Air, he approach'd the Fair,
And how ſhe could with Patience bear,

All

All he did, and utter'd?
He ſtill addreſs'd,
Still careſs'd,
Kiſs'd, and preſs'd;
Sung, prattled, laugh'd, and flatter'd:
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Did he go away at the cloſe of Day,
Or did he ever uſe to ſtay,
In a Corner dodging?
The want of Light,
When 'twas Night,
Spoil'd my Sight;
But I believe his Lodging
Was within her Call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

SONG CXLI. *Chevy-Chace.*

A Certain Preſbyterian Pair,
Were wedded t'other Day,
And when in Bed the Lambs were laid,
Their Paſtor came to pray.

But firſt, he bade each Gueſt depart,
Nor ſacred Rites profane;
For carnal Eyes ſuch Myſteries,
Can never entertain.

Then with a puritanick Air,
Unto the Lord he pray'd;
That he would pleaſe to grant Increaſe
To that ſame Man and Maid.

And that the Huſbandman might dreſs,
Full well the Vine his Wife;
And, like a Vine, ſhe ſtill might twine
About him all her Life.

Sack-poſſet then he gave them both,
And ſaid, with lifted Eyes,
Bleſt of the Lord! with one accord,
Begin your Enterprize.

The Bridegroom then drew near his Spouſe,
T' apply prolifick Balm;
And while they ſtrove in mutual Love,
The Parſon ſung a Pſalm.

SONG CLXII. *Matrimony diſplay'd.*

OF all the ſimple things we do,
To rub over a whimſical Life,
There's no one Folly is ſo true,
As that very bad Bargain a Wife:
We're juſt like a Mouſe in a Trap,
Or Vermin caught in a Gin,
We ſweat and fret, and try to eſcape,
And curſe the ſad Hour we came in.

I gam'd, and drank, and play'd the Fool,
And a thouſand mad Frolicks more;
I rov'd, and rang'd, deſpis'd all Rule,
But I never was marry'd before:
This was the worſt Plague could enſue;
I'm mew'd in a ſmoaky Houſe;
I us'd to tope a Bottle or two,
But now 'tis ſmall Beer with my Spouſe.

My darling Freedom crown'd my Joys,
And I never was vex'd in my Way;
If now I croſs her Will, her Voice
Makes my Lodging too hot for my ſtay.
Like a Fox that is hamper'd, in vain
I fret at my Heart and Soul;
Walk to and fro, the Length of my Chain,
Then am fore'd to creep into my Hole.

SONG CLXIII. *The Deceiver.*

WITH tuneful Pipe and merry Glee,
Young *Jocky* won my Heart;
A blyther Loon you ne'er did ſee,
All Beauty without Art:

His

His ſoothing Tale did ſoon prevail,
To gain my fond Belief:
But now the Swain roves o'er the Plain,
And leaves me full of Grief.

Young *Jemmy* courts with artful Song,
But few regard his Moan;
The Laſſes about *Jocky* throng,
And *Jemmy*'s left alone.
In *Aberdeen*, ſure ne'er was ſeen,
A Loon that gave ſuch Pain;
He daily wooes and ſtill purſues,
Till he does all obtain,

But ſoon as he hath gain'd the Bliſs,
Away the Loon does run;
And hardly will afford a Kiſs,
To ſilly me undone.
Bonny *Molly*, *Moggy*, *Dolly*,
Avoid my roving Swain;
His wily Tongue, beſure you ſhun,
Leſt you like me complain.

SONG CLXIV. *'Twas within a Furlong.*

'TWas within a Furlong of *Edinborough* Town,
In the roſy time of Year, when the Graſs was down,
Bonny *Jocky*, blith and gay,
Said to *Jenny*, making Hay,
Let us ſit a little, Dear, and prattle,
'Tis a ſultry Day:
He long had courted the black-brown Maid,
But *Jocky* was a Wag, and wou'd ne'er conſent to wed;
Which made her piſh and phoo,
And cry, it ne'er ſhall do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle to.

He told her, Marriage was grown a mere Joke,
And that none wedded now, but the ſcoundrel Folk;
Yet, my Dear, thou ſhould'ſt prevail,
But I know not what I ail,

I ſhall

I ſhall dream of Clogs, and ſilly Dogs,
With Bottles at their Tail.
But I'll give thee Gloves, and a *Bon-grace* to wear,
And a pretty ſilly Foal, to ride out and take the Air,
If thou ne'er wilt piſh and phoo,
And cry, it ne'er ſhall do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle to.

That you will give me Trinkets, ſaid ſhe, I believe,
But ah! what in return muſt your poor *Jenny* give?
When my Maiden Treaſure's gone,
I muſt gang to *London* Town,
And roar and rant, and patch and paint,
And kiſs for half a Crown;
Each drunken Bully oblige for Pay,
And earn a hated Living, an odious, fulſome way:
No, no, it ne'er ſhall do,
For a Wife I'll be to you,
Or I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle to.

SONG CLXV. *I go to the Elyſian Shade.*

I Go to the *Elyſian* Shade,
Where Sorrow ne'er ſhall wound me;
Where nothing ſhall my Reſt invade,
But Joy ſhall ſtill ſurround me.

I fly from *Celia*'s cold Diſdain,
From her Diſdain I fly;
She is the Cauſe of all my Pain;
For her alone I die.

Her Eyes are brighter than the Mid-day Sun,
When he but half his radiant Courſe has run,
When his Meridian Glories gayly ſhine,
And glad all Nature with a Warmth divine.

See yonder River's flowing Tide,
Which now ſo full appears,
Thoſe Streams, that do ſo ſwiftly glide,
Are nothing but my Tears.

There have I wept, 'till I could weep no more,
And curs'd mine Eyes, when they have shed their Store;
Then, like the Clouds that rob the azure Main,
I've drain'd the Flood, to weep it back again.

Pity my Pains,
Ye gentle Swains,
Cover me with Ice and Snow,
I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow:
Furies, tear me,
Quickly bear me,
To the dismal Shades below:
Where Yelling, and Howling,
And Grumbling, and Growling,
Strike our Ears with horrid Woe.

Hissing Snakes,
Fiery Lakes,
Would be a Pleasure and Cure;
Not all the Hells,
Where *Pluto* dwells,
Can give such Pains as I endure.

To some peaceful Plain convey me,
On a mossy Carpet lay me;
Fan me with ambrosial Breeze,
Let me die, and so have Ease.

SONG CLXVI. *Genteel in Personage.*

GEnteel in Personage,
Conduct and Equipage,
Noble by Heritage,
Generous, and free;
Brave, not romantick;
Learn'd, not pedantick;
Frolick, not frantick;
This must be he.

Honour maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,

Engaging

Engaging and new:
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

SONG CLXVII. *Ceaſe your funning.*

PRithee *Billy*,
Ben't ſo ſilly,
Thus to waſte thy Days in Grief;
You ſay, *Betty*
Will not let ye;
But can Sorrow give Relief?

Leave repining,
Ceaſe your whining;
Pox on Torment, Grief, and Woe:
If ſhe's tender,
She'll ſurrender;
If ſhe's tough, e'en let her go.

SONG CLXVIII. *To you fair Ladies, &c.*

TO all ye Ladies now at Land,
We Men at Sea indite;
But firſt would have you underſtand,
How hard it is to write:
The Muſes now, and *Neptune* too,
We muſt implore, to write to you.

For though the Muſes ſhould prove kind,
And fill our empty Brain;
Yet if rough *Neptune* call the Wind,
To rouze the azure Main:
Our Paper, Pen, and Ink, and we,
Roll up and down our Ships at Sea.

Then, if we write not ev'ry Poſt,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our Ships are loſt,
By *Dutchmen*, or by Wind:

Our Tears we'll ſend a ſpeedier way,
The Tide ſhall bring them twice a-day.

The King, with Wonder and Surprize,
Will ſwear the Seas grow bold,
Becauſe the Tides will higher riſe,
Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know, it is our Tears
Brings Floods of Grief to *Whitehall Stairs*.

Should foggy *Opdam* chance to know,
Our ſad and diſmal Story,
The *Dutch* would ſcorn ſo weak a Foe,
And ſay, they've gain'd no Glory:
For what Reſiſtance can they find,
From Men who've left their Hearts behind.

Let Wind and Weather do its worſt,
Be you to us but kind;
Let *Dutchmen* vapour, *Spaniards* curſe,
No Sorrow we ſhall find:
'Tis then no Matter how things go,
Or who's our Friend, or who's our Foe.

To paſs our tedious Hours away,
We throw a merry Main;
Or elſe at ſerious *Ombre* play:
But why ſhould we in vain
Each other's Ruin thus purſue?
We were undone when we left you.

But now our Fears tempeſtous grow,
And caſt our Hopes away;
Whilſt you, regardleſs of our Woe,
Sit careleſsly at play;
Perhaps permit ſome happier Man,
To kiſs your Hand, or flirt your Fan.

When any mournful Tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry Note,
As if it ſigh'd with each Man's Care,
For being ſo remote;

Think

Think then, how often Love we've made
To you, when all thoſe Tunes were plaid.

In Juſtice you cannot refuſe,
To think of our Diſtreſs;
When we for Hopes of Honour loſe,
Our certain Happineſs:
All thoſe Deſigns are but to prove,
Ourſelves more worthy of your Love.

And now we've told you all our Loves,
And likewiſe all our Fears;
In hopes this Declaration moves
Some Pity for our Tears:
Let's hear of no Inconſtancy,
We have too much of that at Sea.

SONG CLXIX. *Charming Sally.*

OF all the Trades, from Eaſt to Weſt,
The Cobler's paſt contending;
He's like in time to prove the beſt,
Who ev'ry Day is *mending*.
How great his Praiſe who can amend,
The *Soles* of all his Neighbours?
Nor is unmindful of his *End*,
But to his *Laſt* ſtill labours.

SONG CLXX. *I met a pretty Laſs.*

SURE Marriage is a fine thing,
It is ſo common grown!
Fa, la, la, &c.
It is a Bait, which all
Do ſwallow glibly down.
Fa, la, la, &c.

To anſwer Expectation,
Such Joys it ſhould diſpenſe,
Fa, la, la, &c.
To recompence the Fools it makes,
By charming ev'ry Senſe.
Fa, la, &c.

Song CLXXI. *How bleſt are Beggars, &c.*

LEAVE off this idle Prating,
Talk no more of *Whig* and *Tory*;
But drink your Glaſs,
Round let it paſs;
The Bottle ſtands before ye.
Chorus. *Fill it up*
To the Top,
Let the Night with Mirth be crown'd,
Drink about,
See it out,
Love and Friendſhip ſtill go round.

If Claret be a Bleſſing,
This Night devote to Pleaſure!
Let worldly Cares,
And State Affairs,
Be thought on at more leiſure.
Fill it up, &c.

If any be ſo zealous,
To be a Party's Minion,
Let him drink like me,
We'll ſoon agree,
And be of one Opinion.
Fill it up, &c.

Song CLXXII. *Come, let us prepare.*

LET Matters of State,
Diſquiet the Great,
The Cobler has nought to perplex him;
H'has nought but his Wife,
To ruffle his Life,
And her he can ſtrap if ſhe vex him.
He's out of the Power
Of Fortune, that Whore,
Since, low as he can be, ſhe's thruſt him:
From Duns he's ſecure,
For being ſo poor,
There's none to be found that will truſt him.

SONG CLXXIII. *To you, fair Ladies.*

WHEN firſt to *Cambridge* we do come,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
From Mamma's dear beloved Home,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Firſt, we muſt have a Cap and Gown,
And next, the prettieſt Girl in Town.
Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Then next, a Tutor we muſt have,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
'Tis ten to one he proves a Knave,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Who minds not what we do all Day,
So we come home at Night to pray.
Tol, deral, &c.

Then ſtraight he buys us *Ariſtotle*,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Which we pawn often for a Bottle;
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
And *Euclid*'s *Elements* muſt pack,
For a better Element, good Sack.
Tol, deral, &c.

Than he writes home unto our Friends,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
For Money to ſerve his own Ends,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Which he keeps ſafe lock'd up in Trunk,
Whilſt we abroad are ticking drunk.
Tol, deral, &c,

There's *item*, for *Homer*, that blind Poet,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Be ſure your Tutor does not know it:
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
We'll ſmoak, and drink, and merry be,
Until we are as blind as he.
Tol, deral, &c.

Then hang all ſtudying to no End,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Enjoy your Bottle and your Friend.
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
We'll drink and ſmoak, and take our Fill:
We may be Parſons we will.
Tol, lol, deral, &c.

SONG CLXXIV. *Here's to thee, my Boy.*

HERE's to thee, my Boy,
My Darling, my Joy,
For a Toper I love as my Life.
I love as my Life;
Who ne'er baulks his Glaſs,
Nor cries like an Aſs,
To go home to his Miſtreſs or Wife,
To go home to his Miſtreſs or Wife.

But heartily quaffs,
Sings Catches, and laughs;
All the Night he looks jovial and gay,
Looks jovial and gay;
When Morning appears,
Then homeward he ſteers,
To ſnore out the reſt of the Day.
To ſnore out the reſt of the Day.

He feels not the Cares,
The Griefs, or the Fears,
That the Sober too oftend attend,
Too often attend;
Nor knows he a Loſs,
Diſturbance, or Croſs,
Save the want of his Bottle and Friend,
Save the want of his Bottle and Friend.

SONG CLXXV. *Pretty Miſtreſs.*

I Know I'm no Poet, my Song it will ſhew it,
My Sorrow it flows like a Spring;
Altho' you may ſhame me, the World cannot blame me,
Why I thus dolefully ſing.
My Loſs it is great, and ſuch a Defeat,
No Mortal had ever before;
She had every Feature, a ſweet pretty Creature;
And what Man can ſay any more,
And what Man, *&c.*

Her Lips they were true, of a *Coventry* blue,
Her Hair of a fine Bow Dye;
Her Stature was low, but her Noſe was not ſo,
It was a moſt delicate high:
Her upper Lip thin, which fairly turn'd in,
Her Teeth were as black as a Coal;
Her under ſtood out, to receive from her Snout,
The Droppings that fell from each Hole.
The Droppings, *&c.*

No Needle or Pin, were more ſharp than her Chin,
Which her Noſe did moſt lovingly meet,
Like Siſter and Brother, they kiſſed each other;
It was a great Pleaſure to ſee't.
No Globe could be found ſo perfectly round,
As her Back was to all that did mind her;
To give her her due, her Head turn'd like a Screw,
To ſtudy the Globe behind her.
To ſtudy, *&c.*

Tho' ſome Teeth ſhe wanted, the reſt were well planted,
'Cauſe Nature ſhould ſhew no Neglect;
What in one ſhe deny'd, ſhe in t'other ſupply'd,
Becauſe there ſhould be no Defect.
It's common, you know, Teeth ſtand in a Row,
The beſt, and the neweſt way,
Yet without doubt, her's ſtood in and out,
As if they'd been dancing the Hay.
As if they'd, *&c.*

Her Breath ſtrong, one Leg ſhort, t'other long,
To make up her perfect Shape;
Her Cheeks were like *Lent*, when 'tis almoſt ſpent,
She had a delicate Face like an Ape;
Her Skin might be taken for a Gammon of Bacon,
Her Breaſts like a Trencher, ſo flat;
She had a fine Mouth, which ſtood North and South;
Oh! ſhe'd delicate Eyes like a Cat,
Oh! ſhe'd, *&c.*

Now I think it meet to talk of her Feet,
I'll tell you how fine they were made;
If you'll believe me, I will not deceive ye,
They were the true Shape of a Spade:
So broad, and ſo flat, that when ſhe did pat,
So good a Guard ſhe did keep,
With her Legs high and low, that when ſhe did go,
You'd ſwear ſhe'd been playing Boh peep,
You'd ſwear, *&c.*

But this long Narration breeds ſuch Moleſtation,
Within my unfortunate Breaſt,
I'll now give it o'er, and ſo ſay no more,
But leave you to gueſs at the reſt.
Search the World round, no ſuch can be found,
So well ſhe pleaſed my Fancy;
I ſhall pine all my Life, for the Loſs of my Wife,
And there is an end of poor *Nancy*,
And there is an end of poor *Nancy*.

SONG CLXXVI. *Cupid, God of pleaſing*, &c.

BAcchus, God of Jovial Drinking,
Keep th' enamour'd Fool from thinking,
Teach him Wine's great Power to know:
Heroes would be loſt in Battle,
If not cheriſh'd by the Bottle,
Wine does all that's great above,
Wine does all that's great below.

SONG

SONG CLXXVII. *Haymakers Dance, in Doctor Faustus.*

BAnish Sorrow, let's drink, and be merry Boys,
Time flies swift, to-morrow brings Care,
If you believe it,
Drink, and deceive it,
Wine will relieve it,
And drown Despair.
Chor. *The Sweets of Wine are found in possessing,*
Its Juice divine, Mankind's chiefest Blessing:
The Glass is thine, drink, there's no Excess in
A Bumper or two, with a chearful Friend.

'Tis Wine gives Strength, when Nature's exhausted;
Heals the sick Man, frees the Slave;
Makes the stiff stumble,
And the Proud humble,
Exalts the Meek,
And makes Cowards brave.
Chorus, &c.

'Tis Wine that prompts the tim'rous Lover;
Be brisk with your Mistress, Denials despise;
She'll cry, you'll undo her,
But be a brisk Woer,
Attack her, pursue her,
You'll gain the Prize.
Chorus, &c.

'Tis Wine that banishes all worldly Sorrow,
Then who'd omit the pleasing Task?
Since Wine's sweet Society
Eases Anxiety,
Damn dull Sobriety,
Bring t'other Flask.
Chorus, &c.

SONG CLXXVIII. *What, though I am a Country Lass?*

WHAT, though I am a *London* Dame,
And lofty Looks I bear-a?
I carry ſure as good a Name,
As thoſe who Ruſſet wear-a.
What, though my Clothes are rich Brocades,
My Skin it is more white-a,
Than any of the Country Maids,
That in the Fields delight-a.

What, though I to Aſſemblies go,
And at the Opera ſhine-a?
It is a thing all Girls muſt do,
That will be Ladies fine-a.
And while I hear FAUSTINA ſing
Before the King and Queen-a,
My Eyes they are upon the Wing,
To ſee if I am ſeen-a.

My *Pekoe* and *Imperial* Tea,
Are brought me in the Morn-a;
At Noon, *Champaign*, and rich *Tokay*,
My Tables do adorn-a.
The Evening then does me invite,
To play at dear *Quadrille-a*:
And ſure in this there's more Delight,
Than in a purling Rill-a.

Then ſince my Fortune does allow,
I'll live juſt as I pleaſe-a;
I'll never milk my Father's Cow,
Nor preſs his coming Cheeſe-a;
But take my Swing both Night and Day,
I'm ſure it is no Sin-a;
And as for what the grave ones ſay,
I value not a Pin-a.

SONG CLXXIX. *Duke of ---'s March.*

I Sing mighty *Markham's* Gullet;
For when to his Head,
He claps a Bottle of Red,
No Devil like him can pull it:
His Fame ſhall never be dead;
He topes off *Nantz* by the Flaggon;
Till he ſpits out Fire, like a Dragon;
He was never heard to ſay,
He'd enough, and away,
But would ſtay till he'd ſpent ev'ry Rag on.

Damn'd Niggards, I can't abide 'em;
The *Canaries*, and the *Rhine*,
Can't furniſh me with Wine;
Drawer, fetch me a Hogſhead to ſtride on;
And call me the God of the Vine.
With Cluſters of Grapes come crown me,
Let a Deluge of Liquor flow round me;
For my Living I could chuſe,
In an Element of Booze,
For an Ocean of it can't drown me.

Let the *Dutch*, and the *Germans* thunder,
Revel Sun from Sun,
Drink Tun upon Tun,
I'll make the d---d Dogs knock under;
Still as freſh as when I begun.
Bacchus, come drink, and be poxed,
Your Noſe ſhall ſoon be foxed:
Sipping Gallons at a Draught,
Can't ſerve my thirſty Throat,
For I never tope leſs than a Hogſhead.

SONG CLXXX. *I am, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne, &c.*

BEauty at beſt is a ſickening Flower,
It fades and decays as ſoon as 'tis blown:
It palls on Enjoyment, and ſatiates the Lover,
Tho' its Power the Rover did but lately own.

Thus

Thus Roſes, when blooming, become the Delight,
The Wonder, and Rapture of every Eye;
But pluck'd from their Stems, they no longer delight,
They ſhut up their Leaves, they ſicken, they die.

Then *Chloe*, be wiſe, lay hold of the Time,
Conſent to my Wiſhes, and feaſt my Deſire;
Give no Bounds to your Pleaſure whilſt you're in your Prime,
Age creeps with a ſlow, and a ling'ring Fire.
Ne'er mind the dull Precepts of rigid old Prudes,
Who rail at Enjoyment, yet languiſh to know
The Pleaſure their Virtue pretended excludes,
Their Looks, and their Wiſhes a contrary ſhow.

SONG CLXXXI. *Birth of Harlequin.*

COME, my brave Hearts, be merry, cherry:
Let us the Night with Pleaſure crown.
Come, my brave hearts, be merry, cherry,
Whilſt *Bacchus* ſhowers ſuch Treaſure down.

Drink, drink away,
Be ever gay;
Cares decline,
When briſk Wine
Bears ſway.
Come, my brave Hearts, *&c.*

SONG CLXXXII. *The bonny grey-ey'd Morn.*

'TIS Money that ſeduces all Mankind,
For that we tempt the Seas, and brave the Wind;
In City, Court, and Country, that is the general Cry;
There's none but will be ſold, if you can buy.
The Parſon ſells you Prayers, the Lawyer ſells you Lies,
The Doctor ſells you Death; he's a Fool that buys;
The pretty Lady ſells her magick Ring,
The Stateſman ſells his Country, and his King,

SONG

SONG CLXXXIII. *If Phillis denies me*, &c.

IF *Phillis* denies me Relief,
If she's angry, I'll seek it in Wine:
Though she laughs at my amorous Grief,
At my Mirth why should she repine?

Brisk sparkling Champaign shall remove
All the Griefs my dull Soul has in store:
My Reason I lost when I lov'd,
By drinking, what can I do more.

Would *Phillis* but pity my Pain,
Or my am'rous Vows would approve,
The Juice of the Grape I'd disdain,
And be drunk with nothing but Love.

SONG CLXXXIV. *Oh! London is a fine Town.*

COME, all you Sons of *Adam*,
The which do haunt this Place;
Come, all you little Eves-droppers,
Who pass for Babes of Grace:
Come, all you Shapes and Figures,
And as you pass along,
Pray mind a Brother Animal,
And listen to his Song.

Oh! Masquerades are fine things;
For to delight the Eyes;
And tho' they vex the Foolish,
They don't offend the wise.

For why should Mirth and Pleasure,
And harmless sport and Play,
Or speaking with Sincerity,
Be thought a rude Essay?
For when we mask our Faces;
We then unmask our Hearts;
And hide our lesser Beauties,
To shew our better Parts.

Oh! Maſquerades are fine things,
For to delight the Hearts;
And though they Hurt our Pockets,
They pleaſe our better Parts.

Here all Sorts of Conditions
Are ſociable and free;
They judge not by Appearances,
Which often diſagree:
A Lord will court a Skullion,
A Lady hug a Clown;
A Judge embrace moſt tenderly
A Madam of the Town.
Oh! Maſquerades are fine things,
For to delight the Mind;
And though they vex the Biſhops,
They make the Ladies kind,

Here Party makes no Difference,
No Politicians jar;
Here Stateſmen lay aſide their Pride,
And with it all their Care.
A *Babyloniſh* Dialect
Inſpires all the Place;
Which muſt produce no doubt on't,
A very ſprightly Race.
Oh! Maſquerades are fine things,
For to improve the Age;
And much beyond the Liberty,
And Licence of the Stage.

Here I an honeſt Calling;
Have choſen at my Leiſure;
For Profit, by the bye, Sir,
But in the main for Pleaſure;
For Pleaſure each Man hither comes,
Each Lady comes for Pleaſure;
And if I'm in the right, Sir,
Why then, my Song is Meaſure.
Oh! Maſquerades are fine things,
From whence all Pleaſure ſprings,
And though the Vulgar rail at them,
They give Delight to Kings.

SONG CLXXXV. *Come hither, pretty Laſs.*

CAN I view a doating Aſs,
Cringeing to a ſcornful Laſs,
And not burſt my Sides with ha, ha, ha?
Or behold a haughty Fair,
Giving Sentence of Deſpair,
Nor the Farce deride with ha, ha, ha?
Though I flatter, ſigh, and whine,
When I hope to have her mine;
Yet when Frolick makes her prance,
I give Muſick to her Dance,
And tune her Pride with ha, ha, ha!

SONG CLXXXVI. *Greenwood Trio.*

OF all the things beneath the Sun,
To Love's the greateſt Curſe;
If one's deny'd, then he's undone,
If not 'tis ten times worſe.
Poor *Adam* by his Wife, 'tis known,
Was trick'd ſome Years ago;
But *Adam* was not trick'd alone,
For all his Sons were ſo.

Lovers the ſtrangeſt Fools are made,
When they their Nymphs purſue,
Which they will ne'er believe, 'till wed,
But then, alas! 'tis true:
They beg, they pray, and they adore,
'Till weary'd out of Life;
And pray, what's all this Trouble for?
Why truly, for a Wife.

How odd a thing's a whining Sot,
Who ſighs, in greateſt Need,
For that, which ſoon as ever got,
Does make him ſigh indeed.

Each.

Each Maid's an Angel whilſt ſhe's woo'd,
But when the Wooing's done,
The Wife, inſtead of Fleſh and Blood,
Proves nothing but a Bone.

Ills, more or leſs, in human Life,
No mortal Man can ſhun;
But when a Man has got a Wife,
He has them all in one.
The Liver of *Prometheus*,
A gnawing Vulture fed;
A Fable, that the thing was thus,
The poor old Man was wed.

A Wife, all Men of Learning know,
Was *Tantalus*'s Curſe;
The Apples which did tempt him ſo,
Were nought but a Divorce.
Let no Fool dream, that to his Share,
A better Wife will fall;
They're all the ſame, faith, to a Hair,
For they are Women all.

When firſt the ſenſeleſs empty Nokes,
With Wooing does begin,
Far better he might beg the Stocks,
That they would let him in.
Yet for a Lover we may ſay,
He wears no cheating Phiz;
Though others Looks do oft betray,
He looks like what he is.

More Joys a Glaſs of Wine does give
(Wife take him that gainſays)
Than all the Wenches ſprung from *Eve*,
E'er gave in all their Days.
But come, to Lovers here's a Glaſs,
God-wot, they need no Curſe:
Each wiſhes he may wed his Laſs,
No Soul can wiſh him worſe.

SONG

SONG CLXXXVII. *Old Sir Simon, &c.*

COME, come, my Hearts of Gold,
Let us be merry and wiſe,
It is a Proverb of old,
Suſpicion has double Eyes:
Whatſoever we ſay or do,
Let's not drink to diſturb the Brain;
Let's laugh for an Hour or two,
And ne'er be drunk again.

A Cup of old Sack is good,
To drive the cold Winter away;
'Twill cheriſh, and comfort the Blood
Moſt when a Man's Spirits decay:
But he that doth drink too much,
Of his Head he will complain;
Then let's have a gentle Touch,
And ne'er be drunk again.

Good Claret was made for Man,
But Man was not made for it;
Let's be merry as we can,
So we drink not away our Wit:
Good Fellowſhip is abus'd,
And Wine will infect the Brain;
But we'll have it better us'd,
And ne'er be drunk again.

When with Good Fellows we meet,
A Quart among three or four,
'Twill make us ſtand on our Feet,
While others lie drunk on the Floor.
Then, Drawer, go fill us a Quart,
And let it be Claret in grain;
'Twill cheriſh and comfort the Heart,
But we'll ne'er be drunk again.

Here's a Health to our noble King,
And to the Queen of his Heart;
Let's laugh, and merrily ſing,
And he's a Coward that will ſtart:

Here's

Here's a Health to our General,
And to thoſe that were in *Spain*;
And to our Colonel,
And we'll ne'er be drunk again.

Enough's as good as a Feaſt,
If a Man did but Meaſure know;
A Drunkard's worſe than a Beaſt,
For he'll drink till he cannot go.
If a Man could Time recall,
In a Tavern that's ſpent in vain,
We'd learn to be ſober all,
And we'll ne'er be drunk again.

SONG CLXXXVIII. *The Play of Love.*

NOW come Love's Plagues, the Fair enjoy'd,
And with the Pleaſure *Strephon* cloy'd,
A feign'd Content the Lover wears,
And with falſe Raptures ſooths her Fears,
While his Retreat employs her Cares.

Next time they meet, a forc'd Reſpect,
Makes the Fair dread a cold Neglect,
Straight her full Boſom heaves with Sighs,
Yet though diſtracting Fears ariſe,
Fond Love forbids to truſt her Eyes.

Tortur'd with Doubts, ſhe next complains,
And aſks, if her's are fancy'd Pains?
With well-tim'd Rage, he ſwears he'll rove,
Vows, though he burns, he'll never prove
The vaſt Fatigue of jealous Love.

To bring him back, all Arts he tries,
And bids his jealous Fury riſe;
Pleas'd, he that Stratagem diſdains,
Vows that no Fair ſhall give him Pains,
That o'er a Fop contented reigns.

With Grief diſtracted, now ſhe burns,
And to ſtern Rage her Paſſion turns;
On the whole Sex her Fury bends,
And the firſt Blockhead that attends,
Marries, and jilts, to gain her Ends.

SONG CLXXXIX. *An hundred Years hence.*

LET us drink and be merry,
Dance, joke, and rejoice,
With Claret and Sherry,
Theorbo, and Voice:
The changeable World
To our Joy is unjuſt,
All Treaſure's uncertain,
Then down with your Duſt:
In Frolicks diſpoſe,
Your Pounds, Shillings, and Pence,
For we ſhall be nothing,
An hundred Years hence.

We'll kiſs, and be free,
With *Moll*, *Betty*, and *Nelly*,
Have Oyſters and Lobſters,
And Maids by the Belly.
Fiſh-dinners will make
A Laſs ſpring like a Flea;
Dame *Venus* (Love's Goddeſs)
Was born of the Sea:
With *Bacchus*, and with her,
We'll tickle the Senſe,
For we ſhall be paſt it
An hundred Years hence.

Your moſt beautiful Bit,
That hath all Eyes upon her,
That her Honeſty ſells,
For a *Hautgouſt* of Honour,
Whoſe Lightneſs, and Brightneſs
Doth ſhine in ſuch Splendor,
That none but the Stars
Are thought fit to attend her:
Though now ſhe be pleaſant,
And ſweet to the Senſe,
Will be damnable mouldy
An hundred Years hence.

The

The Uſurer, that
In the Hundred takes Twenty,
Who wants in his Wealth,
And pines in his Plenty;
Lays up for a Seaſon
Which he ſhall ne'er ſee,
The Year One Thouſand
Eight Hundred and Three:
His Wit, and his Wealth,
His Learning and Senſe,
Shall be turn'd to nothing
An hundred Years hence.

Your Chancery-Lawyers,
Whoſe Subtilty thrives,
In ſpinning out Suits
To the Length of three Lives;
Such Suits which the Clients
Do wear out in Slav'ry,
Whilſt Pleader makes Conſcience
A Cloak for his Knav'ry;
May boaſt of Subtilty,
In the preſent Tenſe,
But *Non eſt inventus*
An hundred Years hence.

Then why ſhould we turmoil
In Cares, and in Fears,
Turn all our Tranquillity
To Sighs and Tears;
Let's eat, drink, and play,
'Till the Worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain, *poſt mortem*
Nulla voluptas.
Let's deal with our Damſels,
That we may from thence,
Have Broods to ſucceed us
An hundred Years hence.

SONG

SONG CXC. *This great World, &c.*

THIS great World is a Trouble,
Where all muſt their Fortunes bear;
Make the moſt of the Bubble,
You'll have but Neighbours Fare.

Let not Jealouſy teaze ye,
Think of nought but to pleaſe ye;
What's paſt, is but in vain
For Mortals to wiſh again.

When dull Cares do attack ye,
Drinking will thoſe Clouds repel;
Four good Bottles will make ye
Happy, they ſeldom fail.

If a Fifth ſhould be wanted,
Aſk the Gods, 'twill be granted;
Thus, with Eaſe, you'll obtain
A Remedy for all Pain.

SONG CXCI. *Do not aſk me, charming, Phillis.*

DO not aſk me, charming *Phillis*,
Why I lead you here alone,
By this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
And of Roſes newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the Beauty
Of thoſe Flow'rs that crown the Spring;
'Tis to —— but I know my Duty,
And I dare not name the thing.

'Tis, at worſt, but her denying,
Why ſhould I thus fearful be?
Ev'ry Moment, gentle flying,
Smiles, and ſays, Make uſe of me.

What the Sun does to thoſe Roſes,
While the Beams play gently in,
I would —— but my Fear oppoſes,
And I dare not name the thing.

Yet

Yet I die if I conceal it,
Ask my Eyes, or ask your own:
And if neither can reveal it,
Think what Lovers think alone.

On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
Might I speak what I would do;
I would with my lovely *Phillis*,
I would, I would, —— ah! would not you?

SONG CXCII. *A Cuckold it is thought.*

A Cuckold it is thought
A moſt reproachful Name;
Since Wives commit the Fault,
Whilſt Huſbands bear the Blame.
'Tis natural for Women,
Such little Slips to make;
And if they were not common,
How many Heads would ake?

I'll give my Wife her Humour,
If ſhe'll but give me mine;
And though I hear bad Rumour,
I never will repine.
If ſhe a Cuckold make me,
I'll ſerve her in her Kind;
And may the Devil take me,
If e'er I lag behind.

SONG CXCIII. *Ceaſe to perſuade.*

CEaſe to perſuade, nor ſay you love ſincerely,
When you've betray'd, you'll treat me ſeverely.
And fly what once you did purſue:
Happy's the Fair who ne'er believes you,
Who gives Deſpair, or elſe deceives you,
Or learns Inconſtancy from you.
Da Capo.

SONG

SONG CXCIV. *The Painter and the Devil.*

GOOD Friends and Neighbours all draw near,
Some Solace I'll impart;
Be mindful of the Words you hear,
They'll eaſe your drooping Heart.
Fa, la, &c.

All you whoſe Wives are grown ſo free,
To give you jealous Pain;
Here's what will cauſe your Jealouſy,
Ne'er to return again.
Fa, la, &c.

A Painter once took great Delight
In Painting of the Devil;
And he would always paint him white,
Which old Nick took moſt civil.
Fa, la, &c.

One Night the Painter being in bed,
Aſleep, and in a Dream,
His Damſel on his left Side laid,
The Devil to him came.
Fa, la, &c.

Painter, ſays *Belzebub*, I'm come,
Thy Kindneſs to requite;
Aſk what thou wilt, it ſhall be done,
For painting me ſo white.
Fa, la, &c.

So pleaſe your Devilſhip, quoth he,
Keep Spouſe from playing Pranks,
And that I mayn't a Cuckold be,
I'll always give you thanks.
Fa, la, &c.

No ſooner aſk'd, but granted was;
The Painter had a Ring,
Which whilſt you wear, the Fiend replies,
Ne'er fear a Cuckolding.
Fa, la, &c.

Like Light'ning then away he flew,
The Painter waking ſoon,
Found that he had his Finger got,
Within his Wife's Half-moon.
Fa, la, &c.

So thus let me adviſe in Brief,
Each Man wear ſuch a Ring,
My Life for yours, you'll all be ſafe,
And ſo God ſave the King.
Fa, la, &c.

SONG CXCV. *If Love the Virgin's Heart betray'd.*

WHY is your faithful Slave diſdain'd?
By gentle Arts my Heart you've gain'd,
Ah! keep it by the ſame!
For ever ſhall my Paſſion laſt,
If you'll vouchſafe to let me taſte
Of what I dare not name.

When I behold thoſe Lips, thoſe Eyes,
Thoſe ſnow-white Breaſts, which fall and riſe,
Fanning my raging Flame:
That Shape, ſo form'd to be embrac'd,
What would I give, that I might taſte
Of what I dare not name!

In Courts I never wiſh to riſe,
Both Wealth and Honour I deſpiſe,
And that vain thing call'd Fame;
By Love I hope no Crowns to gain,
'Tis ſomewhat elſe I would obtain,
But it's what I dare not name.

SONG CXCVI. *Tunbrige Doctors.*

YE Maidens, ye Wives and young Widows, re-
joice,
Proclaim a Thankſgiving with Heart and with Voice,
Since

Since Waters were Waters, I dare boldly ſay,
Ye ne'er had more Cauſe for a Thankſgiving-Day.
For from *London* Town there is lately come down,
Four able Phyſicians, who never wore Gown,
Whoſe Phyſick is pleaſant, tho' their Doſes are large,
And you may be cur'd, without Danger or Charge.

No Bolus, no Vomit, no Potion, no Pill,
Which ſometimes do cure, but oftner do kill:
Your Taſte, or your Palate, need ne'er be diſplear'd,
If you'll be adviſ'd, you wou'd buy one of theſe:
For they have a new Drug, 'tis call'd, The cloſe-Hug,
'Twill mend your Complection, and make you look ſmug;
'Tis a ſovereign Balſam, when once well apply'd,
For, though wounded at heart, the patient ne'er dy'd.

In the morning you need not be robb'd of your Reſt,
For in your warm Bed this Phyſick works beſt;
What, tho' in the taking ſome Stirring's requir'd,
The Motion's ſo pleaſant, you cannot be tir'd:
On your Backs you muſt lie, with your Bodies rais'd high,
And one of theſe Doctors muſt always be nigh,
Who ſtill will be ready to cover you warm;
For if you take Cold, all Phyſick does harm.

But before theſe fine Doctors will give their Direction,
They always conſider the Patient's Complexion:
If ſhe has a moiſt palm, or a red Head of Hair,
She requires more Balſam than one Man can ſpare;
If ſhe has a long Noſe, the Lord above knows
How many large Handfulls muſt go to her Doſe:
You Ladies that have ſuch ill Symptons as theſe,
In Conſcience and Honour ſhould pay double Fees.

And ſo let us give to theſe Doctors due Praiſe,
Who to all kind of Perſons their Favour convey:
On the ugly, for Pity's ſake, Skill ſhould be ſhown,
But as for the handſome, they're cur'd for their own,
On their Silver or Gold they never lay hold,
For what comes ſo freely, they ſcorn ſhould be ſold:
Then join with theſe Doctors, and heartily pray,
That the Power of their Phyſick may never decay.

SONG CXCVII. *Country Christening.*

WHEN *Sol* had loos'd his weary Teams,
And turn'd his Steeds a Grazing,
Ten Fathoms deep in *Neptune's* Streams,
His *Thetis* lay embracing;
The Stars tripp'd in the Firmament,
Like Milkmaids on a *May*-Day,
Or Country Lasses a mumming sent,
Or School-Boys on a Play-Day.

When apace grew on the grey-ey'd Morn,
The Herds in Fields were lowing;
And 'mongst the Poultry in the Barn,
The Plowman's Cock was crowing.
When *Roger*, dreaming of golden Joys,
Was wak'd by a revel Rout, Sir,
And *Cisly* told him, he needs must rise,
For his *Juggy* was crying out, Sir.

Not half so merry the Cups go round
At the Tapping a good Ale Firkin,
As *Roger* when his Hosen and Shoon he'ad found,
And button'd his Leathern Jerkin;
Grey Mare he saddled with wond'rous Speed,
With Pillion on Buttock right, Sir;
And for an old Midwife away he rode,
To bring the young Brat to light Sir.

Oh! Mother, I pray get up,
The Fruit of my Dabour's now come,
And there lies struggling in *Juggy's* Womb,
And cannot get out till you come.
I'll help it, cries the old Hag, ne'er doubt,
Thy *Juggy* shall do well again, Boy;
For Ize warrant thee, I can get the Kid out,
As well as thou got'st it in, Boy.

The Mare now mounting very soon,
No Whip, nor Spur was wanting;
And as soon as the old Wife enters the Room,
Whew! cries out the Bantling.

A Fe-

A Female Chit ſo ſmall was born,
You might have put in a Flagon;
And it muſt be Chriſtned that very Morn,
For fear it ſhould die a Pagan.

There was *Roger*, and *Doll*, and conſtant *Kate*,
Goſſips to this great Chriſt'ning;
And while the good Wives did merrily prate,
Juggy in Bed lay liſt'ning:
Some talk'd of this, ſome talk'd of that,
Of Chat they were not ſparing;
Some ſaid it was ſo ſmall a Brat,
'Twas hardly worth the Rearing.

But *Roger* he ſtrutted about the Hall,
As great as the Prince of *Conde*;
He cries, altho' her Parts are ſmall,
They may be bigger one Day,
What though her Thighs and Legs lie cloſe,
And are as little as any Spider,
You need not fear, e'er ſixteen Year,
She'll lig them a great deal wider.

For then ſhe'll be a Woman grown,
Ize hau'd five Pound in Money,
And will have a little one of her own,
As well as *Juggy* my Honey:
Oh theſe will be joyful Days to ſee,
And I'll ſtrive for to advance her,
That *Juggy* may a Granny be,
Then I ſhall be a Grandſir.

The nappy Ale went ſwiftly round,
As brown as any Berry;
With which the good Wives being crown'd,
They all were wond'rous merry;
When *Roger* he tipp'd it over his Thumb,
To every honeſt Neighbour,
Saying, a Twelve-month hence, pray come
Once more to my *Juggy*'s Labour.

SONG CXCVIII. *Oh! London is a fine*, &c.

A Beggar got a Beadle,
A Beadle got a Yeoman;
A Yeoman got a Prentice,
A Prentice got a Freeman:
The Freeman got a Maſter,
The Maſter got a Leaſe;
The Leaſe made him a Gentleman,
And Juſtice of the Peace.

The Juſtice being rich,
And gallant in Deſire,
He marry'd with a Lady,
And ſo he got a Squire:
The Squire got a Knight
Of Courage bold and ſtout;
The Knight he got a Lord,
And ſo it came about.

The Lord he got an Earl;
His Country he forſook,
He travell'd into *Spain*,
And there he got a Duke:
The Duke he got a Prince,
The Prince, a King of Hope;
The King, he got an Emperor,
The Emperor, a Pope.

Thus, as the Story ſays,
The Pedigree did run;
The Pope, he got a Fryar,
The Fryar got a Nun:
The Nun by chance did ſtumble,
And on her Back ſhe ſunk,
The Fryar he fell top of her,
And ſo he got a Monk.

The Monk he had a Son,
With whom he did inhabit,
And when the Father died,
The Son became Lord Abbot:

Lord

Lord Abbot had a Maid.
And he catch'd her in the Dark,
And ſomething he did to her,
And ſo begot a Clerk,

The Clerk he got a Sexton,
The Sexton got a Digger;
The Digger got a Prebend,
The Prebend got a Vicar;
The Vicar got an Attorney,
The which he took in Snuff;
The Attorney got a Barriſter,
The Barriſter a Ruff.

The Ruff did get good Counſel,
Good Counſel got a Fee,
The Fee did get a Motion
That it might pleaded be:
The Motion got a Judgment;
And ſo it came to paſs,
A Beggar's Brat, a ſcolding Knave,
A crafty Lawyer was.

SONG CXCIX. *Of all the Girls*, &c.

OF all the Girls that are ſo ſmart,
There's none like pretty *Sally*;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley:
There is no Lady in the Land,
Is half ſo ſweet as *Sally*:
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

Her Father he makes Cabbage-Nets,
And through the Streets doth cry 'em;
Her Mother ſhe ſells Laces long,
To ſuch as pleaſe to buy 'em:
But ſure ſuch Folks could ne'er beget
So ſweet a Girl as *Sally*;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

When she is by, I leave my Work,
I love her so sincerely:
My Master comes, like any *Turk*,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his Belly full,
I'll bear it all for *Sally*:
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

Of all the Days are in the Week,
I dearly love but one Day,
And that's the Day that comes betwixt
The *Saturday* and *Monday*;
For then I'm dress all in my best,
To walk abroad with *Sally*;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

My Master carries me to Church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the Lurch,
As soon as Text is named:
I leave the Church in Sermon-time,
And slink away with *Sally*;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

When *Christmas* comes about again,
Oh then I shall have Money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
And give it to my Honey:
I wou'd it were Ten Thousand Pounds,
I'd give it all to *Sally*;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

My Master, and the Neighbours all,
Make Game of me and *Sally*;
And (but for her) I'd better be
A Slave and row a Galley;

But

But when my ſeven long Years are out,
Oh then I'll marry *Sally*;
Oh! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our Alley.

SONG CC. *Would you have a young, &c.*

WOuld you have a young Virgin of Fifteen Years,
You muſt tickle her Fancy with Sweet and [Dears,
Ever toying, and playing, and ſweetly, ſweetly,
Sing a Love-Sonnet, and charm her Ears;
Wittily, prettily talk her down;
Chaſe her, and praiſe her, if fair, or brown;
Sooth her, and ſmooth her,
And teaze her, and pleaſe her;
And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a Widow, well known in Man,
With a Front of Aſſurance come boldly on;
Be at her each Moment, and briſkly, briſkly,
Put her in mind how her Time ſteals on;
Rattle, and prattle, although ſhe frown,
Rouze her, and touze her, from Morn to Noon;
And ſhew her ſome Hour,
You'll anſwer her Dower;
And get but her Writings, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a Punk of a Humour free,
That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality:
You muſt rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her,
That Pleaſure's beſt Charm is Variety:
Swear her much fairer than all the Town;
Try her, and ply her, when Cully's gone;
Dog her, and jog her,
And meet her, and treat her,
And kiſs with a Guinea, and all's your own.

SONG CCI. *Of all the States of Life, &c.*

He. OF all Comforts I miſcarried,
When I play'd the Sot, and marry'd.
'Tis a Trap, there's none need doubt on't,
Thoſe that are in would fain get out on't.

She. Fie! my Dear, pray come to Bed,
That Napkin take, and bind your Head;
Too much Drink your Brains has dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He. 'Oons! 'tis all one, if I'm up, or lie down,
For as soon as the Cock crows, I'll be gone.
She. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,
Was I, was I made a Wife to lie alone?

He. From your Arms myself divorcing,
I this Morn must ride a Courſing;
A Sport that far excels a Madam,
Or all the Wives have been ſince *Adam*.

She. I, when thus I've loſt my Due,
Muſt hug my Pillow, wanting you;
And whilſt you tope it all the Day,
Regale in Cups of harmleſs Tea.

He. Pox! what care I? drink your Slops till you die,
Yonder's Brandy will keep me a Month from Home.
She. If thus parted, I'm broken hearted;
When I, when I ſend for you, my Dear, pray come.

He. E'er I'll be from Rambling hindred,
I'll renounce my Spouſe and Kindred:
To be ſober, I've no Leiſure;
What's a Man without his Pleaſure?

She. To my Grief then I muſt ſee,
Strong Wine and *Nantz* my Rivals be:
Whilſt you carouſe it with your Blades,
Poor I ſit ſtitching with my Maids.

He. Oons! you may go to your Goſſips you know,
And there, if you meet with a Friend, pray do.
She. Go, you Joker, go Provoker,
Never, never ſhall I meet a Man like you.

SONG CCII. *Chevy-Chaſe.*

TO Lordlings proud I tune my Song,
Who feaſt in Bower or Hall;
Though Dukes they be, yet Dukes ſhall ſee,
That Pride will have a Fall.

Now

Now that this ſame it is right ſooth,
Full plain it does appear,
From what befel *John* Duke of *Guiſe*,
And *Nic* of *Lancaſtere*.

When *Richard Cœur de Lyon* reign'd
(Which means a Lyon's Heart)
Like him his Barons rag'd and roar'd;
Each play'd a Lyon's Part.

A Word and Blow was then enough,
Such Honour did them prick;
If you but turn'd your Cheek, a Cuff,
And if your A——e, a Kick.

Look in their Face, they tweak'd your Noſe,
At ev'ry turn fell to't;
Come near, they trod upon your Toes;
They fought from Head to Foot.

Of theſe, the Duke of *Lancaſtere*,
Stood paramount in Pride;
He kick'd and cuff'd, and tweak'd and trod
His Foes, and Friends beſide.

Firm on his Front his Beaver ſat,
So broad, it hid his Chin;
For why, he thought no Man his Mate,
And fear'd to tan his Skin.

With *Spaniſh* Wool he dy'd his Cheeks,
With Eſſence oil'd his Hair;
No vixen Civet-Cat more ſweet,
Nor more could ſcratch and tear.

Right tall he made himſelf to ſhow,
Though made full ſhort by G—d;
And when all other Dukes did bow,
This Duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonair,
To *Guiſe*'s Duke was he;
Never was ſuch a loving Pair,
Why did they diſagree?

Oh! thus it was, he lov'd him dear,
And caſt how to requite him;
And having no Friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith, he drench'd his deſperate Quill,
And thus he did invite;
This Eve at Whiſk ourſelf will play,
Sir Duke be here To-night.

Ah no! ah no! the guiltleſs *Guiſe*,
Demurely did reply;
I cannot go, nor yet can ſtand,
So ſore the Gout have I.

The Duke, in Wrath, call'd for his Steeds,
And fiercely drove them on:
Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy Stones,
Oh kingly *Kenſington!*

All in a trice, on *Guiſe* he ruſh'd,
Thruſt out his Lady dear;
He tweak'd his Noſe, trod on his Toes,
And ſmote him on the Ear.

But mark! how 'midſt of Victory,
Fate ſhews an old Dog trick;
Up leap'd Duke *John*, and knock'd him down,
And ſo down fell Duke *Nic*.

Alas! oh *Nic!* oh *Nic*, alas!
Right did thy Goſſips call thee;
As who ſhall ſay, alas! the Day,
When *John* of *Guiſe* ſhall maul thee.

For on thee he did clap his Chair,
And on that Chair did ſit;
And look'd as if he meant, therein
To do what was not fit.

Up didſt thou look, oh woful Duke!
Thy Mouth yet durſt not ope;
Certes, for fear of finding there,
A T——d inſtead of Trope.

" Lie there, thou Caitiff vile, quoth *Guiſe*,
" No Sheet is here to ſave thee;
" The Caſement it is ſhut likewiſe,
" Beneath my Feet I have thee.

" If thou has ought to ſay, now ſpeak."
Then *Lancaſtere* did cry,
" Know'ſt thou not me, nor yet thyſelf,
" Who thou, and who am I?

" Know'ſt thou not me, who (God be prais'd)
" Have brawl'd, and quarrel'd more,
" Than all the Line of *Lancaſtere*,
" That battled heretofore?

" In Senates fam'd for many a Speech;
" And, what ſome Awe muſt give you,
" Though laid thus low beneath thy Breech,
" Still of the Council Privy.

" Still of the Duchy, Chancellor,
" *Durante* Life I have it;
" And turn (as now thou doſt on me)
" Mine A——ſe on them that gave it."

But now the Servants they ruſh'd in,
And Duke *Nic* up leap'd he:
" I will not cope againſt ſuch Odds,
" But, *Guiſe*, I'll fight with thee."

" To-morrow with thee will I fight,
" Under the Greenwood Tree."
" No, not To-morrow, but To-night,
" Quoth *Guiſe*, I'll fight with thee.

And now the Sun declining low,
Beſtreak'd with Blood the Skies,
When with his Sword at Saddle Bow,
Rode forth the valiant *Guiſe*.

Full gently praunc'd he on the Lawn,
Oft roll'd his Eyes around
And from his Stirrup ſtretch'd, to find
Who was not to be found.

Long

Long brandiſh'd he the Blade in Air,
Long look'd the Field all o'er;
At length he ſpy'd the merry Men brown,
And eke the Coach and Four.

From out the Boot bold *Nicholas*,
Did wave his Wand ſo white;
As pointing out the gloomy Glade,
Whereat he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful Hour, ſo calm
Was *Lancaſtere* to ſee;
As if he meant to take the Air,
Or only take a Fee.

And ſo he did; for to *New-Court*,
His trowling Wheels they run;
Not that he ſhunn'd the doubtful Strife,
But Bus'neſs muſt be done.

Back in the Dark, by *Brompton* Park,
He turn'd up thro' the *Gore*;
So ſlunk to *Cambden-Houſe* ſo high,
All in a Coach and Four.

Mean while Duke *Guiſe* did fret and fume,
A Sight it was to ſee!
Benumm'd beneath the Ev'ning Dew,
Under the Greenwood Tree.

Then wet and weary, home he far'd,
Sore mutt'ring all the way;
The Day I meet *Nic*, he ſhall rue
The Cudgel of that Day.

Mean time, on ev'ry Piſſing-poſt,
Paſte we this Recreant's Name;
So that each Piſſer-by ſhall read,
And piſs againſt the ſame.

Now God preſerve our gracious King,
And grant, his Nobles all
May learn this Leſſon from Duke *Nic*,
That Pride will have a Fall.

SONG CCIII. *Come follow, follow me.*

COME, follow, follow me,
Ye fairy Elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the Green,
Come, follow *Mab* your Queen:
Hand in Hand we'll dance around,
For all this Place is Fairy Ground.

When Mortals are at reſt,
And ſnoring in their Neſt;
Unheard, and uneſpy'd,
Through Key-holes we do glide,
Over Tables, Stools, and Shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy Elves.

And if the Houſe be foul,
With Platter, Diſh, or Bowl,
Up Stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the Sluts aſleep;
Then we pinch their Arms and Thighs;
None us hears, nor none us ſpies.

But if the Houſe be ſwept,
And from Uncleanneſs kept,
We praiſe the Houſhold Maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid:
Every Night before we go,
We drop a Teſter in her Shoe.

Then o'er a Muſhroom's Head,
Our Table-cloth we ſpread;
A Grain of Rye, or Wheat,
The Diet that we eat;
Pearly Drops of Dew we drink,
In Acorn-cups, fill'd to the Brink.

The Brains of Nightingales,
With unctuous Fat of Snails,
Between two Cockles ſtew'd,
Is Meat that's eas'ly chew'd;
And Brains of Worms, and Marrow of Mice,
Do make a Feaſt that's wond'rous nice.

The Graſhopper, Gnat, and Fly
Serve for our Minſtrelſy;
Grace ſaid, we dance a while,
And ſo the Time beguile:
But if the Moon doth hide her Head,
The Glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er Tops of dewy Graſs,
So nimbly we do paſs;
The young and tender Stalk,
Ne'er bends when we do walk:
Yet in the Morning may be ſeen,
Where we the Night before have been.

SONG CCIV. *Dear Catholick Brother.*

BY Chreeſht and Shaint *Patrick*, going home late laſt [Night,
About Two in the Morning I was put in a Fright;
Comes a Dog in a Doublet, ſtripp'd all in his Shirt,
And throws down poor *Teague* very clean in the Dirt.

Then firing his Piſtol direct on my Faiſh,
Stand ſtill, you damn'd Dog, or you're dead on the Plaiſh:
De'el taulke him for me, for his Favour and Graiſh,
For ne'er was dear Joy in more ſorrowful Caiſh.

Confounded, and ſpeechleſs, bold as Hero I cry'd,
Your Rogueſhip one Day ſhall at *Tyburn* be try'd:
If *Teague* catch you again at ſuch vile Tricks as theſe,
He will ſwear, Joy, upon you his Majeſty's Peaſh.

Thus threaten'd, he ſhivilly cry'd, my dear Honey,
I'll not hurt thee at all, but preſent me thy Money.
My Money, dear Joy; 'tis *Teague*'s Soul—he's undone;
Well, e'en take it all—for by Chreſht, I have none.

SONG CCV. *Gently touch the warbling Lyre.*

GEntly hear me, charming Fair,
Ever kind, and ever dear:
All my dying Pains remove,
Chloe, ſmile, and ſay, you love.

On your Boſom let me lay,
Sigh, and gaze my Soul away.
Balmy Kiſſes, pow'rful Joys,
Such as Death, nor Time deſtroys,
Oh! my deareſt Fair One, give,
So I ever bleſt ſhall live;
More than Gods in Heaven can be:
Thou alone art Heaven to me.

SONG CCVI. *To all you Ladies now in Town.*

TO all you Fops of Court and Town,
From *Hampſhire* we indite;
And though you think a Country Clown
Can neither read, nor write:
Yet, by theſe Lines we'd have you know,
We are, at leaſt, as wiſe as you,
With a ſal, la, la.

Before the Sun is up we riſe,
And bow to Heaven's Power;
We view the Meadows, Hills, and Skies,
And Nature all adore:
You laugh at this, and think it more,
To call at Ten at *W———le*'s Door.
With a ſal, la, la.

The Cry of Hounds, more chearful Noiſe
Than *Seneſino*'s Airs;
Gives to our Hearts more real Joys,
He tickles but your Ears:
We have the Hare, or Fox in Chaſe,
You hunt a Whore, or elſe a Place.
With a ſal, la, la.

SONG CCVII. *Some ſay Women, &c.*

SOme ſay Women are like the Seas,
Some the Waves, and ſome the Rocks:
Some the Roſe, that ſoon decays;
Some the Weather, and ſome the Cocks:
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compar'd ſo well,
As Wine, Wine, Women and Wine;
They run in a Parallel, they run in a Parallel.

Women

Women are Witches, when they will,
So is Wine, ſo is Wine;
They make the Stateſman loſe his Skill,
The Soldier, Lawyer, and Divine;
They put a Jig in the graveſt Skull,
And ſend their Wits to gather Wool:
'Tis Wine, &c.

What is't that makes your Viſage ſo pale?
What is't makes your Looks divine?
What is't that makes your Courage to fail?
Is it not Women? Is it not Wine?
'Tis Wine will make you ſick when you're well;
'Tis Women that make your Forehead to ſwell:
'Tis Wine, &c.

SONG CCVIII. *'Twas at the ſilent Midnight Hour.*

THE Night was in her ſable Shroud,
No ſilver Stars were ſeen,
Wrapt in a cold and wintry Cloud,
'Midſt bleaky Showers of Rain.

Unfaithful *Edward*'s treacherous Step,
To *Suſan*'s Dwelling came;
Long he pretended to have ſu'd,
And lov'd the gentle Dame.

His Entrance at this fatal Hour
The Innocent allow'd;
Ungrateful *Edward* ſilent ſmil'd,
Then kiſs'd her Lips, and bow'd.

With am'rous Toy he firſt began,
Her ſnowy Boſom preſt;
Vow'd, that he lov'd her more than Life,
And begg'd, he might be bleſt.

But ſhe, in Honour's ſtricteſt Rule
Had train'd her gentle Mind:
Is this your Love to me, ſhe ſaid,
Ungrateful, and unkind?

In dreadful Rage of hated Luſt,
Her purple Blood to ſpill,
He drew his Sword, and ſwore ſhe dy'd
If ſhe refus'd his Will.

With trembling Fear ſhe cry'd, and thought
Each Moment to be ſlain:
Help! help! oh help! for Heaven's ſake!
She cry'd, but cry'd in vain.

Whole Floods of Tears, like ſilver Dew
From off the Lilly's Head,
Fell down her white and pearly Neck:
Unhappy! lovely Maid.

The Thoughts of loſing all her Charms,
That they muſt turn to Clay;
To think of dying, when ſo young,
Induc'd her to obey.

Her bleeding Heart did oft miſgive,
She pray'd, ſhe wept, and ſigh'd:
But when her precious Jewel loſt,
Much better had ſhe dy'd.

The faithleſs Wretch now flies her Charms,
Thoſe very Charms he ſwore
To nouriſh with his utmoſt Care,
He now regards no more.

Her Bed ſhe waters with her Tears,
And beats her panting Breaſt;
Her Hand ſupports her drooping Head,
But ſhe can find no Reſt.

At length the ruddy Morning roſe,
She bluſh'd to ſee the Day;
And curs'd the Night, that fatal Night,
In which ſhe did obey.

The Guilt, which Guilt was not her own,
So black was in her Eye,
That though at Death ſhe ſtarted firſt,
She now reſolv'd to die.

A pois'nous Drug, Oh! mournful Tale!
Within a ſilver Bowl
She mix'd —— then ſipp'd the deadly Juice,
And breath'd away her Soul.

The Scarlet of her Lips grew pale,
Her Eyes no Luſtre boaſt;
Soft Muſick dies upon her Tongue,
And all her Charms are loſt.

Now, *Edward*, think what thou haſt done,
Repent e'er 'tis too late;
Or at the dreadful Day of Doom,
Expect thy wretched Fate.

SONG CCIX. *Newmarket Horſe-Race.*

TO Horſe, brave Boys of *Newmarket*, to Horſe,
You'll loſe the Match by longer delaying:
The Gelding juſt now was led over the Courſe,
I think the Devil's in you for ſtaying.
Run, and endeavour all to bubble the Sporters;
Bets may recover all loſt at the Groom-Porter's:
Follow, follow, follow, follow, come down to the Ditch;
Take the Odds, and then you'll be rich.

For I'll have the brown Bay, if the blue Bonnet ride,
And hold a thouſand Pounds of his Side, Sir;
Dragon would ſcour it, but Dragon grows old,
He cannot endure it, he cannot, he wonnot now run it,
As lately he could;
Age, Age does hinder the Speed, Sir.

Now, now, now, they come on, and ſee,
See, the Horſe leads the Way ſtill;
Three Lenghts before, at the turning the Lands,
Five hundred Pounds upon the brown Bay ſtill.
Pox on the Devil! I fear we have loſt,
For the Dog, the blue Bonnet has run it,
A Plague light upon it,
The wrong Side the Poſt:
Adzounds! was there ever ſuch Fortune!

Song CCX. *In the pleasant Month of May.*

WILL the Linnet fly the Snare,
When tempted by a pleasing Bait?
And the Voice enchants her Ear,
Of her long-lost warbling Mate?
Will the Woman e'er despise,
The Sight which charms her Eyes?
Or be so far unwise,
To cast away Gold, her Virtue to hold?
If such a thing is done,
The Fair who can't be won,
May surely retrieve all we lost by Dame *Eve*,
And at Court may die a Nun.

Song CCXI. *The bonny grey-ey'd Morn.*

THE bonny grey-ey'd Morn began to peep,
When *Jocky* rouz'd with Love, came blindly on,
And I who wishing lay, depriv'd of Sleep,
Abhorr'd the lazy Hours that slow did run.
But muckle were my Joys, when in my View,
I from my Window spy'd my only Dear;
I took the Wings of Love, and to him flew,
For I had fancy'd all my Heaven was there.

Upon my Bosom *Jocky* laid his Head,
And sighing, told me pretty Tales of Love;
My yielding Heart, at ev'ry Word he said,
Did flutter up and down, and strangely move.
He sigh'd, he kiss'd my Hand, he vow'd, and swore,
That I had o'er his Heart a Conquest gain'd;
Then blushing, begg'd that I would grant him more,
Which he, alas! too soon, too soon obtain'd.

Song CCXII. *Come let us prepare, &c.*

THE Lady of Quall,
Who, frequenting the Mall,
Enjoys ev'ry Vice in the Nation;
Will Favours afford
To the Rake and my Lord,
Yet values her dear Reputation.

The Coquet, and Prude,
Who bluſh when you're rude,
Indulge ev'ry kind Inclination;
They jilt you ſome few,
Yet have thoſe that will do,
To defend and maintain Reputation.

The briſk City Wife,
Who all Days of her Life,
Delights in a kind Conſummation;
Will make her fond Spouſe,
With the Horns on his Brows,
Stop the Gap in her loſt Reputation.

The Sempſtreſs, as fair,
With a kind, careleſs Air,
Gives ear to the Lawyer's Oration;
She takes ev'ry Night,
Covent-Garden Delight,
Yet, unſullied is her Reputation.

The young Chamber-maid,
By the Valet betray'd
(For ſhe's never out of the Faſhion)
Is briſk as a Bee,
And as innocent, ſhe;
'Till a Swelling o'erwhelms Reputation.

The Actreſſes too,
That's a Prodigy new!
Who're kind upon any Occaſion;
Have taken of late,
Such a Whim from the Great,
That they value a crack'd Reputation.

But the Rake, and the Beau,
And the Soldier well know,
From Poetry's kind Inſpiration;
That Rapture's, and Fires,
And melting Deſires,
Will thaw a hard froze Reputation.

SONG CCXIII. *To the Hundreds of Drury I write.*

YOung Damſels were formerly won,
By a Pimp's Application to Mother;
But the Quality ſaving are grown,
One does the good Office for t'other.
At *Ombre*, *Baſſet*, and *Quadrille*,
They care not what Money they ſquander:
Yet though they diſgorge the old Pill,
They grumble at paying the Pander.

SONG CCXIV. *Jovial Beggar.*

THere was a jovial Beggar,
He had a wooden Leg;
Lame from his Cradle,
And forced for to beg.
And a begging we will go,
Will go, will go;
And a begging we will go.

A Bag for his Oatmeal,
Another for his Salt;
And a Pair of Crutches,
To ſhew that he can halt.
And a begging, &c.

A Bag for his Wheat.
Another for his Rye;
A little Bottle by his Side,
To drink when he's a-dry.
And a begging, &c.

To *Pimblico* we'll go,
Where we shall merry be;
With ev'ry Man a Can in's Hand,
And a Wench upon his Knee.
And a begging, &c.

And when we are disposed
To tumble on the Grass;
We have a long patch'd Coat,
To hide a pretty Lass.
And a begging, &c.

Full seven Years I begged,
For my old Master *Wild*?
He taught me how to beg,
When I was but a Child,
And a begging, &c.

I begg'd for my Master,
And got him Store of Pelf;
But *Jove* now be praised,
I can beg for myself.
And a begging, &c.

I live in a hollow Tree,
And never pay my Rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a begging, &c.

Of all Occupations,
A Beggar lives the best;
For when he's a weary,
He'll lay him down to rest.
And a begging, &c.

I fear no Plots against me,
I live in open Cell:
Then who would be a King,
When Beggars live so well?
And a begging, &c.

SONG

SONG CCXV. *Upbraid me not, capricious Fair.*

HOw ſervile is the State of Man?
How reſtleſs, and unfix'd?
E'en Days, which revelling began,
With Grief are intermix'd!
Love's fatal Dart attacks the Breaſt,
When quiet and ſerene:
And when harſh Care has diſpoſſeſs'd
The delighting Monarch's Reſt,
'Tis Anarchy within.

Unhurt by Fear,
The airy warbling Choir,
Taſte of Love;
No Thought of Care,
Annoys the Brute's deſire,
In the Grove:
'Tis only Man's unhappy State,
Theſe Miſeries to bear;
Conſpir'd with ſome Rival's Hate,
Thouſand preſſing Evils wait,
All wait,
In dreadful Phantoms near.

SONG CCXVI. *Lillibulero.*

YOU that love Mirth, attend to my Song,
A Moment you never can better employ;
Sawny and *Teague* were trudging along,
A Bonny *Scots* Lad, and an *Iriſh* Dear-Joy:
They never before had ſeen a Wind-mill,
Nor had they heard ever of any ſuch Name;
As they were a walking,
And merrily talking:
At laſt, by meer Chance, to a Wind-mill they came;
Ha, ha! ſays *Sawny*, what do ye ca' that?
To tell the right Name o't I am at a Loſs.
Teague very readily anſwer'd the *Scot*,
Indeed I believe it'ſh Shaint *Patrick's* Croſs.

Says *Sawny*, you 'll find your ſell mickle miſtaken,
For it is Saint *Andrew's* Croſs, I can ſwear;
For there is his Bonnet,
And Tartans hang on it,
The Plad, and the Trews our Apoſtle did wear.

Nay, 'o my Shoul, Joy, thou telleſht all Lees,
For that, I will ſwear, is Shaint *Patrick's* Coat:
I ſhee't him in *Ireland* buying the Freeze,
And that, I am ſhure, iſh the ſhame that he bought;
And he is a Shaint much better than ever
Made either the Covenantſh ſholemn, or League:
For o' my Shalwaſhion,
He was my Relaſhion,
And had a great Kindneſh for honeſht poor *Teague*.

Wherefore, ſays *Teague*, I will, by my Shoul,
Lay down my Napſhackle, and take out my Beads,
And under this holy Croſs ſet I will fall,
And ſhay *Paternoſhter*, and ſome of my Creeds.
So *Teague* began with humble Devotion,
To kneel before Shaint *Patrick's* Croſs;
The Wind fell a blowing,
And ſet it a going,
And it gave our Dear-Joy a terrible Toſs.

Sawny tehee'd, to ſee how poor *Teague*
Lay ſcratching his Ears, and roll'd on the Graſs,
Swearing, it was ſurely the De'el's Whirlygig,
And none (he roar'd out) of St. *Patrick's* Croſs.
But iſh it indeed, cries he in a Paſſion,
The Croſs of our Shaint that has croſht me ſo ſore?
Upon my Shalwaſhion,
This ſhall be a Cawſhion,
To truſt to Shaint *Patrick's* Kindneſh no more.

Sawny to *Teague* then merrily cry'd,
This Patron of yours is a very bad Loon,
To hit you ſic a fair Thump on the Hide,
For kneeling before him, and begging a Boon;
Let me adviſe you to ſerve our St. *Andrew*,

He

He, by my Saul, was a ſpecial gude Man:
For ſince your St. *Patrick*
Has ſerv'd ye ſic a Trick,
I'd ſee him hang'd up e'er I'd ſerve him again.

SONG CCXVII. *Tho' envious old Age.*

THough envious old Age
Seems in part to impair me,
And makes me the Sport
Of the wanton and Gay;
Briſk Wine ſhall recruit,
As Life's Winter does wear me;
And ſtill I've a Heart
To do what I may.

Then *Venus* beſtow me
Some Damſel of Beauty;
Here's *Bacchus* ſhall give me
A cheriſhing Glaſs;
Silenus, though old, ſhall
To both do his Duty;
And now claſp the Bottle,
And then claſp the Laſs.
The Laſs, the Bottle,
The Bottle, the Laſs,
And now claſp the Bottle,
And then claſp the Laſs.

SONG CCXVIII. *Excuſe me.*

GIRLS, beſure, make Man ſecure,
Be never coy in Carriage;
Put on each Grace, and taking Lure,
And when he offers Marriage,
Make no Refuſes,
And faint Excuſes,
But kindly hug the Proffer;
Let Inclination then prevail,
A ſeeming Slight may turn the Scale,
And ſhe will die a Maiden ſtale,
That ever refuſes the Offer.

SONG CCXIX. *Ye Shepherds and Nymphs.*

IN *April*, when Primroſes paint the ſweet Plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain,
The yellow-hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go
To Wilds, and deep Glens where the Haw-thorn Trees grow.

There under the Shade of an old ſacred Thorn,
With Freedom he ſung his Loves Evening and Morn;
He ſang with ſo ſoft and inchanting a Sound,
That Sylvans and Fairies, unſeen, danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus ſung, Though young *Maya* be fair,
Her Beauty is daſh'd with a proud, ſcornful Air;
But *Suſie* was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing,
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That *Maddie*, in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
Like the Moon was inconſtant, and never ſpoke Truth;
But *Suſie* was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the Goddeſs that ſprung from the Sea.

That Mamma's fine Daughter, with all her great Dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently four:
Then ſighing, he wiſh'd, would Parents agree,
The witty, ſweet *Suſie* his Miſtreſs might be.

SONG CCXX. *In vain, dear Chloe, &c.*

IN vain, dear *Chloe*, you ſuggeſt,
That I, inconſtant, have poſſeſt,
Or lov'd a fairer She:
Wou'd you, with Eaſe, at once be cur'd
Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,
Conſult your Glaſs and me.

If then you think, that I can find
A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,
You've Reaſon for your Fears;
But if impartial you will prove
To your own Beauty, and my Love,
How needleſs are your Tears!

If in my Way I ſhould, by chance,
Give, or receive a wanton Glance,
I like but while I view:
How ſlight the Glance, how faint the Kiſs,
Compar'd to that ſubſtantial Bliſs,
Which I receive from you!

With wanton Flight the curious Bee
From Flow'r to Flow'r ſtill wanders free,
And where each Bloſſom blows,
Extracts the Juice from all he meets;
But for his Quinteſſence of Sweets,
He raviſhes the Roſe.

So, I my Fancy to employ,
In each Variety of Joy,
From Nymph to Nymph do roam;
Perhaps ſee fifty in a Day;
They're all but Viſits which I pay,
For *Chloe*'s ſtill my Home.

SONG CCXXI. *In vain, dear Chloe, you ſuggeſt.*

WITH artful Voice, young *Thyrſis*, you
In vain perſuade me, you are true;
Since that can never be:
For he's no Proſelyte of mine,
That offers at another's Shrine
Thoſe Vows he made to me.

The faithleſs fickle wav'ring Loon,
That changes oftner than the Moon;
Courts each new Face he meets;
Smells ev'ry fragrant Flow'r that blows,
Yet ſlily calls the bluſhing Roſe,
His Quinteſſence of Sweets.

So, *Thyrſis*, when in wanton play,
From Fair to Fair you fondly ſtray,
And ſteal from each a Kiſs;

It ſhows, if what you ſay be true,
A ſickly Appetite in you,
And no ſubſtantial Bliſs.

For you, inconſtant, roving Swain,
Tho' ſeemingly you hug your Chain,
Wou'd fain, I know, get free;
To ſip freſh balmy Sweets of Love,
From Bower to Bower wiley rove,
And imitate your Bee.

Then calm that fluttering Thing, your Heart,
Let it admit no other Dart;
But reſt with me alone:
For while, dear Bee, you rove and ſing,
Should you return without your Sting,
I'd not protect a Drone.

SONG CCXXII. *Collin's Complaint.*

DEſpairing beſide a clear Stream,
A Shepherd forſaken was laid;
And whilſt a falſe Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow ſupported his Head.
The Wind that blew over the Plain,
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;
And the Brook, in return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly Swain that I was!
Thus ſadly complaining, he cry'd,
When firſt I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd the dear Tongue,
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a Pleaſure too great,
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung:
Was Nightingale ever ſo ſweet!

How fooliſh was I to believe
She could doat on ſo lowly a Clown?
Or that her fond Heart would not grieve,
To forſake the fine Folks of the Town?

To think that a Beauty ſo gay,
So kind, and ſo conſtant would prove,
To go clad like our Maidens in Grey,
And live in a Cottage on Love.

What though I have Skill to Complain,
Tho' the Muſes my Temples have crown'd?
What though, when they hear my ſoft Strain,
The Virgins ſit weeping around?
Ah! *Collin!* thy Hopes are in vain!
Thy Pipe and thy Laurel reſign;
Thy Fair One inclines to a Swain,
Whoſe Muſick is ſweeter than thine.

And you my Companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe Maid:
If through the wide World I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be falſe, and to change;
'Tis mine to be conſtant, and die.

If while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In her Breaſt any Pity is found,
Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
And ſee me laid low in the Ground:
The laſt humble Boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with Cypreſs and Yew;
And when ſhe looks down on my Grave,
Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,
And deck her in Golden Array;
Be fineſt at ev'ry fine Show,
And frolick it all the long Day.
While *Collin*, forgotten, and gone,
No more ſhall be heard of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale Moon
His Ghoſt ſhall glide over the Green.

SONG CCXXIII. *Despairing beside a clear Stream.*

ON the Bank of a River so deep,
Whose Waters glide silently on,
Sad *Rosalind* sat down to weep,
For *Damon*, her Lover, was gone:
The fairest and faithfullest she,
Of all that tripp'd over the Plains;
But alas! the most fickle was he,
Among all the Shepherds and Swains.

Down each Cheek ran her Tears in a Stream:
All his Vows are forgotten, she cries,
Regarded no more than a Dream,
Though for him his fond Shepherdess dies:
He's gone, the false Creature is gone,
To deceive some fresh Nymph of the Plain,
Whose Fate will, like mine, be to moan
The Loss of a perjured Swain.

Beware, you bright Maidens, beware,
If my treacherous Shepherd you meet,
For alas! he's bewitchingly fair;
When he speaks, there's no Musick so sweet:
As the Spring he is blooming and gay,
As the Summer delightsome and kind;
But believe not one Word he can say,
For he's false as the wavering Wind.

Foolish Maid! whilst I thought he was true,
I sent up no Look to the Skies;
All the Sunshine or Gloom that I knew,
Was the Gloom or the Shine of his Eyes.
He alone was my Joy, and my Care,
I wish'd for no Heaven above;
No Sorrow, no Pain could I fear,
No Hell, but the Loss of his Love.

How fondly endearing was he,
'Till I granted whate'er he desir'd?

But,

But, you Virgins, take Warning by me,
For his Flame from that Moment expir'd.
Now I ne'er ſhall embrace him again,
He, ungrateful, is flown from my Arms;
Far away, o'er the flowery Plain,
And deſpiſes theſe ſullied Charms.

Sure the Gods have ſome Vengeance in ſtore,
For the Breach of thoſe Vows which he made,
Though by him they're remember'd no more,
Than the Wretch who by them was betray'd.
But forgive him, ye Powers above,
Though he's falſe, bring no Harm on his Head:
But crown him with Beauty and Love,
Long after poor *Roſalind*'s dead.

Thus ſhe mourn'd: what a Scene all around!
The Birds flag their Wings at her Sighs,
The Valleys her Sorrows reſound,
And the Stream ſhews her blubbered Eyes:
All Nature takes part in her Woe,
A black Cloud o'er the Heaven is ſpread,
The Winds have forgotten to blow,
And the Willows bend over her Head.

SONG CCXXIV. *As Celia near a Fountain lay.*

AS *Celia* in her Garden ſtray'd,
Secure, nor dreamt of Harm,
A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid,
And reſted on her Arm.

The curious Inſect thither flew,
To taſte the tempting Bloom;
But, with a thouſand Sweets in view,
It found a ſudden Doom.

Her nimble Hand of Life bereav'd
The daring little thing;
But firſt the ſnowy Arm receiv'd,
And felt the painful Sting.

Once only could that Sting ſurprize,
Once be injurious found:
Not ſo the Darts of *Celia*'s Eyes,
They never ceaſe to wound.

Oh! would the ſhort-liv'd burning Smart,
The Nymph to Pity move,
And teach her to regard the Heart
She fires with endleſs Love!

SONG CCXXV. *Hark, how the Trumpet ſounds.*

HARK! how the Trumpet ſounds to Battle!
Hark! how the thundering Cannons rattle!
Cruel Ambition now calls me away,
While I have ten thouſand ſoft things to ſay:
While Honour alarms me,
Young *Cupid* diſarms me,
And *Celia* ſo charms me,
I cannot away.

Hark again, Honour calls me to Arms!
Hark! how the Trumpet ſweetly charms!
Celia no more then muſt be obey'd,
Cannons are roaring, and Enſigns diſplay'd;
The Thoughts of Promotion,
Inſpire ſuch a Notion
Of *Celia*'s Devotion,
I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celeſtial Powers,
Ye Gods, bleſs the Nymph with happy, ſoft Hours;
Oh! may ſhe ever to love me incline!
Such lovely Perfections I cannot reſign.
Firm Conſtancy grant her,
My true Love ſhall haunt her,
My Soul cannot want her,
She's all ſo divine.

SONG CCXXVI. *As I ſaw fair Chloe.*

AS I ſaw fair *Chloe* walk alone,
The feather'd Snow came ſoftly down,
Like *Jove* deſcending from his Tower,
To court her in a ſilver Shower.
The wanton Snow flew to her Breaſts,
Like little Birds into their Neſts;
But, being o'ercome with Whiteneſs there,
For Grief diſſolv'd into a Tear;
Then flowing down her Garment's Hem,
To deck her, froze into a Gem.

SONG CCXXVII. *To you, fair Ladies.*

TO all ye Ladies now at *Bath*,
And eke, ye Beaus, to you,
With aching Heart, and wat'ry Eyes,
I bid my laſt Adieu.

Farewel, ye Nymphs, who Water ſip,
Hot reeking from the Pumps,
While Muſick lends her friendly Aid,
To cheer you from the Dumps.

Farewel, ye Nymphs, who prating ſtand,
And criticize the Fair,
Yourſelves the Joke of Men of Senſe,
Who hate a Coxcomb's Air.

Farewel to *Deard's*, and all her Toys,
Which glitter in the Shop,
Deluding Traps to Girls and Boys,
The Warehouſe of the Fop.

Lindſay's and *Hays's* both farewel,
Where in the ſpacious Hall,
With bounding Steps and ſprightly Air,
I've led up many a Ball.

Where *Somerville*, of courteous Mien,
Was Partner in the Dance,
With ſwimming *Haws*, and *Brownlow* blithe,
And *Britton*, Pink of *France*.

Poor *Nash*, farewel, may Fortune's Smile
Thy drooping Soul revive;
My Heart is full, I can no more——
John, bid the Coachman drive.

SONG CCXXVIII. *Of all the Girls that*, &c.

OF all the Girls that e'er were ſeen,
There's none ſo fine as *Nelly*,
For charming Face, and Shape, and Mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye:—
Oh! the turn'd Neck, and ſmooth white Skin
Of lovely, deareſt *Nelly!*
For many a Swain it well had been,
Had ſhe ne'er paſt by *Calais*.

For when as *Nelly* came to *France*
(Invited by her Couſins)
Acroſs the *Tuilleries* each Glance
Kill'd *Frenchmen* by whole Dozens;
The King, as he at Dinner ſat,
Did becken to his Huſſar,
And bid him bring his Tabby Cat,
For charming *Nell* to buſs her.

The Ladies were with Rage provok'd,
To ſee her ſo reſpected;
The Men look'd arch, as *Nelly* ſtroak'd,
And Puſs her Tail erected:
But not a Man did Look employ,
Except on pretty *Nelly*;
Then ſaid the Duke de *Villeroy*,
Ah! qu'elle eſt bien jolie!

But who's that grave Philoſopher,
That carefully looks at her?
By his Concern, it ſhould appear,
The Fair One is his Daughter.
May foy! (quoth then a Courtier ſly)
He on his Child doth leer too:
I wiſh he has no mind to try,
What ſome Papa's will here do.

The Courtiers all with one Accord,
Broke out in *Nelly's* Praiſes,
Admir'd her *Roſe*, and *Lys ſans Farde*
(Which are your Terms *Franſoiſes.*)
Then might you ſee a painted Ring,
Of Dames that ſtood by *Nelly*;
She like the Pride of all the Spring,
And they like *Fleurs de Palais.*

In *Marli* Gardens, and *St. Clou*,
I ſaw this charming *Nelly*;
Where ſhameleſs Nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each *Allee*:
But *Venus* had a brazen Face,
Both at *Verſailles* and *Meudon*,
Or elſe ſhe had reſign'd her Place,
And left the Stone ſhe ſtood on.

Were *Nelly's* Figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' *Italians*;
Lord! how thoſe Foreigners would ſtare,
But I ſhould turn *Pygmalion*.
For ſpite of Lips, and Eyes, and Mien,
Me nothing can delight ſo,
As does that Part that lies between
Her left Toe and her right Toe.

SONG CCXXIX. *Ye Shepherd and Nymphs.*

YE Nymphs and ye Swains, from the Groves and the Plains,
Attend my Complaints, and give ear to my Strains;
No Lover in Story, or ancient or new,
Has ſuffer'd ſo much for a Paſſion ſo true.

The Nymph I adore's neither cruel, nor kind,
To Love ſeems averſe, to my Friendſhip inclin'd.
She ſmiles when I'm gay, when I ſigh, ſhe looks grave,
She admits me her Friend, but denies me her Slave.

I tell her I'm dying, ſhe aſks what I ail:
I fall at her Feet, but alas 'twont avail.
She wonders, why trembling I ſigh, and complain,
And pities my Caſe, though ſhe laughs at my Pain.

A Boſom

A Boſom ſo frozen, what Lover can bear?
Or ſay, O ye Powers, ſhall I hope or deſpair?
Or fly to a warmer, or kinder than ſhe,
Who'll as ſoon give me Pain, and as ſoon ſet me free?

SONG CCXXX. *Abbot of Canterbury.*

I Sing of ſad Diſcords, that happen'd of late,
Of ſtrange Revolutions, but not in the State;
How old *England* grew fond of old Tunes of her own,
And our Ballads went up, and our Opera's down.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Our Opera's, I ſay, for with our *Engliſh* Money,
We have paid for the Trills of Signora *Cuzzoni*;
Nor yet had I ly'd, had I ſaid *Seneſino*
Has got a brave Spill of our good ready Rhino.
Derry down, &c.

They ſtill pick our Pockets, and fear no Alarm,
For they thought their *Sonata's* for ever would charm;
But the bold *Johnny Gay* he ſoon made it appear,
That the Songſters had got the wrong Sow by the Ear.
Derry down, &c.

For, nobly reſolv'd their due Diſtance to teach 'em,
He let forth his *Canary* Birds, *Lockit* and *Peachum*;
With theſe and their Mates put 'em clean to the Rout,
And out-ſung them all, for he ſung them all out.
Derry down, &c.

No Quarter they found, no, nor Time to take Breath,
He ply'd them ſo hard with the mighty *Mackheath*;
But Captain *Matkheath* did not quite do his Duty,
He ſcar'd them, but let them go off with their Booty.
Derry down, &c.

And if ever they dare to engage us agen,
My Life on't, they'll find we are ſtill the beſt Men;
Proud *Rome* muſt knock under to fair *London* City,
And Knights of the Road prove too hard for *Banditti*.
Derry down, &c.

No more with a languiſhing Audience ſurrounded,
Their *Cremona's* unroſin'd, their Voices dumbfounded;

They

They let drop in a Fright all their lofty Pretences,
And are out of their Wits to find us in our Senſes.
Derry down, &c.

Now the Bone is remov'd, their Contentions may ceaſe,
And their long Civil Wars end at laſt in a Peace:
Now may each jealous Queen be the other's dear Crony,
And *Fauſtini* ſhake Hands with her Rival *Cuzzoni*.
Derry down, &c.

Tho' this Union, I doubt, would bring little Relief,
Since they ſtill muſt remember, with Hearts full of Grief,
How hard 'twas to leave an unfortunate Land,
To ſing nothing at all but what all und eſtand.
Derry down, &c.

We have ſign'd 'em their Paſs, and the vagabond Throng,
Now without Lett or Hindrance may jig it along,
Over Sea, over Land, through *Geneva*, or *France*,
They have pip'd long enough, 'tis high time they ſhould dance.
Derry down, &c.

And what farther remains, but to wiſh them well home,
To the Doge, the Grand Duke, or the old Pope of *Rome!*
They are gone, let 'em go, we ſhall ſee 'em no more;
And ſo farewel to *Bravo*, and farewel to *Encore*.
Derry down, &c.

SONG CCXXXI. *The terrible Law.*

THE terrible Law,
When it faſtens its Paw
On a poor Man, it gripes 'till he's undone;
And what I am doing,
May turn to my Ruin,
Though rich as the Lord Mayor of *London*.
Therefore I'll be wary,
What Meſſage I carry,
Unleſs we firſt make a ſure Bargain;
I will be dempnify'd,
Thoroughly ſatisfy'd,
That ch'am ſhan't ſuffer a Varding.

SONG CCXXXII. *All's fair at a Country Wake.*

I'LL ſing you a Ditty, and warrant it true,
Give but Attention unto me a while,
Of Tranſactions in Court and in Country too;
Toilſome Pleaſures, and pleaſing Toil.
Accept it, I pray, as your Help-mates you take:
To ſome 'twill give Joy,
And ſome others annoy;
All's fair at a Country-wake; all's fair, &c.

At Courts we ſee Patriots, noble and juſt,
Fit for Employments of Honour and Power:
But then there are Sycophants, unfit for Truſt,
Blend with the Great, and in number are more;
Slaves, who would Honour and Honeſty ſtake,
With ſordid Intention,
To get Place, or Penſion;
Strange News at a Country-wake; ſtrange, &c.

Some Ladies at Court are ſtill unpolite,
Becauſe truly virtuous, and prone to no Ill:
Whilſt others, who ſparkle in Diamonds bright,
Are ſtript of their Pride at *Baſſet*, or *Quadrille*,
'Till their Loſſes at Play do their Lord's Credit ſhake;
Then, their Toys to recover,
They'll grant the laſt Favour;
Strange News at a Country-wake; ſtrange, &c.

Here moſt of our Gentlemen Patriots are,
Though very bad Stateſmen, I freely confeſs;
They deſign Harm to none—but a Fox or a Hare,
And are always found loyal, in War, and in Peace.
The Farmer's Induſtry doth Earth fertile make;
The Huſbandman's Plowing,
His Planting and Sowing,
Gets Health and good Cheer at a Country-wake;
Gets Health, &c.

Our Girls blooming fair, without Waſhes or Paints,
From neighbouring Villages hither reſort;
They kiſs ſweet as Roſes, yet virtuous as Saints,
Who can ſay more for the Ladies at Court?

No

No worldly Cares vex them, asleep or awake;
But their Time they improve,
In Peace, and true Love,
And innocent Mirth at the Country-wake;
And innocent, &c.

The Schemes of a Courtier are full of Intrigue;
Here all's fair and open, dark Deeds we despise:
Set rural Contentment 'gainst courtly Fatigue,
Who chuses the former, is happy and wise.
Now let's pray for the King, and for *England*'s sake,
From all Faction free,
May his Subjects agree,
As well at the Court as the Country-wake;
As well, &c.

SONG CCXXXIII. *One long Whitsun-Holiday.*

WHO trusts quaint Urbanity,
Ten to One,
Is undone
By her Vanity:
For, void of Humanity,
Men will sigh,
Swear, and lye,
But to ensnare.
Since no Law binds Quality,
Nor the Vows
To a Spouse,
Ladies, beware!
Nought but Liberality,
Is the Prop
Of your Hope,
And worth your Care.
Let Fools their fond Prattle vent,
But strong Deed of Settlement,
Is Love's safest Battlement;
All the rest
Is a Jest,
And gilded Snare.

SONG CCXXXIV. *On a Bank of Flowers.*

ON a Bank of Flowers in a Summer's Day,
Inviting, and undreſt,
In her Bloom of Years bright *Celia* lay,
With Love and Sleep oppreſt:
When a youthful Swain, with admiring Eyes,
Wiſh'd he durſt the fair Maid ſurprize,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But fear'd approaching Spies.

As he gaz'd, a gentle Breeze aroſe,
That fann'd her Robes aſide,
And the ſleeping Nymph did the Charms diſcloſe,
Which waking ſhe would hide:
Then his Breath grew ſhort, and his Heart beat high,
He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to ſpy,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But durſt not ſtill draw nigh.

All amaz'd he ſtood, with her Beauties fir'd,
And bleſt the courteous Wind;
Then in Whiſpers ſigh'd, and the Gods deſir'd,
That *Celia* might be kind:
When with Hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain,
But ſhe laugh'd aloud in a Dream, and again,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Repell'd the tim'rous Swain.

Yet when once Deſire has inflam'd the Soul,
All modeſt Doubts withdraw;
And the God of Love does each Fear controul,
That would the Lover awe.
Shall a Prize like this, ſays the vent'rous Boy,
'Scape, and I not the Means employ?
With a fa, la, la, &c.
To ſeize the proffer'd Joy?

Here the glowing Youth, to relieve his Pain,
The ſlumb'ring Maid careſs'd;
And with trembling Hands (O the ſimple Swain!)
Her ſnowy Boſom preſs'd:

When

When the Virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,
Yet look'd as wiſhing he would purſue,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But *Damon* miſs'd his Cue.

Now repenting that he had let her fly,
Himſelf he thus accus'd;
What a dull and ſtupid thing was I,
That ſuch a Chance abus'd?
To thy Shame, 'twill ſoon on the Plain be ſaid,
Damon a Virgin aſleep betray'd,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Yet let her go a Maid.

SONG CCXXXV. *Oh! Polly, oh! Polly, where have you been?*

O *Jeany, Jeany,* where haſt thou been?
Father and Mother are ſeeking of thee:
Ye have been ranting, playing the Wanton,
Keeping of *Jocky* Company.
Oh! Betty, *I've been to hear the Mill clack,*
Getting Meal ground for the Family;
As fu' as it gade I brang hame the Sack,
For the Miller has taken nae Mowter frae me.

Ha! *Jeany, Jeany,* there's Meal on your Back,
The Miller's a wanton *Billy,* and ſlee;
Tho' Victuals come hame again hale, what reck,
I fear he has taken his Mowter off thee.
And, Betty, ye ſpread your Linnen to bleach,
When that was done, where cou'd you be?
Ha! Laſs, I ſaw ye ſlip down the Hedge,
And wanton Willy *was following thee.*

Ay, *Jeany, Jeany,* ye gade to the Kirk,
But when it ſkail'd, where cou'd thou be?
Ye came nae hame, till it was mirk,
They ſay the kiſſing Clerk came wi'ye:
O ſilly Laſſie, what wilt thou do?
If thou grow great, they'll heez thee hie.
Look to thy ſell, if Jock *prove true:*
The Clerk frae Creepies will keep me free.

SONG

SONG CCXXXVI. *I am a jovial Beggar.*

I Am a jolly Toper,
I am a ragged *Soph*;
Known by the Pimples in my Face,
With taking Bumpers off.
And a toping we will go, &c.

Come, let's ſit down together,
And take our Fill of Beer;
Away with all Diſputes,
For we'll have no wrangling here.
And a toping, &c.

With Clouds of Tobacco
We'll make our Noddles clear;
We'll be as great as Princes,
When our Heads are full of Beer.
And a toping, &c.

With Jugs, Mugs, and Pitchers,
And Bellarmines of Stale,
Daſh'd lightly with a little,
A very little Ale.
And a toping, &c.

A Fig for the *Spaniard*,
And for the King of *France*:
And Heaven preſerve our Jugs and Mugs,
And Q——n from all Miſchance.
And a toping, &c.

Againſt the Preſbyterians
Pray give me leave to rail,
Who ne'er had thirſted for King's Blood,
Had they been drunk with Stale.
And a toping, &c.

Againſt the Low-Church Saints,
Who ſlily play their Parts,
Who rail at the Diſſenters,
Yet love 'em in their Hearts.
And a toping, &c.

Here's

Here's a Health to the Queen, Boys;
Let's Bumpers take in Hand,
And drink Succeſs to Trade, my Lads,
We've Liquor at Command.
And a toping, &c.

Oh! how we toſs about
The never-failing Cann;
We drink and piſs, and piſs and drink,
And drink to piſs again,
And a toping, &c.

O that my Belly,
It were a Tun of Scale:
My Cock were turn'd into a Tap,
To run when I did call.
And a toping, &c.

Of all ſorts of Topers,
A *Soph* is far the beſt;
'Till he can neither go nor ſtand,
By *Jove*, he's ne'er at reſt.
And a toping, &c.

We fear no Wind or Weather,
When good Liquor dwells within:
And ſince a *Soph* does live ſo well,
Then who would be a King.
And a toping, &c.

Then dead drunk we'll march, Boys,
And reel into our Tombs;
That jollier *Sophs* (if ſuch there be)
May come, and take our Rooms.
And a toping, &c.

SONG CCXXXVII. *Sure Marriage is a fine thing.*

YOU laugh to ſee me fond appear,
Of one not worth the Part, *fa, la, la*, &c.
A Wretch by Nature inſincere,
And amorous by Art. *Fal, lal, lal*, &c.

Wrong

Wrong not a well-meant, honeſt Flame,
To *Lais* undeſign'd; *fal, lal, lal,* &c.
Tis to her Sex, not her, I am
So ardent, and ſo kind. *Fal, lal, lal,* &c.

Where's now the mighty Diff'rence ſhewn,
In what we diff'rent do? *fal, lal, lal,* &c.
One feigns to all alike, and one
To all alike is true. *Fal, lal, lal,* &c.

As both have hundreds done before,
Each other we careſs; *fal, lal, lal,* &c.
Impartial ſhe loves no Man more,
And I no Woman leſs. *Fal, lal, lal,* &c.

SONG CCXXXVIII. *Wine's a Miſtreſs.*

WINE's a Miſtreſs gay and eaſy,
Ever free to give Delight;
Let what may perplex and teaze ye,
'Tis the Bottle ſets all right.
Who would leave a laſting Treaſure,
To embrace a childiſh Pleaſure,
Which ſoon as taſted takes its Flight?
Pierce the Caſk of gen'rous Claret,
Rouze your Hearts, e'er 'tis too late;
Fill the Goblet, never ſpare it,
That's your Armour 'gainſt all Fate.

SONG CCXXXIX. *Have you heard of a frolickſome Ditty,* &c.

1 *Man.* I Once was a Poet at *London*,
I kept my Heart ſtill full of Glee;
There's no Man can ſay that I'm undone,
For begging's no new Trade to me.
Tol derol, &c.

2 *Man.* I once was an Attorney at Law,
And after, a Knight of the Poſt:
Give me a briſk Wench and a Straw,
And I value not who rules the Roaſt.
Tol derol, &c.

3 *Man.*

3 *Man.* Make room for a Soldier in Buff,
Who valiantly ſtrutted about,
'Till he fancy'd the Peace breaking off,
And then he moſt wiſely—ſold out.
Tol derol, &c.

4 *Man.* Here comes a Courtier polite, Sir,
Who flatter'd my Lord to his Face;
Now Railing is all his Delight, Sir,
Becauſe he miſs'd getting a Place.
Tol derol, &c.

5 *Man.* I ſtill am a merry Gut-Scraper,
My Heart never yet felt a Qualm;
Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
And ſing any Tune, but a Pſalm.
Tol derol, &c.

6 *Man.* I was a fanatical Preacher,
I turn'd up my Eyes when I pray'd;
But my Hearers half ſtarved their Teacher,
For they believ'd not one Word that I ſaid.
Tol derol, &c.

1 *Man.* Whoe'er would be merry and free,
Let him liſt, and from us he may learn:
In Palaces who ſhall you ſee,
Half ſo happy as we in a Barn?
Tol derol, &c.

CHORUS of all.

Whoe'er would be merry and free,
Let him liſt, and from us he may learn:
In Palaces who ſhall you ſee,
Half ſo happy as we in a Barn?
Tol derol, &c.

SONG CCXL. *Power of Love.*

AT dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep,
The peaceful Cottage lay;
Paſtora left her folded Sheep,
Her Garland, Crook, and uſeleſs Scrip;
Love led the Nymph aſtray.

Looſe, and undreſs'd, ſhe takes her Flight,
To a near Myrtle Shade;
The conſcious Moon gave all her Light,
To bleſs her raviſh'd Lover's Sight,
And guide the lovely Maid.

His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,
And to aſſuage his Pain,
His reſtleſs Paſſion he obeys:
At ſuch an Hour, in ſuch a Place,
What Lover could contain?

In vain ſhe call'd the conſcious Moon,
The Moon no Succour gave;
The cruel Stars, unmov'd, look on,
And ſeem'd to ſmile at what was done,
Nor would her Honour ſave.

Vanquiſh'd at laſt by powerful Love,
The Nymph expiring lay;
No more ſhe ſigh'd, no more ſhe ſtrove,
Since no kind Stars were found above,
She bluſh'd, and dy'd away.

Yet bleſt the Grove, her conſcious Flight,
And Youth that did betray;
And panting, dying, with Delight,
She bleſt the kind, tranſporting Night,
And curs'd approaching Day.

SONG

SONG CCXLI. *Hark! away! 'tis the merry, &c.*

HARK! away! 'tis the merry ton'd Horn,
Calls the Hunters all up with the Morn:
To the Hills and the Woodlands they ſteer
To unharbour the out-lying Deer.

CHORUS of Huntſmen.

All the Day long,
This, this is our Song;
Still hallowing,
And following,
So frolick and free;
Our Joys know no Bounds,
While we're after the Hounds,
No Mortals on Earth are ſo jolly as we.

Round the Woods when we beat, how we glow!
While the Hills they all echo Hillo!
With a Bounce from his Cover when he flies,
Then our Shouts they reſound to the Skies.
And all the Day long, &c.

When we ſweep o'er the Valleys, or climb
Up the Health-breathing Mountain ſublime,
What a Joy from our Labours we feel;
Which alone they who taſte can reveal.
And all the Day long, &c.

SONG CCXLII. *As down in a Meadow.*

AS down in the Meadow one Morning I paſt,
Oh there I beheld a beautiful Laſs;
Her Age I am ſure it was ſcarcely Fifteen,
And ſhe on her Head wore a Garland of Green;
Her Lips were like Rubies, and as for her Eyes,
They ſparkled like Di'monds, or Stars in the Skies;
And as for her Voice, it was charming and clear,
And ſhe ſung a Song for the Loſs of her Dear.

Why does my Love *Billy* prove falſe, or unkind,
What makes him to change like the wavering Wind?
From one that is loyal in ev'ry Degree,
What makes him to change to another from me?
O does he delight in my ſad Overthrow!
Or does he delight for to torture me ſo?
His *Suſan* will always prove true to her Truſt,
I'm ſorry that *Billy* ſhould prove ſo unjuſt.

In the Meadows, as we were a making of Hay,
O there we did paſs the ſweet Minutes away;
And as we went early to Harrow and Plough,
I milk'd him ſweet Sillabubs under my Cow;
O then I was kiſſed, and ſet on his Knee,
No Man in the World was ſo loving as he:
I lull'd him to ſleep, and I watch'd him the while,
And when he did wake, it was with a ſweet Smile.

But now he has left me, and *Fanny* the fair,
Imploys all his Wiſhes, his Thoughts, and his Care;
He kiſſes her Hand, and ſets her on his Knee,
And ſays all the fine things he once ſaid to me:
But if ſhe believes him, the falſe-hearted Swain,
Will leave her, and then ſhe with me may complain;
For nothing's more certain, believe ſilly *Sue*,
Who once has been falſe, will never prove true.

Her Song being ended, ſhe roſe to be gone,
When over the Meadow came jolly young *John*;
He told her that ſhe was the Joy of his Life,
And if ſhe'd conſent, he'd make her his Wife:
Which ſhe not refuſing, to Church they both went,
Young *Billy* forgot, and young *Suſan* content:
Moſt Men are like *Billy*, moſt Women like *Sue*,
And if Men will be falſe, why ſhould Women prove true?

SONG CCLXIII. *Polworth on the Green.*

THough Beauty, like the Roſe,
That ſmiles on *Polworth* Green,
In various Colours ſhews,
As 'tis by Fancy ſeen:

Yet

Yet all it's different Glories lie,
United in thy Face,
And Virtue, like the Sun on high,
Gives Rays to ev'ry Grace.

So charming is her Air,
So ſmooth, ſo calm her Mind,
That to ſome Angel's Care,
Each Motion ſeems aſſign'd.
But yet ſo chearful, ſprightly, gay,
The joyful Moments fly,
As if, for Wings, they ſtole the Ray
She darted from her Eye.

Kind, am'rous *Cupids* while
With tuneful Voice ſhe ſings,
Perfume her Breath, and ſmile,
And wave their balmy Wings,
But as the tender Bluſhes riſe,
Soft Innocence doth warm:
The Soul in bliſsful Extaſies,
Diſſolveth in the Charm.

SONG CCXLIV. *Black-ey'd Suſan.*

YE Powers! was *Damon* then ſo bleſs'd,
To fall to charming *Delia*'s Share!
Delia, the beauteous Maid, poſſeſs'd
Of all that's ſoft, and all that's fair:
Here ceaſe thy Bounty, O indulgent Heaven!
I aſk no more, for all my Wiſh is given.

I came, and *Delia* ſmiling ſhew'd,
She ſmil'd, and ſhew'd the happy Name;
With riſing Joy my Heart o'erflow'd,
I felt, and bleſs'd the new-born Flame:
May ſofteſt Pleaſures ceaſeleſs round her move,
May all her Nights be Joy, and Days be Love!

She drew the Treaſure from her Breaſt,
That Breaſt where Love and Graces play:
Oh! Name! beyond Expreſſion bleſs'd!
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay!

There to be lodg'd! the Thought is Extasy!
Who would not wish in Paradise to lie?

SONG CCXLV. *Auld lang Syne.*

WHEN flow'ry Meadows deck the Year,
And sporting Lambkins play,
When spangled Fields renew'd appear,
And Musick wak'd the Day:
Then did my *Chloe* leave her Bower,
To hear my am'rous Lay;
Warm'd by my Love, she vow'd, no Power
Should lead her Heart astray.

The warbling Choirs from ev'ry Bough,
Surround our Couch, in Throngs,
And all their tuneful Art bestow,
To give us change of Songs.
Scenes of Delight my Soul possess'd,
I bless'd and hugg'd my Maid;
I robb'd the Kisses from her Breast,
Sweet as a Noon-day's Shade.

Joy so transporting, never fails,
To fly away as Air:
Another Swain with her prevails,
To be as false as fair.
What can my fatal Passion cure,
I'll never woo again:
All her Disdain I must endure,
Adoring her in vain.

SONG CCXLVI. *As Celia, &c.*

TEach me, *Chloe*, how to prove,
My boasted Flame sincere;
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my Care.

Sleep in vain displays her Charms,
To bribe my Soul to rest,
Vainly spreads her silken Arms,
And courts me to her Breast.

Where

Where can *Strephon* find Repoſe,
If *Chloe* is not there?
For ah! no Peace his Boſom knows,
When abſent from the Fair.
What though *Phœbus*, from on high,
With-holds his chearful Ray,
Thine Eyes can well his Light ſupply,
And gives me more than Day.

SONG CCXLVII. *The bonny grey-ey'd Morn.*

CEleſtial Muſes, tune your Lyres,
Grace all my Raptures with your Lays;
Charming, enchanting *Kate* inſpires,
In lofty Sounds her Beauties praiſe:
How undeſigning ſhe displays,
Such Scenes as raviſh with Delight;
Though brighter than Meridian Rays,
They dazle not, but pleaſe the Sight.

Blind God, give this, this only Dart,
I neither will nor can her harm:
I would but gently touch her Heart,
And try, for once, if that can charm.
Go, *Venus*, uſe your fav'rite Wile,
As ſhe is beauteous make her kind;
Let all your Graces round her ſmile,
And ſooth her 'till I Comfort find.

When thus by yielding I'm o'er-paid,
And all my anxious Cares remov'd;
In moving Notes I'll tell the Maid,
With what pure, laſting Flames I lov'd.
Then ſhall alternate Life and Death,
My raviſh'd, flutt'ring Soul poſſeſs;
The ſofteſt, tendereſt things I'll breath,
Betwixt each am'rous, fond Careſs.

SONG CCXLVIII. *O Beſſy Bell, &c.*

BRight *Cynthia*'s Power, divinely great,
What Heart is not obeying?
A thouſand *Cupids* on her wait,
And in her Eyes are playing.
She ſeems the Queen of Love to reign,
For ſhe alone diſpences
Such Sweets as beſt can entertain,
The Guſt of all my Senſes.

Her Face a charming Proſpect brings,
Her Breath gives balmy Kiſſes;
I hear an Angel, when ſhe ſings,
And taſte of Heaven in Kiſſes.
Four Senſes thus ſhe feaſts with Joy,
From Nature's richeſt Treaſure;
Let me the other Senſe employ,
And I ſhall die with my Pleaſure.

SONG CCXLIX. *Jolly Town-Rakes.*

WHat Life can compare to a jolly Town-Rake,
When in his full Swing of all Pleaſure he takes:
At Noon he gets up, for a Whet, and to dine;
And wings the ſwift Hours, with Mirth, Muſick and Wine.
Then jogs to the Play-houſe, and chats with the Maſks,
And thence to the *Roſe*, where he takes his three Flaſks;
There, great as a *Cæſar*, he revels, when drunk,
And ſcours all he meets, as he reels to his Punk,
And finds the dear Girl in his Arms, when he wakes:
What Life can compare to the jolly Town-Rakes?

He, like the great *Turk*, has his fav'rite She,
But the Town's his Seraglio, and ſtill he lives free:
Sometimes ſhe's a Lady, but as he muſt range,
Black *Betty*, or Oyſter *Moll* ſerve for a Change.
As he varies his Sports, his whole Life is a Feaſt,
He thinks him that's ſob'reſt the moſt like a Beaſt:
At Houſes of Pleaſure breaks Windows and Doors,
Kicks Bullies and Cullies, then lies with their Whores.

Rare

Rare Work for the Surgeon and Midwife he makes;
What Life can compare with the jolly Town-Rake's?

Thus in *Covent-Garden* he makes his Campaigns,
And no Coffee-houſe haunts, but to ſettle his Brains;
He laughs at dry Morals, and never does think,
Unleſs 'tis to get the beſt Wenches and Drink.
He dwells in a Tavern, and lives ev'ry where,
And improving his Hours, lives an Age in a Year.
For as Life is uncertain, he loves to make haſte,
And thus he lives longeſt, becauſe he lives faſt:
Then leaps in the Dark, and his Exit he makes:
What Death can compare with the jolly Town-Rake's?

SONG CCL. *March in Scipio.*

BRave Boys, prepare,
Ah! ceaſe, fond Wife to cry,
For when the Danger's near,
We've Time enough to fly.
How can you be diſgrac'd,
When Wealth ſecures you Fame?
The Rich are always plac'd
Above the Senſe of Shame.
Let Honour ſpur the Slave,
To fight for Fighting's ſake;
For ev'n the Rich are brave,
When Money is at ſtake.

SONG CCLI. *All in the Downs*, &c.

YOung *Annie's* budding Graces claim
Th' inſpir'd Thought, and ſofteſt Lays,
And kindle in the Breaſt a Flame,
Which muſt be vented in her Praiſe.
Tell us, ye gentle Shepherds, have you ſeen,
E'er one ſo like an Angel tread the Green.

Ye Youth, be watchful of your Hearts,
When ſhe appears, take the Alarm;
Love on her Beauty points his Darts,
And wings an Arrow from each Charm:

Around her Eyes and Smiles, the Graces ſport,
And to her ſnowy Neck and Breaſt reſort.

But vain muſt ev'ry Caution prove,
When ſuch enchanting Sweetneſs ſhines;
The wounded Swain muſt yield to Love,
And wonder, though he hopeleſs pines.
Such Flames the foppiſh Butterfly ſhould ſhun,
The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.

She's as the opening Lilly fair.
Her lovely Features are compleat:
Whilſt Heav'n, indulgent makes her ſhare,
With Angels, all that's wiſe and ſweet.
Theſe Virtues which divinely deck her Mind,
Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether ſhe love the rural Scenes,
Or ſparkles in the airy Town,
O happy he! her Favour gains;
Unhappy, if ſhe on him frown.
The Muſe, unwilling, quits the lovely Theme,
Adieu, ſhe ſings, and thrice repeats her Name.

SONG CCLII. *While Phillis is drinking.*

WHile *Phillis* is drinking, Love and Wine in Alliance,
With Forces united, bid reſiſtleſs Defiance;
By the Touch of her Lips the Wine ſparkles higher,
And her Eyes from her Drinking, redouble, redouble their Fire.

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their Colour,
As Flowers by ſprinkling, revive with freſh Odour;
His Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame, makes the Flame more enduring.

By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love, and Deſiring;
Relieving each other, the Pleaſure is laſting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever, are ever a taſting.

Then

Then, *Phillis*, begin, let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiſs, and a Glaſs, be ſtill going round;
Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove,
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle, the Bottle
to Love.

SONG CCLIII. *False Philander.*

FArewell, thou falſe *Philander*,
Since now from me you rove;
And leave me here to wander,
No more to think of Love;
I muſt for ever languiſh,
I muſt for ever mourn;
From Love I now am baniſh'd,
And ſhall no more return.

Farewell, deceitful Traytor,
Farewell, thou perjur'd Swain,
Let never injur'd Creature,
Believe your Vows again:
The Paſſion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
For now the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you diſdain.

SONG CCLIV. *'Twas within a Furlong.*

IN Pimps and Politicians,
The Genius is the ſame;
Both raiſe their own Conditions
On others Guilt and Shame.
With a Tongue well tip'd with Lyes,
Each the Want of Parts ſupplies;
And with a Heart that all's Diſguiſe,
Keeps his Schemes unknown;
Seducing as the Devil,
They play the Tempter's Part,
And have, when moſt they 're civil,
Moſt Miſchief in their Heart.

Each a ſecret Commerce drives,
Firſt corrupts, and then connives;
And by his Neighbour's Vices thrives,
For they are all his own.

SONG CCLV. *Hunt the Squirrel.*

THE World is ever jarring,
Always purſuing
Other Men's Ruin,
Friends with Friends are warring,
In a falſe cowardly Way:
Spurr'd on by Emulations,
Tongues are engaging,
Calumny raging,
Murders Reputations,
Envy keeps up the Fray.
Thus with burning Hate,
Each, returning Hate,
Wounds, and robs his Friends:
In civil Life,
E'n Man and Wife,
Squabble for ſelfiſh Ends.

SONG CCLVI. *Why is your faithful Swain diſdain'd?*

WITH Arts oft practis'd, and admir'd,
A youthful Swain by Love inſpir'd,
Long time purſu'd a Fair:
Her Coldneſs equal to his Love,
His Hopes repuls'd, his Fears improve,
And added to his Care.

With Sighs and Tears, in vain he tries,
But deaf to all his Sighs, ſhe flies,
As faſt as he purſues:
To which he anſwers in diſdain,
By trying to augment my Pain,
Yourſelf the Conqueſt loſe.

'Tis

'Tis true, I love you, cruel Maid,
But Love with Love muſt be repaid,
To make our Bliſs compleat:
Since I've requeſted, you've deny'd,
My Love, as well as your's, is try'd;
And I with Eaſe retreat.

SONG CCLVII. *Molly Mog.*

SOME Nymphs take a Pleaſure in killing,
And coſt rival Lovers a Craſh;
No Blood but the Grape ſhould be ſpilling,
By the good Will of ſweet *Molly Taſh.*

Our Wine was ſo good and inviting,
We ſoon made our Glaſſes to claſh;
And to give it a Smack more delighting,
We toaſted the ſweet *Molly Taſh.*

Their fineſt Complections are waſting,
Their Brightneſs goes out like a Flaſh;
But give me a Colour that's laſting,
Like that of the ſweet *Molly Taſh.*

The Heart that to Love is a Stranger,
Where *Cupid* ne'er yet made a Gaſh,
Can't be ſaid to be quite out of Danger,
So long as there's ſweet *Molly Taſh.*

The Town Spark is charm'd with his *Chloe*,
Though mark'd with the Conſtable's Laſh;
But ſuch you'll deſpiſe, when I ſhow ye
The innocent, ſweet *Molly Taſh.*

How oft is a Form without Spirit,
A Mind full of nothing but Traſh;
But if you're for Beauty with Merit,
Go ſeek it in ſweet *Molly Taſh.*

SONG CCLVIII. *Hunting Song in Apollo and Daphne.*

AWAY! away! we've crown'd the Day, we've crown'd the Day!
Away! away! we've crown'd the Day!
The Hounds are waiting for their Prey:
The Huntſman's Call invites you all,
The Huntſman's Call invites you all;
Come in, come in, Boys, while you may;
Come in, come in, Boys, while you may.

The jolly Horn, the roſy Morn, the roſy Morn,
The jolly Horn, the roſy Morn,
With Harmony of deep-mouth'd Hounds;
Theſe, theſe, my Boys, are heavenly Joys,
Theſe, theſe, my Boys, are heavenly Joys:
A Sportſman's Pleaſure knows no Bounds,
A Sportſman's Pleaſure knows no Bounds.

The Horn ſhall be the Huſband's Fee, the Huſband's Fee,
The Horn ſhall be the Huſband's Fee,
And let him take it not in ſcorn;
The Grave and Sage in ev'ry Age,
The Grave and Sage in ev'ry Age,
Have not diſdain'd to wear the Horn,
Have not diſdain'd to wear the Horn.

SONG CCLIX. *Peggy's Mill.*

WHen Gold is in Hand,
It gives us Command,
It makes us lov'd, and reſpected:
'Tis now, as of yore,
Wit and Senſe, when poor,
Are ſcorn'd, o'erlook'd, and neglected:
Though peeviſh, and old,
If Women have Gold,

They

They have Youth, Good-humour, and Beauty:
Among all Mankind,
Without it we find,
Nor Love, nor Favour, nor Duty.

SONG CCLX. *When bright Aurelia, &c.*

WHEN bright *Aurelia* tript the Plain,
How chearful then were ſeen
The Looks of ev'ry jolly Swain,
That ſtrove *Aurelia*'s Heart to gain,
With Gambols on the Green?

Their Sports were innocent, and gay,
Mixt with a manly Air:
They'd ſing, and dance, and pipe, and play,
Each ſtrove to pleaſe, ſome different Way,
This dear enchanting Fair.

The ambitious Strife ſhe did admire,
And equally approve;
'Till *Phaon's* tuneful Voice and Lyre,
With ſofteſt Muſick did inſpire
Her Soul to generous Love.

Their wonted Sports the reſt declin'd,
Their Arts prov'd all in vain;
Aurelia's conſtant now, they find;
The more they languiſh, and repin'd,
The more ſhe loves the Swain.

SONG CCLXI. *I'll ſail upon the Dog-ſtar.*

I'LL ſail upon the Dog-ſtar,
And then purſue the Morning;
I'll chaſe the Moon 'till it be Noon,
I'll make her leave her Horning.

I'll climb the froſty Mountain,
And there I'll coin the Weather:
I'll tear the Rain-bow from the Sky,
And tie both Ends together.

The Stars pluck from their Orbs too,
And croud them in my Budget;
And whether I'm a roaring Boy,
Let *Gresham* College judge it.

While I mount yon blue Cœlum,
To ſhun the tempting Gipſies;
Play at Foot-ball with Sun and Moon,
And fright ye with Eclipſes.

SONG CCLXII. *Here's a Health to the King.*

HEre's a Health to the King, and a laſting Peace,
May Faction be damn'd, and Diſcord ceaſe:
Come, let us drink it, while we've Breath,
For there's no drinking after Death:
And he that won't with this comply,
Down among the dead Men,
Down among the dead Men,
Down, down, down,
Down among the dead Men let him lie.

Now a Health to the Queen, and may ſhe long
B'our firſt Toaſt, to grace our Song;
Off wi'your Hats, wi'your Knee on the Ground,
Take of your Bumpers all around;
And he that will not drink when dry,
Down among, &c.

Let charming Beauty's Health go round,
In whom celeſtial Joys are found;
And may Confuſion ſtill purſue
The ſenſeleſs-Woman-hating Crew:
And he that will this Health deny,
Down among, &c.

Here's thriving to Trade, and the Common-Weal,
And Patriots to their Country leal;
But who for Bribes gives Satan his Soul,
May he never laugh o'er a flowing Bowl:
And all that with ſuch Rogues comply,
Down among, &c.

In ſmiling *Bacchus'* Joys I'll roll,
Deny no Pleaſures to my Soul:
Let *Bacchus'* Health round ſwiftly move,
For *Bacchus* is a Friend to Love:
And he that doth this Health deny,
Down among, &c.

SONG CCLXIII. *One long Whitſun Holiday.*

ONE long *Whitſun* Holiday,
Holiday, Holiday, 'twas a jolly Day,
Young *Ralph*, buxom *Phillida*,
Phillida, a-well-a-day!
Met in the Peaſe:
They long had Community,
He lov'd her, ſhe lov'd him,
Joyful Unity, nought but Opportunity
Scanting, was wanting,
Their Boſoms to eaſe.

But now Fortune's Cruelty,
Cruelty, you will ſee; for as they lie
In cloſe Hug, Sir *Domini*,
Gemini! Gemini!
Chanc'd to come by.
He read Prayers in the Family,
No way now to frame a Lye,
They, ſcar'd at old Homily,
Homily, Homily,
Both away fly.

Home, ſoon as he ſaw the Sight,
Full of Spite as a Kite, runs the *Rechabite*,
Like a noiſy Hypocrite,
Hypocrite, Hypocrite,
Miſchief to ſay.
Save he would fair *Phillida*,
Phillida, *Phillida*, dreſt that Holiday,
But poor *Ralph*, ah! well-a-day,
Well-a-day, well-a-day!
Turn'd was away.

Adſnigs! cries Sir *Domini*,
Gemini! Gemini! ſhall a Rogue ſtay,
To baulk me, as commonly,
Commonly, commonly.
Has been his way:
No, I ſerve the Family,
They know nought to blame me by,
I read Prayers and Homily.
Homily, Homily,
Three times a Day.

SONG CCLXIV. *Oh! the charming Month Of May!*

OH! the charming Month of *May*,
When the Breezes
Fan the Trees, is
Full of Bloſſoms freſh and gay;
Oh! the charming Month of *May!*
Charming, charming Month of *May!*

Oh! what Joys our Proſpects yeild!
When in new Livery,
We ſee every
Buſh and Meadow, Tree and Field:
Oh! what Joys, *&c.* charming Joys, *&c.*

Oh! how freſh the Morning Air!
When the Zephyrs,
And the Heifers,
Their odorif'rous Breath compare!
Oh! how freſh, *&c.* charming freſh, *&c.*

Oh! how ſweet at night to dream,
On moſſy Pillows,
By the Trillows
Of a gentle, purling Stream!
Oh! how ſweet, *&c.* charming ſweet, *&c.*

Oh!

Oh! how kind the Country Laſs!
Who, her Cow bilking,
Leaves off her milking,
For a green Gown on the Graſs!
Oh! how kind, &c. charming kind, &c.

Oh! how ſweet it is to ſpy,
At the Concluſion,
Her deep Confuſion,
Bluſhing Cheeks, and down-caſt Eye!
Oh! how ſweet, &c. charming ſweet, &c.

Oh! the charming Curds and Cream,
When all is over,
She gives her Lover,
Who on the Skimming-Diſh carves her Name:
Oh! the charming Curds and Cream,
Charming, charming, &c.

SONG CCLXV. *We'll drink, and we'll never.*

WE'll drink, and we'll never have done, Boys,
Put the Glaſs then around with the Sun, Boys:
Let *Apollo's* Example invite us,
For he's drunk ev'ry Night,
That makes him ſo bright,
That he's able next Morning to light us.
Drinking's a Chriſtian Diverſion,
Unknown to the *Turk*, and the *Perſian*;
Let *Mahometan* Fools
Live by heatheniſh Rules,
And dream o'er their Tea-pots, and Coffee;
While the brave *Britons* ſing,
And drink Healths to the King,
And a-fig for their Sultan and Sophy.

SONG CCLXVI. *Whilſt I gaze on Chloe, &c.*

WHilſt I gaze on *Chloe*, trembling,
Straight her Eyes my Fate declare;
When ſhe ſmiles, I fear diſſembling;
When ſhe frowns, I then deſpair.
Jealous of ſome rival Lover,
If a wand'ring Look ſhe give;
Fain I would reſolve to leave her,
But can ſooner ceaſe to live.

Why ſhould I conceal my Paſſion,
Or the Torments I endure;
I will diſcloſe my Inclination,
Awful Diſtance yields no Cure.
Sure it is not in her Nature,
To be cruel to her Slave;
She is too divine a Creature,
To deſtroy what ſhe can ſave.

Happy's he whoſe Inclination
Warms but with a gentle Heat,
Never mounts to raging Paſſion;
Love's a Torment if too great:
When the Storm is once blown over,
Soon the Ocean quiet grows,
But a conſtant, faithful Lover,
Seldom meets with true Repoſe.

SONG CCLXVII. *Three Nymphs contending.*

SEE, ſee, my *Seraphina* comes!
Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace;
Look, Gods, from your celeſtial Dome,
And view her charming Face.

Then ſearch, and ſee, if you can find,
In all your ſacred Groves,
A Nymph, or Goddeſs, ſo divine,
As ſhe whom *Strephon* loves.

SONG CCLXVIII. *I'll range around*, &c.

I'LL range around the ſhady Bowers,
And gather all the ſweeteſt Flowers,
I'll ſtrip the Garden, and the Grove,
To make a Garland for my Love.

When in the ſultry Heat of Day,
My thirſty Nymph doth panting lay,
I'll haſten to a Fountain's Brink,
And drain the Floods but ſhe ſhall drink.

At Night, when ſhe ſhall weary prove,
A graſſy Bed I'll make my Love;
And with green Boughs I'll form a Shade,
That nothing may my Reſt invade.

And whilſt diſſolv'd in Sleep ſhe lies,
Myſelf ſhall never cloſe theſe Eyes;
But gazing ſtill with fond Delight,
I'll watch my Charmer all the Night.

And then, as ſoon as chearful Day,
Diſpels the gloomy Shades away,
Forth to the Foreſt I'll repair,
To find Proviſion for my Fair.

Thus I will ſpend the Day and Night,
Still mixing Pleaſure with Delight;
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can Eaſe for her procure.

But if the Maid whom thus I love,
Should e'er unkind, and faithleſs prove;
I'll ſeek ſome diſmal, diſtant Shore,
And never think of Woman more.

SONG CCLXIX. *The Buſh a' boon Traquair.*

THE Crow or Daw, through all the Year,
No Fowler ſeeks to ruin,
But Birds of Voice, or Feather rare,
He's all Day long purſuing.
Beware, fair Maids, and 'ſcape the Net
That other Beauties fell in;
For ſure at heart was never yet
So great a Wretch as *Helen*.

SONG CCLXX. *Woe's my Heart, that we ſhould ſunder.*

IS *Hamilla* then my own?
O! the dear, the charming Treaſure!
Fortune now in vain ſhall frown;
All my future Life is Pleaſure.

See how rich, with youthful Grace,
Beauty warms her ev'ry Feature;
Smiling Heaven is in her Face,
All is gay, and all is Nature.

See what mingling Charms ariſe,
Roſy Smiles and kindling Bluſhes;
Love ſits laughing in her Eyes,
And betrays her ſecret Wiſhes.

Haſte then from th' *Idalian* Grove,
Infant Smiles, and Sports and Graces:
Spread the downy Couch for Love,
And lull us in your ſweet Embraces.

Softeſt Raptures, pure from Noiſe,
This fair, happy Night ſurround us:
While a thouſand ſprightly Joys
Silent flutter all around us.

Thus

Thus unſour'd with Care, or Strife,
Heaven ſtill guard this deareſt Bleſſing!
While we tread the Path of Life,
Loving ſtill, and ſtill poſſeſſing.

SONG CCLXXI. *Believe my Sighs, my Tears,*

BElieve my Sighs, my Tears, my Dear,
Believe the Heart you've won;
Believe my Vows to you ſincere,
Or, *Moggy*, I'm undone.
You ſay I'm fickle, and apt to change
At ev'ry Face that's new;
But of all the Girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My Heart was but a Lump of Ice,
'Till warm'd by your bright Eyes;
But, ah! it kindled in a trice
A Flame which never dies.
Come, take me, try me, and you'll find,
Though you ſay that I'm not true;
Of all the Girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

SONG CCLXXII. *Come let us prepare.*

THE Sages of old,
In Prophecy told,
The Cauſe of a Nation's undoing;
But our new *Engliſh* Breed
No Prophecies need,
For each one here ſeeks his own Ruin.

With Grumbling and Jars,
We promote Civil Wars,
And preach up falſe Tenets to many;
We ſnarl, and we bite,
We rail, and we fight
For Religion, yet no Man has any.

Then

Then him let's commend,
That's true to his Friend,
And the Church and the Senate would ſettle;
Who delights not in Blood,
But draws when he ſhou'd,
And bravely ſtands brunt to the Battle.

Who rails not at Kings,
Nor politick Things,
Nor Treaſon will ſpeak when he's mellow;
But takes a full Glaſs,
To his Country's Succeſs;
This, this is an honeſt, brave Fellow.

SONG CCLXXIII. *Be gone, old Care.*

BE gone, old Care, I prithee be gone from me;
Be gone, old Care, you and I ſhall never agree:
Long time have you been vexing me,
And fain you would me kill,
But efaith, old Care,
Thou never ſhalt have thy Will.

Too much Care will make a young Man look grey,
And too much Care will turn an old Man to Clay:
Come you ſhall dance, and I will ſing,
So merrily we will play;
For I hold it one of the wiſeſt things,
To drive old Care away.

SONG CCLXXIV. *Hallow Ev'n.*

WHY hangs that Cloud upon thy Brow?
That beauteous Heaven e'er while ſerene?
Whence do theſe Storms and Tempeſts flow,
Or what this Guſt of Paſſion mean?
And muſt Mankind then loſe that Light
Which in thine Eyes was wont to ſhine,
And lie obſcur'd in endleſs Night,
For each poor ſilly Speech of mine?

Dear

Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands,
That could ill Tongues abuſe thy Fame,
Thy Beauty can make large Amends:
Or if I durſt profanely try,
Thy Beauty's pow'rful Charms to upbraid,
Thy Virtue well might give the Lye,
Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.

For *Venus*, ev'ry Heart t' inſnare,
With all her Charms has deckt thy Face;
And *Pallas* with unuſual Care,
Bids Wiſdom heighten every Grace.
Who can the double Pain endure?
Or who muſt not reſign the Field
To thee, celeſtial Maid, ſecure,
With *Cupid*'s Bow, and *Pallas*' Shield?

If then to thee ſuch Power is given,
Let not a Wretch in Torment live,
But ſmile, and learn to copy Heaven,
Since we muſt ſin, e'er it forgive.
Yet pitying Heaven not only does
Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence;
But e'en itſelf, appeas'd, beſtows,
As the Reward of Penitence.

SONG CCLXXV. *Mad Tom.*

IN my triumphant Chariot hurl'd,
I range around the World:
'Tis I mad *Tom* drive all before me,
While to my Royal Throne I come;
Bow down, my Slaves, and adore me,
Your ſovereign Lord, mad *Tom*.

What though the Sceptre that I bear,
Is all but Dream and Air?
I've the Pleaſure of Crowns
Without the Care.

And

And though I give Law
From Beds of Straw.
And dreſt in a tatter'd Robe?
The Madman can be
More a Monarch than he
That commands the vaſſal Globe.

SONG CCLXXVI. *He that will not merry, merry be.*

HE that will not merry, merry be,
With a generous Bowl and a Toaſt,
May he in *Bridewell* be ſhut up,
And faſt bound to a Poſt.
Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry, merry here:
For who can know where we ſhall go,
To be merry another Year?

He that will not merry, merry be,
And take his Glaſs in courſe,
May he b'oblig'd to drink ſmall Beer,
Ne'er a Penny in his Purſe:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a Comp'ny of jolly Boys,
May he be plagu'd with a ſcolding Wife,
To confound him with her Noiſe:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With his Miſtreſs in his Bed;
Let him be buried in the Church-Yard,
And me put in his ſtead:
Let him be merry, &c.

SONG

SONG CCLXXVII. *When the Kine had given a Pail-full.*

THere was a Swain full Fair,
Was tripping it over the Graſs;
And there he ſpy'd, with her Nut-brown Hair,
A pretty, tight Country Laſs:
Fair Damſel, ſays he,
With an Air briſk and free,
Come, let us each other know:
She bluſh'd in his Face,
And reply'd with a Grace,
Pray forbear, Sir; No, no, no, no, &c.

The Lad being bolder grown,
Endeavour'd to ſteal a Kiſs;
She cry'd, Piſh, —— let me alone,
But held up her Noſe for the Bliſs:
And when he begun,
She would never have done,
But unto his Lips ſhe did grow;
Near ſmother'd to Death,
As ſoon as ſhe'd Breath,
She ſtammer'd out, No, no, no, no, &c.

Come, come, ſays he, pretty Maid,
Let's walk to yon private Grove;
Cupid always delights in the cooling Shade,
There I'll read thee a Leſſon of Love:
She mends her Pace,
And haſtes to the Place;
But if her Lecture you'd know,
Let a baſhful young Muſe,
Plead the Maiden's Excuſe,
And anſwer you, No, no, no, no, &c.

SONG CCLXXVIII. *Tho' Dangers alarm me.*

THough Dangers alarm me,
Their Force I'll oppoſe:
'Tis *Cupid* will arm me,
To combat our Foes:
Inſpir'd by my Charmer,
Their Rage I'll defy,
Her Virtue's my Armour,
I'll conquer, or die.

SONG CCLXXIX. *Oh! lead me to ſome,* &c.

OH! lead me to ſome peaceful Room,
Where none but honeſt Fellows come;
Where Wives loud Clappers never ſound,
But an eternal Laugh goes round.——

There let me drown in Wine my Pain,
And never think of Home again:
What Comfort can a Husband have,
To rule the Houſe where he's a Slave?

SONG CCLXXX. *Come, be free, my,* &c.

COME, be free, my lovely Laſſes,
Baniſh dull reſtraining Pride;
Now we're o'er our generous Glaſſes,
Let the Maſk be thrown aſide.
With our Wine ſweet Kiſſes blending,
You its Virtues ſhall improve;
Wine our warm Deſires befriending,
Shall increaſe the Power of Love.

Squeamiſh Prudes may take occaſion,
Whilſt they burn with inward Fire,
To condemn a generous Paſſion,
Which they never could inſpire:
But how curs'd is their Condition,
Whilſt in us they Freedom blame?
Every Night pant for Fruition,
Yet find none to meet their Flame.

SONG

SONG CCLXXXI. *When ſhe came ben ſhe bob'd.*

COme fill me a Bumper, my jolly brave Boys,
Let's have no more female Impert'nence and Noiſe;
For I've try'd the Endearments and Pleaſures of Love,
And I find they're but Nonſenſe and Whimſies, by *Jove*.

When firſt of all *Betty* and I were acquaint,
I whin'd like a Fool, and ſhe ſigh'd like a Saint:
But I found her Religion, her Face, and her Love,
Were Hypocriſy, Paint, and Self-intereſt, by *Jove*.

Sweet *Cecil* came next, with her languiſhing Air,
Her Out-ſide was orderly, modeſt, and fair;
But her Soul was ſophiſticate, ſo was her Love,
For I found ſhe was only a Strumpet, by *Jove*.

Little double-gilt *Jenny's* Gold charm'd me at laſt,
(You know Marriage and Money together does beſt)
But the Baggage forgetting her Vows and her Love,
Gave her Gold to a ſniv'ling, dull Coxcomb, by *Jove*.

Come, fill me a Bumper then, jolly brave Boys,
Here's a Farewel to female Impert'nence and Noiſe;
I know few of the Sex that are worthy my Love,
And for Strumpets and Jilts, I abhor them, by *Jove*.

SONG CCLXXXII. *By Maſon's Art.*

BY Maſons Art th' aſpiring Dome
In various Columns ſhall ariſe;
All Climates are their native Home,
Their godlike Actions reach the Skies.

Heroes and Kings revere their Name,
And Poets ſing their laſting Fame;
Great, Generous, Virtuous, Good and Brave,
Are Titles they moſt juſtly claim.

Their Deeds ſhall live beyond the Grave,
And ev'ry Age their Fame proclaim:
Time ſhall their glorious Acts inroll,
And Love with Friendſhip charm the Soul.

SONG CCLXXXIII. *Let Soldiers fight.*

LET Soldiers fight for Prey or Praiſe,
And Money be the Miſer's Wiſh;
Poor Scholars ſtudy all their Days,
And Gluttons glory in their Diſh:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives ſad Souls,
Therefore fill us the chearing Bowls.

Let Minions marſhal ev'ry Hair,
And in a Lover's Lock delight,
And artificial Colours wear;
Pure Wine is native Red and White:
'Tis Wine, &c.

The backward Spirit it makes brave,
That lively which before was dull;
Opens the Heart that loves to ſave,
And Kindneſs flows from Cups brim-full:
'Tis Wine, &c.

Some Men want Youth, and others Health,
Some want a Wife, and ſome a Punk,
Some Men want Wit, and others Wealth;
But they want nothing that are drunk:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives ſad Souls,
Therefore give us the chearing Bowls.

SONG CCLXXXIV. *Tho' cruel you ſeem to my Pain.*

THough cruel you ſeem to my Pain,
And hate me becauſe I am true;
Yet, *Phillis*, you love a falſe Swain,
Who has other Nymphs in his View.

Enjoy-

Enjoyment's a Trifle to him,
To me what a Heaven 'twould be;
To him but a Woman you ſeem,
But ah! you're an Angel to me!

Thoſe Lips which he touches in haſte,
To them I for ever could grow,
Still clinging around that dear Waiſt,
Which he ſpans as beſide him you go.
That Arm, like a Lilly ſo white,
Which over his Shoulders you lay,
My Boſom could warm it all Night,
My Lips they could preſs it all Day.

Were I like a Monarch to reign,
Were Graces my Subjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the Plain,
To dwell in a Cottage with thee.
But if I muſt feel your Diſdain,
If Tears cannot Cruelty drown,
Oh! let me not live in this Pain,
But give me my Death in a Frown.

SONG CCLXXXV. *I wiſh my Love were in a Mire.*

O Lovely Maid! how dear's thy Pow'r?
At once I love, at once adore:
With Wonder are my Thoughts poſſeſt,
While ſofteſt Love inſpires my Breaſt.
This tender Look, theſe Eyes of mine,
Confeſs their am'rous Maſter thine;
Theſe Eyes with *Strephon*'s Paſſion play,
Firſt make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming Victor, I am thine,
Poor as it is, this Heart of mine,
Was never in another's Power,
Was never pierc'd by Love before.
In thee I've treaſur'd up my Joy,
Thou canſt give Bliſs, or Bliſs deſtroy:

And thus I've bound myſelf to love,
While Bliſs or Miſery can move.

Oh! ſhould I ne'er poſſeſs thy Charms,
Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms;
Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
But like ſome diſcontented Shade,
That wanders where its Body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam with hollow Glare,
For ever exil'd from my Fair.

SONG CCLXXXVI. *The fourteenth of October.*

YE Gods! was *Strephon*'s Picture bleſt
With the fair Heaven of *Chloe*'s Breaſt?
Move ſofter, thou fond fluttʼring Heart,
Oh! gently throb,——too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brighteſt of thy kind,
For *Strephon* was the Bliſs deſignʼd?
For *Strephon*'s ſake, dear charming Maid,
Didſt thou prefer his wandʼring Shade?

And thou, bleſt Shade, that ſweetly art
Lodged ſo near my *Chloe*'s Heart,
For me the tender Hour improve,
And ſoftly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it ſcorns to hear
Its wretched Maſter's ardent Prayer,
Ingroſſing all that beauteous Heaven,
That *Chloe*, laviſh Maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I Lord
Of all the Wealth thoſe Breaſts afford,
I'd be a Miſer too, nor give
An Alms to keep a God alive.
Oh ſmile not thus, my lovely Fair,
On theſe cold Looks, that lifeleſs Air,
Prize him whoſe Boſom glows with Fire,
With eager Love, and ſoft Deſire.

'Tis

'Tis true, thy Charms, O powerful Maid,
To Life can bring the ſilent Shade;
Thou can'ſt ſurpaſs the Painter's Art,
And real Warmth and Flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then, Charmer, grant my fond Requeſt,
Say thou can'ſt love, and make me bleſt.

SONG CCLXXXVII. *Love is the Cauſe of my mourning.*

BY a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdleſs lay,
Be ſo kind, O ye Nymphs, I oft-times heard her ſay,
Tell *Strephon* I die, if he paſſes this Way,
And that Love is the Cauſe of my mourning.
Falſe Shepherds, that tell me of Beauty and Charms,
You deceive me, for *Strephon's* cold Heart never warms;
Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his Arms:
Oh Strephon! *the Cauſe of my mourning.*
But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go,
Down to the Shades below,
E'er ye let *Strephon* know
That I have lov'd him ſo:
Then on my pale Cheek no Bluſhes will ſhow,
That Love was the Cauſe of my mourning.

Her Eyes were ſcarce cloſed when *Strephon* came by,
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping, and ſoftly drew nigh;
But finding her breathleſs, O Heavens! did he cry,
Ah, Chloris! *the Cauſe of mourning!*
Reſtore me thy *Chloris*, ye Nymphs uſe your Art,
They ſighing, reply'd, 'twas yourſelf ſhot the Dart
That wounded the tender, young Shepherdeſs' Heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris *with mourning.*
Ah! then is *Chloris* dead,
Wounded by me! he ſaid,
I'll follow thee, chaſte Maid,
Down to the ſilent Shade.
Then on her cold ſnowy Breaſt leaning his Head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon *with mourning.*

SONG CCLXXXVIII. *Of all the Girls that are ſo ſmart.*

LOOK where my dear *Hamilla* ſmiles,
Hamilla! Heavenly Charmer!
See, how with all their Arts and Wiles,
The Loves and Graces arm her!
A Bluſh dwells glowing on her Cheeks,
Fair Seats of youthful Pleaſures!
There Love in ſmiling Language ſpeaks,
There ſpreads his roſy Treaſures.
O faireſt Maid! I own thy Power,
I gaze, I ſigh, and languiſh;
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my Anguiſh.
But eaſe, O Charmer, eaſe my Care,
And let my Torments move thee;
As thou art faireſt of the Fair,
So I the deareſt love thee.

SONG CCLXXXIX. *We all to conquering Beauty bow.*

WE all to conquering Beauty bow,
Its pleaſing Powers admire;
But I ne'er ſaw that Face 'till now,
That could like yours inſpire.
Now I may ſay, I've met with one
Amazes all Mankind;
And like Men gazing on the Sun,
With too much Light ſtruck blind.
Soft as the tender, moving Sighs,
When longing Lovers meet;
Like the divining Prophets, wiſe;
And like blown Roſes, ſweet:
Modeſt, yet gay; reſerv'd yet free;
Each happy Night a Bride;
A Mien like awful Majeſty,
And yet no Spark of Pride.

The Patriarch to gain a Wife,
Chaſte, beautiful, and young,
Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
And never thought it long.
Ah! were you to reward ſuch Cares,
And Life ſo long could ſtay,
Not fourteen, but four Hundred Years,
Would ſeem but as one Day.

SONG CCXC. *On a Bank beſide*, &c.

ON a Bank beſide a Willow,
Heav'n her Covering, Earth her Pillow,
Sad *Aminta* ſigh'd alone.
From the chearleſs Dawn of Morning,
'Till the Dews of Night returning,
Singing, thus ſhe made her Moan:
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon, my belov'd is gone.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a Youth, and ſuch a Lover:
Oh! ſo true, ſo kind was he!
Damon was the Pride of Nature,
Charming in his ev'ry Feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me:
Melting Kiſſes,
Murm'ring Bliſſes,
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we?

Never ſhall we curſe the Morning,
Never bleſs the Night returning,
Sweet Embraces to reſtore;
Never ſhall we both lye dying,
Nature failing, Love ſupplying
All the Joys he drain'd before:
To befriend me,
Death, come end me,
Love and *Damon* are no more.

SONG CCXCI. *Anſwer to Collin's Complaint.*

YE Winds, to whom *Collin* complain
In Ditties ſo ſad, and ſo ſweet,
Believe me, the Shepherd but feigns,
He's wretched, to ſhew he has Wit.
No Charmer like *Collin* can move,
And this is ſome pretty new Art:
Ah! *Collin*'s a Juggler in Love,
And likes to play Tricks with my Heart.

When he will, he can ſigh and look pale,
Seem doleful, and alter his Face,
Can tremble, and breathe out his Tale,
Ah! *Collin* has every Pace.
The Willow my Rover prefers
To the Breaſts where he once begg'd to lye;
And the Streams that he ſwells with his Tears,
Are Rivals belov'd more than I.

His Head my fond Boſom would bear,
And my Heart would ſoon bear him to reſt;
Let the Swain that is ſlighted deſpair,
But *Collin* is only in jeſt.
No Death the Deceiver deſigns,
Let the Maid that is ruin'd deſpair,
For *Collin* but dies in his Lines,
And gives himſelf that modiſh Air.

Can Shepherds, bred far from the Court,
So wittily talk of their Flame?
But *Collin* makes Paſſion his Sport,
Beware of ſo fatal a Game.
My Voice of no Muſick can boaſt,
Nor my Perſon of aught that is fine;
But *Collin* may find to his Coſt,
A Face that is fairer than mine.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd Crook,
To thee I'll bequeath all my Sheep;
And die in the much favour'd Brook,
Where thou but pretendeſt to weep.

Then

Then mourn the ſad Fate that you gave,
In Sonnets ſo ſmooth and divine;
Perhaps I may riſe from my Grave,
To hear ſuch ſoft Muſick as thine.

Of the Violet, Daiſy, and Roſe,
The Heart's-Eaſe, the Lilly, and Pink,
Let thy Fingers a Garland compoſe,
And crown'd by the Rivulet's Brink,
How oft, my dear Swain, did I ſwear,
How much my fond Soul did admire,
Thy Verſes, thy Shape, and thy Air,
Tho' deck'd in thy rural Attire.

Your Sheep-hook you rul'd with ſuch Art,
That all your ſmall Subjects obey'd;
And ſtill you reign'd King of his Heart,
Whoſe Paſſion you falſely upbraid.
How often, my Swain, have I ſaid,
That thy Arms were a Palace to me;
And how well I could live in a Shade,
Tho' adorn'd with nothing but thee?

Oh what are the Sparks of the Town,
Tho' never ſo fine, and ſo gay?
I freely would leave Beds of Down,
For thy Breaſt, and a Bed of new Hay.
Then, *Collin*, return once again,
Again make me happy in Love;
Let me find thee a faithful, true Swain,
And as conſtant a Nymph I will prove.

SONG CCXCII. *Laſt time I came o'er the Moor.*

YE blytheſt Lads, and Laſſes gay,
Hear what my Sang diſcloſes;
As I one Morning ſleeping lay,
Upon a Bank of Roſes,

Young *Jamie* whiſking o'er the Mead,
By good Luck chanc'd to ſpy me;
He took his Bonnet aff his Head,
And ſaftly ſet down by me.

Jamie, though I right meikle priz'd,
Yet now I wadna ken him;
But with a Frown my Face diſguis'd,
And ſtrave away to ſend him:
But fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
And by my Side down lying,
His beating Heart thumped ſae faſt,
I thought the Lad was dying.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
And angry Paſſion feigning;
I aften roughly ſhot him by,
With Words full of diſdaining.
Poor *Jamie* bawk'd, nae Favour wins,
Went aff much diſcontented;
But I in Truth for a' my Sins,
Ne'er haf ſae fair repented.

SONG CCXCIII. *Jockey and Jenny.*

JOckey and *Jenny* together were laid,
Jockey was happy and ſo was the Maid;
He often did ſigh, and cry, *Jenny*, with thee,
My Life, though in Bondage, would ſeem to be free.
Jenny, who greatly for *Jockey* did burn,
Would Sigh to his Sigh, and kind Language return:
There's no Pair ſo happy ſo much of one Mind,
As *Jockey* to *Jenny*, ſo *Jenny*'s inclin'd.

Content with each other, in humble Retreat,
They court not new Beauties, nor envy the Great;
He'll not quit his Nymph, nor the Nymph quit her Swain,
For Pleaſures yet thought of, or Riches to gain.
Come all you gay Courtiers, who Greatneſs admire,
And ſhine in gilt Coaches with pompous Attire,
Regard the true Pleaſure this Couple enjoy,
For Pleaſures with *Jockey* and *Jenny* ne'er cloy.

While

While you quit your *Silvia* for *Chloe's* bright Eyes,
Aminta purſue, you fair *Chloe* deſpiſe;
When one Nymph's undone, you another undo,
And rambling, the Fair does the ſame Thing by you:
'Till Nature grows weary, decrepit, and poor,
Not aged, but quite has exhauſted her Store:
'Tis *Jockey* and *Jenny* enjoy the true Taſte;
Be conſtant, like them, and your Pleaſures will laſt.

SONG CCXCIV. *Happy Clown.*

HOW happy is the rural Clown,
Who far remov'd from Noiſe of Town,
Contemns the Glory of a Crown,
And in his ſafe Retreat,
Is pleaſed with his low Degree,
Is rich in decent Poverty,
From Strife, from Care, from Buſ'neſs free,
At once both good and great?

No Drums diſturb his Morning Sleep,
He fears no Danger of the Deep,
Nor noiſy Law, nor Courts ne'er heap
Vexation on his Mind:
No Trumpets rouze him to the War,
No Hopes can bribe, no Threats can dare;
From State Intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like thoſe in golden Ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His ſmall paternal Fields of Corn,
And on their Product feeds:
Each Seaſon of the wheeling Year,
Induſtrious he improves with Care:
And ſtill ſome ripened Fruits appear:
So well his Toil ſucceeds.

Now by a ſilver Stream he lyes,
And angles with his Baits and Flies,
And next the Sylvan Scene he tries,

His Spirits to regale:
Now from the Rock or Height he views
His fleecy Flock, or teeming Cows,
Then tunes his Reed, or tries his Muſe,
Then waits his honeſt Call.

Amidſt his harmleſs, eaſy Joys,
No Care his Peace of Mind deſtroys,
Nor does he paſs his Time in Toys
Beneath his juſt Regard:
He's fond to feel the Zephyr's Breeze,
To plant and cut his tender Trees:
And for attending well his Bees,
Enjoys the ſweet Reward.

The flow'ry Meads, and ſilent Coves,
The Scenes of faithful, rural Loves,
And warbling Birds on blooming Groves,
Afford a wiſh'd Delight:
But oh! how pleaſant is this Life?
Bleſt with a chaſte and virtuous Wife,
And Children prattling, void of Strife,
Around his Fire at Night?

SONG CCXCV. *As Amoret with Phillis ſat.*

AS *Amoret* and *Phillis* ſat
One Ev'ning on the Plain,
And ſaw the charming *Strephon* wait,
To tell the Nymph his Pain;
The threat'ning Danger to remove,
He whiſper'd in her Ear,
Ah! *Phillis!* if you would not love
This Shepherd, do not hear.

None ever had ſo ſtrange Art,
His Paſſion to convey,
Into a liſt'ning Virgin's Heart,
And ſteal her Soul away.

Fly,

Fly, fly, betimes, for fear you give
Occaſion for your Fate.
In vain, ſaid ſhe, in vain I ſtrive,
Alas! 'tis now too late.

SONG CCXCVI. *Amongſt the Willows*, &c.

AMongſt the Willows on the Graſs,
Where Nymphs and Shepherds lye,
Young *Willy* courted bonny *Beſs*,
And *Nell* ſtood liſt'ning by;
Says *Will* we will not tarry
Two Months before we marry.
No, no, fie, no, never, never tell me ſo,
For a Maid I'll live and die.
Says *Nell*, *ſo ſhall not I*,
Says *Nell*, *&c.*

Long Time betwixt Hope and Deſpair,
And Kiſſes mixt between,
He with a Song did charm her Ear,
Thinking ſhe chang'd had been:
Says *Will*, I want a Bleſſing,
Subſtantialler than Kiſſing.
No, no, fie, no, never, never tell me ſo,
For I will never change my Mind.
Says Nell, *ſhe'll prove more kind*,
Says Nell, *&c.*

Smarting Pain the Virgin finds,
Although by Nature taught,
When ſhe firſt to Man inclines:
Quoth Nell, *I'll venture that.*
Oh! who would loſe a Treaſure,
For ſuch a puny Pleaſure!
Not I, not I, no, a Maid I'll live and die,
And to my Vow be true,
Quoth Nell, *the more Fool* you,
Quoth Nell, *&c.*

To my Cloſet I'll repair
And read on Godly Books,
Forget vain Love, and Worldly Care.
Quoth Nell *that likely looks!*
You Men are all perfidious,
But I will be religious;
Try all, fly all, and while I breathe defy all;
Your Sex I now deſpiſe.
Says Nell, *by Jove ſhe lyes,*
Says Nell, *&c.*

SONG CCXCVII. *As Celia near a Fountain.*

AS *Silvia* in a Foreſt lay,
To vent her Woes alone,
Her Swain *Philander* paſs'd that Way,
And heard her dying Moan.

Ah! is my Love, ſaid ſhe, to you,
So worthleſs and ſo vain?
Why is your uſual Fondneſs now
Converted to Diſdain?

You vow'd, the Day ſhould Darkneſs turn,
E'er you'd forſake your Love;
In Shades now may Creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.

Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry Oath you ſwore?
But ah! it ſeems they moſt deceive,
Who moſt our Charms adore.

'Tis plain, your Aim was all Deceit
The Practice of Mankind:
Alas! I ſee it, —— but too late,
My Love before was blind.

What Crime, *Silvander*, have I done,
For Cruelty ſo great?
Yes, —— for your Sake neglected one,
And hugg'd you into Hate.

For

For you, delighted I could die,
But oh! with Grief I'm fill'd,
To think that fooliſh, conſtant I,
Should by yourſelf be kill'd.

But what avail my ſad Complaints,
While you my Cauſe neglect?
My Wailing inward Sorrow vents,
Without the wiſh'd Effect.

This ſaid, — all breathleſs, ſick, and pale,
Her Head upon her Hand,
She found her vital Spirits fail,
And Senſes at a ſtand.

Silvander now begins to melt;
But, e'er the Word was ſpoke,
The heavy Hand of Death ſhe felt,
And her poor Heart was broke.

SONG CCXCVIII. *The Broom of Cowden-knows.*

SUbjected to the Power of Love,
By *Nell's* reſiſtleſs Charms:
The Fancy fix'd, no more can rove,
Or fly Love's ſoft Alarms.

Gay *Damon* had the Skill to ſhun
All Traps by *Cupid* laid,
Until his Freedom was undone,
By *Nell* the conquering Maid.

But who can ſtand the Force of Love,
When ſhe reſolves to kill?
Her ſparkling Eye Love's Arrows prove,
And wound us with our Will.

Oh! happy *Damon!* happy Fair!
What *Cupid* has begun,
May faithful *Hymen* take a Care
To ſee it fairly done.

SONG

SONG CCXCIX. *De'el take the Wars.*

BEhold, I fly on Wings of ſoft Deſire,
Whilſt gentle Zephyrs waft me on;
Eager as when a Bridegroom all on fire,
Longs for the Company to be gone:
She bluſhing, flies the Pleaſure,
He ruſhing, graſps his Treaſure,
'Till with mutual Tenderneſs each other they warm:
Since *Phebe*'s my Guide,
And Love does preſide,
Each Monarch, tho' great,
Would envy my State;
For ſhe, ſhe alone has the Power to charm.

SONG CCC. *Thro' the Wood, Laddie.*

AS early I walk'd on the firſt of ſweet *May*,
Beneath a ſteep Mountain,
Beſide a clear Fountain,
I heard a grave Lute ſoft Melody play;
Whilſt the Echo reſounded the dolorous Lay.

I liſten'd, and look'd, and ſpy'd a young Swain,
With Aſpect diſtreſſed,
And Spirits oppreſſed,
Seem clearing afreſh, like the Sky after Rain,
And thus he diſcover'd how he ſtrove with his Pain.

Tho' *Eliza* be coy, why ſhould I repine,
That a Maid much above me
Vouchſafes not to love me:
In her high Sphere of Worth I never could ſhine;
Then why ſhould I ſeek to debaſe her to mine?

No; henceforth Eſteem ſhall govern my Deſire,
And in due Subjection,
Retain warm Affection,
To ſhew that Self-love inflames not my Fire,
And that no other Swain can more humbly admire.

When

When Paſſion ſhall ceaſe to rage in my Breaſt,
Then Quiet returning,
Shall huſh my ſad Mourning;
And, Lord of myſelf, in abſolute Reſt,
I'll hug the Condition which Heaven ſhall think beſt.

Thus Friendſhip unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,
May ſtill be reſpected,
Tho' Love is rejected:
Eliſa ſhall own, tho' to Love not inclin'd,
That ſhe ne'er had a Friend like her Lover reſign'd.

May the fortunate Youth, who hereafter ſhall woo,
With proſp'rous Endeavour,
And gain her dear Favour,
Know as well as I, what t'*Eliſa* is due,
Be much more deſerving, but never leſs true.

Whilſt I, diſengag'd from all amorous Cares,
Sweet Liberty taſting,
On calmeſt Peace feaſting,
Employing my Reaſon to dry up my Tears,
In Hopes of Heaven's Bliſſes I'll ſpend my few Years.

Ye Powers that preſide o'er virtuous Love,
Come aid me with Patience,
To bear my Vexations;
With equal Deſires my flutt'ring Heart move,
With Sentiments pureſt my Notions improve.

If Love in his Fetters e'er catch me again,
May Courage protect me,
And Prudence direct me:
Prepar'd for all Fates, rememb'ring the Swain,
Who grew happily wiſe, after loving in vain.

SONG CCCI. *Logan Water.*

TELL me, *Hamilla*, tell me why
Thou doſt from him that loves thee run;
Why from his ſoft Embraces fly,
And all his kind Endearments ſhun?

So

So flies the Fawn, with Fears oppreſt,
Seeking its Mother ev'ry where;
It ſtarts at ev'ry empty Blaſt,
And trembles when no Danger's near.
And yet I keep thee but in view,
To gaze the Glories of thy Face,
Not with a hateful Step purſue,
As Age, to riſle ev'ry Grace.
Ceaſe then, dear Wildneſs, ceaſe to toy,
But haſte all Rivals to outſhine;
Now grow mature, and ripe for Joy,
Leave Mamma's Arms, and fly to mine.

SONG CCCII. *Hap me with thy Petticoat.*

O *Bell!* thy Looks have kill'd my Heart,
I paſs the Day in Pain;
When Night returns, I feel the Smart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.
I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm;
Have Pity, and incline,
And grant me for a Hap that charming Petticoat of thine.
My raviſh'd Fancy in amaze,
Still wanders o'er thy Charms;
Deluſive Dreams ten thouſand Ways,
Preſent thee to my Arms.
But waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline,
Thoſe Pleaſures, which can only cure
This panting Breaſt of mine.
I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt Reward that's due to Love,
And let true Paſſion die.
Oh! turn, and let Compaſſion ſeize
That lovely Breaſt of thine;
Thy Petticoat would give me Eaſe,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure

Sure Heaven has fitted for Delight,
That beauteous Form of thine;
And thou art too good its Law to ſlight,
By hindering the Deſign.
May all the Powers of Love agree,
At length to make thee mine;
Or looſe my Chains, and ſet me free,
From ev'ry Charm of thine.

SONG CCCIII. *Vain Belinda.*

POOR *Damon*, full of am'rous Smart,
To *Sylvia* open'd all his Heart;
Whilſt ſhe repaid his tender Awe,
With forc'd Neglect, and ha, ha, ha,
With forc'd, *&c.*

Provok'd by her inſulting Scorn,
He lets her languiſh in her turn:
'Till ſhe's reduc'd to ſuch a Paſs,
Her Note is chang'd into, Alas!
Her Note, *&c.*

Young Maids take Warning by her Fate,
Nor keep your Kindneſs 'till too late;
To Love, and Honour, and Obey,
Be wiſe, and anſwer, Ay, ay, ay,
Be wiſe, *&c.*

Should Cuſtom make us falſe to Truth,
Belye our Hearts, perplex the Youth,
And uſe a Lover like a Foe?
No, ſurely, in my Conſcience, no,
No, ſurely, in my Conſcience, no.

SONG CCCIV. *All in the Downs, &c.*

WHEN Beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The Muſe can no more ceaſe to ſing,
Than can the Lark with riſing Light,
Her Notes neglect with drooping Wing.

The Morning ſhines, harmonious Birds mount high;
The dawning Beauty ſmiles, and Poets fly.

Young *Annie*'s budding Graces claim
The inſpir'd Thought, and ſofteſt Lays,
And kindle in the Breaſt a Flame,
Which muſt be vented in her Praiſe.
Tell us, ye gentle Shepherds, have you ſeen,
E'er one ſo like an Angel tread the Green.

Ye Youth, be watchful of your Hearts,
When ſhe appears, take the Alarm:
Love on her Beauty points his Darts,
And wings an Arrow from each Charm.
Around her Eyes and Smiles the Graces ſport,
And to her ſnowy Neck and Breaſt reſort.

But vain muſt every Caution prove,
When ſuch inchanting Sweetneſs ſhines;
The wounded Swain muſt yield to Love,
And wonder, though he hopeleſs pines.
Such Flames the foppiſh Butterfly ſhould ſhun;
The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.

She's as the opening Lilly fair,
Her lovely Features are compleat;
Whilſt Heaven indulgent makes her ſhare,
With Angels all that's wiſe and ſweet.
Theſe Virtues which divinely deck her Mind,
Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether ſhe love the rural Scenes,
Or ſparkle in the airy Town,
O! happy he her Favour gains!
Unhappy, if ſhe on him frown!
The Muſe unwilling quits the lovely Theme,
Adieu, ſhe ſings, and thrice repeats her Name.

SONG CCCV. *A lovely Laſs to a Fryar came.*

HOW do they err who throw their Love,
On Fate or Fortune wholly,
Whom only Rants and Flights can move,
And Rapture join'd with Folly?
For how can Pleaſure ſolid be,
Where Thought is out of Seaſon?
Do I love you, or you love me,
My Dear, without a Reaſon?

Our Senſe then rightly we'll employ,
No Paradiſe expecting;
Yet envying none the trifling Joy,
That will not bear reflecting;
For Wiſdom's Power, ſince after all,
E'en Life is paſt the curing,
Softens the worſt that can befal,
And makes the beſt enduring.

SONG CCCVI. *As Celia near a Fountain lay.*

EXcuſe me, *Celia*, if I dare,
Your Conduct diſapprove,
The Gods have made you wond'rous fair,
Not to diſdain, but love.

Thoſe nice, pernicious Forms deſpiſe,
That cheat you of your Bliſs,
Let Love inſtruct you to be wiſe,
While Youth and Beauty is.

Whene'er thoſe Charms ſhall once decay,
And Lovers diſappear,
Deſpair and Envy will repay
Your being now ſevere.

Song CCCVII. *There liv'd long ago.*

THere liv'd long ago in a Country Place,
A clever young Lad that lov'd a young Laſs;
She lov'd him again, and (O! wonder to hear!)
No Offers could move her, ſhe lov'd him ſo dear.

The Lord of the Village took it into his Head,
To tempt her to leave him and come to his Bed:
He offer'd her Jewels, and Baubles, and Rings,
But ſhe ſlighted his Love, and refus'd his gay Things.

He told her, He'd make her as fine as a Queen,
Her Gown ſhould be Silk, and her Cap Colberteen.
But ſhe ſaid Linſey-woolſey and Bone-lace would ſerve,
And rather than pleaſe him ſhe'd venture to ſtarve.

He told her, He'd give her a Pad to ride out,
Or a Coach, if ſhe lik'd it, to viſit about.
She thank'd him, but ſaid, ſhe could very well walk,
And ſhould ſhe have a Coach, how the Neighbours would take!

He ſaid, for the Neighbours, he'd make it his Care,
That none, e'en the Parſon on Sundays, ſhould dare
To find Fault with her Conduct, or offer to blame,
Her Manner of Living, or blaſt her good Name.

She told him, In ſhort, he muſt e'en be content,
For Jewels or Gold ſhould ne'er bribe her Conſent:
Her Heart was another's, and ſo ſhould remain,
And ſhe ſcorn'd to be falſe for the Lucre of Gain.

Song CCCVIII. *Katharine Ogie.*

AS I went forth to view the Spring,
Which *Flora* had adorned
In Raiment fair; now every thing
The Rage of Winter ſcorned:
I caſt my Eye, and did eſpy
A Youth, who made great Clamour,
And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
Ah! *Omnia vincit Amor.*

Upon

Upon his Breaſt he lay along,
Hard by a murm'ring River,
And mournfully his doleful Song,
With Sighs he did deliver:
Ah! *Jenny*'s Face and comely Grace,
Her Locks that ſhin'd like Lammer,
With burning Rays have cut my Days,
For *omnia vincit Amor*.

Her glancy Een like Comets ſheen,
The Morning-Sun out-ſhining,
Have caught my Heart in *Cupid*'s Net,
And make me die with pining:
Durſt I complain! Nature's to blame,
So ſeriouſly to frame her,
Whoſe Beauties rare, make me with Care,
Cry *omnia vincit Amor*.

Ye cryſtal Streams that ſwiftly glide,
Be Partners of my mourning;
Ye fragrant Fields, and Meadows wide,
Condemn her for her ſcorning.
Let every Tree a Witneſs be,
How juſtly I may blame her;
Ye chanting Birds, note theſe my Words,
Ah! *omnia vincit Amor*.

Had ſhe been kind as ſhe was fair,
She long had been admir'd,
And been ador'd for Virtues rare,
Wh' of Life now makes me tir'd.
Thus ſaid, his Breath began to fail,
He could not ſpeak but ſtammer;
He ſigh'd full ſore, and ſaid no more,
But, *omnia vincit Amor*.

When I obſerv'd him near to Death,
I ran in haſte to ſave him,
But quickly he reſign'd his Breath,
So deep the Wound Love gave him.

Now for her ſake this Vow I'll make,
My Tongue ſhall ay defame her;
While on his Herſe I'll write this Verſe,
Ah! *Omnia vincit Amor.*

Straight I conſider'd in my Mind,
Upon the Matter rightly,
And found, though *Cupid* he be blind,
He proves in pith moſt mighty.
For warlike *Mars*, and thund'ring *Jove*,
And *Vulcan* with his Hammer,
Did ever prove the Slaves to Love,
For *Omnia vincit Amor.*

Hence we may ſee the Effects of Love,
Which Gods and Men keep under;
That nothing can his Bonds remove,
Or Torments break aſunder:
Nor Wiſe, nor Fool, need go to School,
To learn this from his Grammar,
His Heart's the Book where he's to look
For *Omnia vincit Amor.*

SONG CCCIX. *Myrtillo.*

ON a graſſy Pillow,
The youthful *Myrtillo*,
Tranſported was laid;
In his Arms a Creature,
Whoſe every Feature,
For Conqueſt was made;
To his Side he claſp'd her,
And fondly graſp'd her,
While ſhe cry'd, O dear,
O dear *Myrtillo*,
Had I known your Will-o,
I'd never come here.

Streams gently flowing,
And Zephyrs blowing,

Ambro-

Ambroſial Breeze,
A Swain admiring,
And all conſpiring,
The Charmer to pleaſe:
The dear Nymph complying,
No more denying,
A ſilent Grove,
O bleſt *Myrtillo!*
You may if you will-o,
Be as happy as *Jove.*

Now, the Devil's in it,
If ſuch a Minute,
The Shepherd could loſe:
No, no, *Myrtillo*
Has better Skill-o,
His Moments to chuſe.
The delightful Treaſure,
Of Love and Pleaſure,
He boldly ſeiz'd;
And like *Myrtillo,*
He had his Fill-o,
Of what he pleas'd.

SONG CCCX. *My Apron, Dreary.*

AH! *Chloe,* thou Treaſure, thou Joy of my Breaſt!
Since I parted from thee, I'm a Stranger to Reſt;
I fly to the Grove, there to languiſh and mourn,
There ſigh for my Charmer, and long to return.
The Fields all around me are ſmiling and gay,
But they ſmile all in vain——my *Chloe*'s away:
The Field and the Grove can afford me no Eaſe——
But bring me my *Chloe,* a Deſart will pleaſe.

No Virgin I ſee that my Boſom alarms,
I'm cold to the faireſt, tho' glowing with Charms;
In vain they attack me, and ſparkle the Eye,
Theſe are not the Looks of my *Chloe,* I cry.

Theſe Looks where bright Love like the Sun ſits enthron'd,
And, ſmiling, diffuſes his Influence round;
'Twas thus I firſt view'd thee, my Charmer, amaz'd,
Thus gaz'd thee with Wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear Fair-one was ſtill in my Sight,
It was Pleaſure all Day, it was Rapture all Night:
But, now by hard Fortune remov'd from my Fair,
In ſecret to languiſh, a Prey to Deſpair.
But Abſence and Torment abate not my Flame,
My *Chloe*'s ſtill charming, my Paſſion the ſame;
O! would ſhe preſerve me a Place in her Breaſt,
Then Abſence would pleaſe me, for I would be bleſt.

SONG CCCXI. *How happy's the Man.*

HOW happy's the Man, that like you, Sir,
His pretty, dear Perſon admires?
Who, when with the Fair it won't do, Sir,
Content, to his Idol retires.
He turns to his Glaſs,
Where, in his ſweet Face,
Such raviſhing Beauties diſcloſe;
His Heart on fire,
Is ſure his Deſire
No Rival will ever oppoſe.

But when to a Nymph a Pretender,
Poor Mortal he ſplits on a Shelf!
How little a thing will defend her
From one that makes Love to himſelf!
While nice in Dreſs,
And ſure of Succeſs,
He thinks ſhe can never get free:
With ſmiling Eyes,
She rallies and flies,
And laughs at his Merit, like me.

SONG CCCXII. *Come, let us prepare.*

TO Friend, and to Foe,
And to all that I know,
That to Marriage-State do prepare;
Remember your Days,
In their ſeveral Ways,
Are Trouble, with Sorrow and Care.

For he that doth look
In the marry'd Man's Book,
And reads but the *Items* all over,
Shall find them to come
At length to a Sum,
Shall empty Purſe, Pocket, and Coffer.

In the Paſtimes of Love,
When their Labour doth prove,
And the Kinchin beginneth to kick;
For this, and for that,
And I know not for what,
The Woman muſt have or be ſick.

There's *Item* ſet down,
For a looſe-bodied Gown,
In her longing you muſt not deceive her:
For a Bodkin, a Ring,
And the other fine thing,
For a Cornet and Lace to be braver.

Deliver'd, and well,
Who is it can tell
But while the Child lies at the Nipple,
There's *Item* for Wine,
'Mongſt Goſſips ſo fine,
And Sugar to ſweeten their Tipple.

There's *Item*, I hope,
For Starch, and for Soap,
There's *Item* for Fire, and Candle;
For better, for worſe,
There's *Item* for Nurſe,
The Baby to dreſs, and to dandle.

When ſwaddled in Lap,
There's *Item* for Pap,
And *Item* for Pot, Pan, and Ladle;
A Coral with Bells,
Which Cuſtom compels,
And *Item*, a Crown for a Cradle.

With twenty odd Knacks,
Which the Little-one lacks;
And thus doth thy Pleaſure betray thee:
Yet this is the Sport,
In Country and Court,
Then let not the Charges diſmay thee.

SONG CCCXIII. *I lov'd a bonny Lady.*

TELL me, tell me, charming Creature,
Will you never eaſe my Pain?
Muſt I die for every Feature?
Muſt I always love in vain?
The Deſire of Admiration,
Is the Pleaſure you purſue:
Pray thee, try a laſting Paſſion,
Such a Love as mine for you.

Tears and Sighing could not move you,
For a Lover ought to dare:
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you ſaid I went too far.
Are ſuch giddy Ways beſeeming?
Will my Dear be fickle ſtill?
Conqueſt is the Joy of Women,
Let their Slaves be what they will.

Your Neglect with Torments fill me,
And my deſp'rate Thoughts increaſe;
Pray conſider, if you kill me,
You will have a Lover leſs.
If your wand'ring Heart is beating
For new Lovers, let it be:
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a Day and fix on me.

SONG CCCXIV. *In vain, fond Youth,* &c.

IN vain, fond Youth, thy Tears give o'er;
What more, alas! can *Flavia* do?
Thy Truth I own, thy Fate deplore:
All are not happy that are true.

Suppreſs thoſe Sighs, and weep no more;
Should Heaven and Earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain, ſince any Power,
To crown thy Love muſt alter mine.

But if Revenge can eaſe thy Pain,
I'll ſooth the Ills I cannot cure,
Till that I drag a hopeleſs Chain,
And all that I inflict, endure.

SONG CCCXV. *Molly Mog.*

SAys my Uncle, I pray now diſcover,
What has been the Cauſe of your Woes,
That you pine, and you whine, like a Lover?
I've ſeen *Molly Mog* of the *Roſe!*

O Nephew! your Grief is but Folly!
In Town you may find better Prog,
Half a Crown there will get you a *Molly*,
A *Molly* much better than *Mog*.

The School-boys delight in a Play-day,
The School-maſter's Joy is to flog;
A Fop is the Delight of a Lady,
But mine is in ſweet *Molly Mog*.

Will o' Whiſp leads the Traveller a gadding
Through Ditch, and through Quagmire, and Bog:
But no Light can e'er ſet me a madding,
But the Eyes of my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

For Guineas in other Men's Breeches,
Your Gameſter's will pawn and will cog,
But I envy them none of their Riches,
So I paum my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

The Heart that's half-wounded is ranging,
It here and there leaps like a Frog:
But my Heart can never be changing,
'Tis ſo fix'd on my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

I know what by Wits 'tis recited,
That Women, at beſt, are a Clog,
But I'm not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

A Letter when I am inditing,
Comes *Cupid*, and gives me a Jog,
And I fill all my Paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet *Molly Mog*.

I feel I'm in Love to Diſtraction,
My Senſes are loſt in a Fog;
And in nothing can find Satisfaction,
But in Thoughts of my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wiſh I were hang'd like a Dog,
And at Court all the Drawing-Room Faces;
For a Glance at my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

For thoſe Faces want Nature and Spirit,
And ſeem as cut out of a Log:
Juno, *Venus*, and *Pallas*'s Merit,
Unite in my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
And writing another Eclogue,
Both his *Phillis*, and ſweet *Amaryllis*,
He'd give for my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

When *Molly* comes up with the Liquor,
Then Jealouſy ſets me agog:
To be ſure ſhe's a Bit for the *Vicar*,
And ſo I ſhall loſe *Molly Mog*.

When to Women you make your Addreſs, Sir,
Remember the old Decalogue;
And take heed that you never tranſgreſs, Sir,
With that beautiful Toaſt *Molly Mog*.

SONG

SONG CCCXVI. *A lovely Lass to*, &c.

A Lovely Lass to a Friar came,
To confess in a Morning early,
In what, my Dear, are you to blame?
Come own it all sincerely.
I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a Lad who loves me dearly.

The greatest Fault in myself I know,
Is what I now discover.
Then you to Rome *for that must go,*
There Discipline to suffer,
Lack-a-day! Sir, if it must be so,
Pray with me send my Lover.

No, no, my Dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double Dealing;
But if with me you'll repeat the same,
I'll pardon your past Failing.
I must own, Sir, though I blush for shame,
That your Penance is prevailing.

SONG CCCXVII. *Green Sleeves.*

YE watchful Guardians of the Fair,
Who skiff on Wings of ambient Air,
Of my dear *Delia* take a Care,
And represent her Lover;
With all the Gaiety of Youth,
With Honour, Justice, Love and Truth,
'Till I return, her Passions sooth,
For me, in Whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid Slave,
With Soul sunk in a golden Grave,
Who knows no Virtue, but to save,
With glaring Gold bewitch her.
Tell her, for me she was design'd,
For me, who knows how to be kind,
And have more Plenty in my Mind,
Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the World turn up-side down,
And Fools run an eternal round,
In queſt of what can ne'er be found,
To pleaſe their vain Ambition;
Yet little Minds great Charms eſpy,
In Shadows which at diſtance lie,
Whoſe hop'd for Pleaſures, when come nigh,
Prove nothing in Fruition.

But caſt into a Mold divine,
Fair *Delia* does with Luſtre ſhine,
Her virtuous Soul's an ample Mine,
Which yields a conſtant Treaſure.
Let Poets, in ſublimeſt Lays,
Employ their Skill her Fame to raiſe:
Let Sons of Muſick paſs whole Days,
With well-tun'd Reeds to pleaſe her.

SONG CCCXVIII. *Nanny-O.*

WHile ſome for Pleaſure pawn their Health,
'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
I'll ſave myſelf, and without Stealth,
Kiſs and careſs my *Nanny-O*.
She bids more fair t'engage a *Jove*,
Than *Leda* did for *Danae-O*:
Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
None elſe ſhould ſit but *Nanny-O*.

How joyfully my Spirits riſe,
When dancing ſhe moves finely-O;
I gueſs what Heaven is by her Eyes,
Which ſparkle ſo divinely-O.
Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I
Breathe in the bleſt *Britannia*,
None's Happineſs I ſhall envy,
As long's ye grant me *Nanny-O*.

My bonny, bonny Nanny-O,
My lovely, charming Nanny-O,
I care not though the World know,
How dearly I love Nanny-O.

SONG

SONG CCCXIX. *Who comes there?*

WHO comes there? ſtand,
And come before the Conſtable;
We'll know what you are,
What makes you out ſo late?
Says the midnight Magiſtrate:
With his Noddle full of Ale,
In a wooden Chair of State.

Whence comes you, Sir?
And whether do you go?
You may be a Jeſuit, for ought I know.
You may as well, Sir, take me
For a *Mahometan.*
He ſpeaks *Latin*, ſecure him,
He's a dangerous Man.

To tell you the Truth, Sir,
I am an honeſt *Tory*;
Here's a Crown to drink,
And there's an End of the Story.
Good-morrow, Sir; a civil Man
Is always welcome:
Go, *Barnaby* Bounce,
Light the Gentleman home.

SONG CCCXX. *Of all Joys, &c.*

OF all Joys we e'er poſſeſt,
Love and Wine are ſtill the beſt;
Sweetly they by turns controul,
Wine the Heart, and Love the Soul.
Wealth and Power ſtrive in vain,
Equal Happineſs to gain.
Wine ſuperior Joy doth prove,
And in ſober Seaſons, Love.
Of all Joys we are poſſeſt,
Love and Wine are ſtill the beſt.

SONG CCCXXI. *Europa fair.*

Europa fair,
Love's chiefeſt Care,
Gaily ſmiling, hither turn your Eyes;
To court your Love,
See mighty *Jove*,
Thus deſcending from the lofty Skies.

Shew no Diſdain,
To give me Pain;
But yield to Joy,
That ne'er will cloy,
And wiſely of my fond Paſſion approve,
And cool the ſcorching Thunder-bolt of Love.

Thus, earthly Fair,
When Mortals dare
Provoke my Rage,
You may aſſuage:
When in your Arms I'm cloſely curl'd,
Kiſſing, preſſing, you will ſave the World.

SONG CCCXXII. *Ianthe the lovely.*

Anthe the lovely, the Joy of her Swain,
By *Iphis* was lov'd, and lov'd *Iphis* again;
She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair,
Their Pleaſure was equal, and equal their Care:
No Time, no Enjoyment, their Dotage withdrew,
But the longer they liv'd, ſtill the fonder they grew.

A Paſſion ſo happy alarm'd all the Plain,
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain:
Some ſwore, 'twould be pity their Loves to invade,
That the Lovers alone for each other were made:
But all, all conſented, that none ever knew
A Nymph yet ſo kind, or a Shepherd ſo true.

Love ſaw them with Pleaſure, and vow'd to take Care
Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent Pair;

What

What either did want, he bid either to move,
But they wanted nothing, but ever to love:
Said, 'Twas all that to bleſs 'em his Godhead could do,
That they ſtill might be kind, and they ſtill might be true.

SONG CCCXXIII. *At a May Pole down*, &c.

AT a *May* Pole down in *Kent*,
Now Spring with flow'ry Sweets was come,
Nymphs with Swains to Dancing went,
Each hop'd to bring the Garland home.
When *Amelia* came, they all gave way,
Youths with Joy their Homage pay,
Nymphs confeſs her Queen of *May*,
No one was ever yet ſo gay.

As her Skin the Lilly fair,
New-budding Roſe her Mouth imparts,
New-ſtrung *Cupid*'s Bow, her Hair,
Eyes, his keeneſt Ebon Darts.
When you do her Temper view,
Young, but wiſe; admir'd, yet true;
Never charm'd with empty Shew,
Ne'er indiſcreet, yet eaſy too.

All around, your Steps advance,
Now foot it in a fairy Ring,
Nimbly trip, and as you dance,
Ever live, bright *Amelia!* ſing.
With Boughs their Hearts of Oak beſet,
Your brave Sires their Conqu'ror met:
No Crown but her Locks of Jet,
Now does your free Allegiance get.

SONG CCCXXIV. *To all you Ladies*, &c.

IN Country Quarters ſtill confin'd,
From *Berwick* I do write:
Why can't my Body, like my Mind,
To *Silvia* take its Flight?

Oh!

Oh! *Silvia!* if a Wiſh could do,
My Soul ſhould quarter ſoon with you.
Fa, la, la, la.

Whilſt I ſtay here, my love-ſick Heart,
With you is left behind:
Alas! why ſhould our Bodies part,
Since both our Souls are join'd?
My Body to my Prince is due,
My Soul its Orders takes from you.

My blooming Hopes of ſeeing you,
Are wither'd in their Prime;
Confin'd to ſtay for a Review,
Oh! why was this the Time!
For what's a dull Review to me,
If *Silvia* is not there to ſee?

When heavy Beat of dull *Tattoo*,
Commands the Soldier home,
The Hopes I have to dream on you,
Gives Muſick to the Drum:
Next Morning with the *Reveilé*,
I only wake to think on thee.

SONG CCCXXV. *Gallowſhiels.*

AH! the Shepherd's mournful Fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languiſh,
To bear the ſcornful Fair-one's Hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his Anguiſh!
Yet eager Looks, and dying Sighs,
My ſecret Soul diſcover,
While Rapture trembling through mine Eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender Glance, the red'ning Cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing Bluſhes,
A thouſand various Ways they ſpeak
A thouſand various Wiſhes,

For

For oh! that Form ſo heavenly fair,
Thoſe languid Eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling,
That artleſs Bluſh, and modeſt Air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every Look, and every Grace,
So charm, when-e'er I view thee:
'Till Death o'er-take me in the Chace,
Still will my Hopes purſue thee.
Then, when my tedious Hours are paſt,
Be this laſt Bleſſing given,
Low at thy Feet to breathe my laſt,
And die in ſight of Heaven.

SONG CCCXXVI. *Come, let us prepare.*

IF any ſo wiſe is,
That Sack he deſpiſes,
Let him drink his ſmall Beer, and be ſober;
Whilſt we drink Wine, and ſing
As if it were Spring,
He ſhall droop like the Trees in *October*.

But be ſure over Night,
If this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a Warning,
Soon as out of your Bed,
To ſettle your Head,
Take a Hair of his Tail in the Morning.

And not be ſo ſilly,
To follow old *Lilly*,
For there's nothing but Wine that can tune us;
Let his *ne aſſueſcas*
Be put in his Cap-caſe,
And ſing *bibito vinum jejunus*.

SONG CCCXXVII. *There was a jovial.*

COME, all ye jolly *Bacchanals*,
That love to tope good Wine,
Let us offer up a Hogſhead,
Unto our Maſter's Shrine.
And a toping we will go, &c.

Then

Then let us drink, and never ſhrink,
For I'll give a Reaſon why;
'Tis a great Sin to leave a Houſe,
'Till we've drank the Cellar dry.
And a toping, &c.

In Times of old I was a Fool,
I drank the Water clear;
But *Bacchus* took me from that Rule,
He thought 'twas too ſevere.
And a toping, &c.

He fill'd a Goblet to the Brim,
And bade me take a Sup;
But had it been a Gallon Pot
By *Jove* I'd toſt it up.
And a toping, &c.

And ever ſince that happy Time,
Good Wine has been my Cheer:
Now nothing puts me in a Swoon,
But Water, or Small-Beer.
And a toping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my Boys,
And never flinch, nor fly;
But fill our Skins brim-full of Wine,
And drain the Bottles dry.
And a toping, &c.

SONG CCCXXVIII. *Gilder Roy.*

AH! *Chloris*, could I now but ſit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant Beauty could beget
No Happineſs, nor Pain.
When I this Dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming Day,
I little thought that riſing Fire,
Would take my Reſt away.

Your

Your Charms in harmleſs Childhood lay,
As Metals in a Mine;
Age from no Face takes more away,
Than Youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your Charms inſenſibly
To their Perfection preſt,
So Love, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
And center'd in my Breaſt.

My Paſſion with your Beauty grew,
While *Cupid* at my Heart,
Still as his Mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming Dart.
Each gloried in their wanton Part;
To make a Lover, he
Employ'd the utmoſt of his Art; ——
To make a Beauty, ſhe.

SONG CCCXXIX. *Of all the Girls that are ſo ſmart.*

OF *Anna*'s Charms let others tell,
Or bright *Eliza*'s Beauty;
My Song ſhall be of *Blouzabel*,
To ſing of her's my Duty.
The Fair, who arm'd with *Cupid*'s Darts,
His Flames and other Matters,
Is all around behung with Hearts,
As Beggars are with Tatters.

To laviſh Nature much ſhe owes,
And much to Education;
The Girls and Boys, and Belles and Beaus,
Are ſtruck with Admiration:
For blended in her Cheek there lies
The Carrot and the Turnip;
And who beholds her blazing Eyes,
His very Heart they burn up.

Her dainty Hands are red and blue,
Her Teeth all black and yellow;
Her curling Hair of ſaffron Hue,
Her Lips like any Tallow.

Her

Her Voice ſo loud, and ſhe ſo ſhrill,
Far off it is admir'd;
Her Tongue—— which never yet lay ſtill,
And yet was never tir'd.

Ten thouſand Wonders riſe to view,
All o'er the lovely Creature,
The pearly Sweat, like Morning Dew,
Gilds every ſhining Feature.
As *Iſaac* of his *Eſau* ſaid,
She like a Foreſt favours:
Thrice happy Man! for whom the Maid
Reſerves her hidden Favours.

O *Blouzabel* for thee we pant,
To thee our Hopes aſpire;
For thou haſt all which Lovers want,
To quench their raging Fire.
Then kindly take us to thy Arms,
And in Compaſſion ſave us,
From *Anna*'s and *Eliza*'s Charms,
Which cruelly enſlave us.

SONG CCCXXX. *How happy are we.*

HOW happy are we,
Who from thinking are free,
That curbing Diſeaſe of the Mind?
Can indulge ev'ry Taſte,
Love where we like beſt,
Not by dull Reputation confin'd.

When we're young, fit to toy,
Gay Delights we enjoy,
And have Crouds of new Lovers ſtill wooing;
When we're old and decay'd,
We procure for the Trade,
Still in every Age we are doing.

If a Gully we meet,
We ſpend what we get,

Ev'ry

Ev'ry Day for the next never think;
When we die, where we go,
We have no Senſe to know;
For a Bawd always dies in her Drink.

SONG CCCXXXI. *Peggy, I muſt love thee.*

AS from a Rock, paſt all Relief,
The Shipwreck'd *Collin* ſpying
His native Soil, o'ercome with Grief,
Half ſunk in Waves, and dying:
With the next Morning-Sun he ſpies
A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surprize;
New Life ſprings up, he lifts his Eyes
With Joy, and waits her Motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted,
Love with Deſpair my Spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted.
Thus droop'd I, till diviner Grace
I found in *Peggy's* Mind and Face;
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But Virtue more engaging.

Then now, ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying:
I'll haſte dull Courtſhip to a cloſe,
Since Marriage can my Fears oppoſe:
Why ſhould we happy Minutes loſe,
Since, *Peggy*, I muſt love thee?

Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a Lover's Duty,
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their Eaſe,
Doating on a proud Beauty.
Such was my Caſe for many a Year,
Still Hope ſucceeding to my Fear;
Falſe *Betty's* Charms now diſappear,
Since *Peggy's* far outſhine them.

SONG

SONG CCCXXXII. *Now the good Man's from home.*

NOW the good Man's from home,
I'll caſt away Care,
And, with ſome biſk Fellow,
Steal out to the Fair;
Though ſome are too baſhful,
And others too bold,
Yet Women's Intentions
Are not to be told,

But if I ſhould meet
With a Spark to my Mind,
One fit to be truſted,
I then may prove kind:
With him I would ramble
The Fair all around,
I'd eat, and I'd drink,
Of the beſt could be found.

There's *Feilding*, and *Oates*,
And *Hipp'ſley*, and *Hall*,
And *Bullock*, and *Lee*,
And the Devil and all:
I'll have the beſt Place,
And I'll ſee ev'ry Sight,
And wanton in Pleaſure
From Morning 'till Night.

Oh! there I ſhall ſee
All the Gentlemen Rakes,
And hear the ſweet Cry
Of Beer, Ale, Wine, and Cakes.
Whilſt I in blue Apron
And clean linnen Gown,
Draw all the fine Sparks
From the Flirts of the Town,

SONG CCCXXXIII. *As Celia near a Fountain lay.*

AS near a Fountain's flow'ry Side,
The bright *Selinda* lay,
Her Looks encreas'd the Summer's Pride,
Her Eyes the blaze of Day.

The Roſes bluſh'd with deeper red,
To ſee themſelves outdone;
The Lillies ſhrunk into their Beds,
To find ſuch Rival ſhone.

Quick through the Air of this Retreat,
A Bee induſtrious flew;
Prepar'd to rifle ev'ry Sweet,
And ſip the balmy Dew.

Drawn by the Fragrance of her Breath,
Her roſy Lips he found:
Where he in Tranſports met his Death,
And dropt upon the Ground.

Enjoy, bleſt Bee, enjoy thy Fate,
Nor at thy Fall repine,
Since Kings would quit their royal State,
To ſhare a Death like thine.

SONG CCCXXXIV. *O'er the Moor to Maggy.*

AND I'll o'er the Moor to *Maggy*,
Her Wit and Sweetneſs call me,
Then to my Fair I'll ſhow my Mind,
Whatever may befall me.
If ſhe love Mirth, I'll learn to ſing,
Or likes the Nine to follow,
I'll lay my Lugs in *Pindus'* Spring,
And invocate *Apollo*.

If ſhe admire a martial Mind,
I'll ſheath my Limbs in Armour;
If to the ſofter Dance inclin'd,
With gayeſt Airs I'll charm her:
If ſhe love Grandeur, Day and Night
I'll plot my Nation's Glory,
Find Favour in my Prince's Sight,
And ſhine in future Story.

Beauty can Wonders work with Eaſe,
Where Wit is correſponding:
And braveſt Men know beſt to pleaſe,
With Complaiſance abounding.
My bonny *Maggy*'s Love can turn
Me to what ſhape ſhe pleaſes,
If in her Breaſt that Flame ſhould burn,
Which in my Boſom blazes.

SONG CCCXXXV. *Three Nymphs contending.*

SEE, ſee, like *Venus* ſhe appears,
With all her Heav'n of Charms!
Her ſpotleſs Form, her blooming Years,
Enchant me to her Arms.
Were I to chuſe my fav'rite Joy,
Or Love, or kingly Sway,
Her Smiles would all my Hours employ,
And ſport the World away.

SONG CCCXXXVI. *Gavot in Otho.*

B*acchus*, God of mortal Pleaſure,
Ever give me thy dear Treaſure,
How I long for t'other Quart!
Drowſy Waiter,
Since 'tis no later,
Why ſhould good Companions part.

He that's willing
Whip a Shilling,

Follow

Follow this Example round:
If you wear a lib'ral Spirit,
Put about the generous Claret,
After Death no Drinking's found.

SONG CCCXXXVII. *She raiſe and loot me in.*

THE Night her ſilent Sable wore,
And gloomy were the Skies,
Of glittering Stars appear'd no more
Than thoſe in *Nelly*'s Eyes.
When at her Father's Yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, ſhrowded only with her Smock,
Aroſe, and loot me in.

Faſt lock'd within her cloſe Embrace,
She trembling ſtood, aſham'd;
Her ſwelling Breaſt, and glowing Face,
And ev'ry Touch inflam'd.
My eager Paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the Fort to win;
And her fond Heart was ſoon betray'd,
To yeild, and loot me in.

Then, then, beyond expreſſing,
Tranſporting was the Joy!
I knew no greater Bleſſing,
So bleſt a Man was I!
And ſhe, all raviſh'd with Delight,
Bid me oft come again,
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry Night
She'd riſe, and loot me in.

But ah! at laſt ſhe prov'd with Bairn,
And ſighing ſat, and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en juſt like a Fool.
Her lovely Eyes with Tears ran o'er,
Repenting her raſh Sin;
She ſigh'd, and curs'd the fatal Hour,
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

But

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch Beauty part?
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The Charmer of my Heart;
But wedded, and conceal'd our Crime,
Thus all was well again:
And now ſhe thanks the happy Time,
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

SONG CCCXXXVIII. *If Love's a ſweet Paſſion.*

IF Love's a ſweet Paſſion, why does it torment?
If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my Complaint?
Since I ſuffer with Pleaſure, why ſhould I complain?
Or grieve at my Fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the Pain is, ſo ſoft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.

I graſp her Hands gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate Silence I make my Love known.
But oh! how I'm bleſs'd when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing Miſtake to diſcover her Love;
When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare name.

How pleaſing is Beauty, how ſweet are the Charms?
How delightful Embraces, how peaceful her Arms?
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all things above:
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes muſt yeild,
For 'tis Beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair Field.

SONG CCCXXXIX. *The Sun was ſunk beneath, &c.*

THE Sun was ſunk beneath the Hills,
The Weſtern Cloud was lin'd with Gold,
Clear was the Sky, the Wind was ſtill,
The Flocks were penn'd within the Fold.
When in the Silence of the Grove,
Poor *Damon* thus deſpair'd of Love.

Who

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant Roſe,
From the hard Rocks, or the oozy Beech;
Who from each barren Weed that grows,
Expects the Grape, or bluſhing Peach,
With equal Faith may hope to find
The Truth of Love in Woman-kind.

No Flocks have I, no fleecy Care,
No Fields that wave with golden Grain;
No Paſtures green, or Gardens fair,
A Woman's venal Heart to gain:
Then all in vain my Sighs muſt prove,
Whoſe whole Eſtate, alas, is Love.

How wretched is the faithful Youth,
Since Womens Hearts are bought and ſold?
They aſk no Vows of ſacred Truth,
When-e'er they ſigh, they ſigh for Gold:
Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove;——
Thus I am ſcorn'd,——who have but Love.

To buy the Gems of *India*'s Coaſt,
What Wealth, what Riches would ſuffice;
Yet *India*'s Shore could never boaſt,
The Luſtre of thy rival Eyes:
For there the World too cheap muſt prove;
Can I then buy,——who have but Love?

Then, *Mary*, ſince nor Gems, nor Ore,
Can with thy brighter Self compare;
Be juſt, as fair, and value more
Than Gems or Ore, a Heart ſincere.
Let Treaſure meaner Beauties prove,
Who pays thy Worth, muſt pay in Love.

SONG CCCXL. *John Anderſon, my Jo.*

'TIS not your Beauty, nor your Wit,
That can my Heart obtain;
For they could never conquer yet,
Either my Breaſt or Brain:

For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth I'll from your Slave to be,
Or doat upon you more.
Think not my Fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind;
No ſmoothed Sight, nor ſmiling Frown,
Can ſatisfy my Mind;
Pray let *Platonicks* play their Pranks,
Such Follies I deride;
For Love, at leaſt I will have Thanks,
And ſomething elſe beſide.
Then open-hearted be with me,
As I ſhall be with you,
And let your Actions be as free,
As Virtue will allow:
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
If true, I'll conſtant be;
If Fortune chance to change your Mind
I'll turn as ſoon as you.
Since our Affections well ye know,
In equal Terms do ſtand,
Tis in your Power to love or no,
Mine's likewiſe in my Hand;
Diſpenſe with your Auſterity,
Unconſtancy abhor:
Or, by great *Cupid*'s Deity,
I'll never love you more.

SONG CCCXLI. *Gently touch the warbling.*

KIndly, kindly thus, my Treaſure,
Ever love me, ever charm;
Let the Paſſion know no Meaſure,
Yet no jealous Fear alarm.
Why ſhould we our Bliſs beguile,
By dull doubting fall at odds;
Meet my Embraces with a Smile;
We'll be as happy as the Gods.

SONG CCCXLII. *Peggy, I muſt love thee.*

BEneath a Beach's grateful Shade,
Young *Collin* lay complaining;
He ſigh'd, and ſeem'd to love a Maid,
Without Hopes of obtaining:
For thus the Swain indulg'd his Grief,
Though Pity cannot move thee,
Though thy hard Heart gives no Relief,
Yet *Peggy* I muſt love thee.

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Collin* done,
That thus you cruelly uſe him?
If Love's a Fault, 'tis that alone,
For which you ſhould excuſe him.
'Twas thy dear ſelf firſt rais'd this Flame,
This Fire by which I languiſh;
'Tis thou alone can quench the ſame,
And cool its ſcorching Anguiſh.

For thee I leave the ſportive Plain,
Where every Maid invites me;
For thee, ſole Cauſe of all my Pain,
For thee, that only ſlights me.
This Love that fires my faithful Heart,
By all but thee's commended:
Oh! wouldſt thou act ſo good a Part,
my Grief might ſoon be ended.

That beauteous Breaſt ſo ſoft to feel,
Seem'd Tenderneſs all over:
Yet it defends the Heart like Steel,
'Gainſt thy deſpairing Lover.
Alas! though it ſhould ne'er relent,
Nor *Collin*'s Care e'er move thee,
Yet 'till Life's lateſt Breath is ſpent,
My *Peggy*, I muſt love thee.

SONG CCCXLIII. *O fly from this Place.*

O Fly from this Place, dear *Flora*,
Thy Goaler has set thee free;
And before the next Blush of *Aurora*,
You'll find a kind Guardian in me.
Dearest Creature, exchange for the better,
Confinement can have no Charms;
Think which of your Prisons is Sweeter,
This or a young Lover's Arms.

SONG CCCXLIV. *Woe's my Heart that we should sunder.*

WITH broken Words, and down-cast Eyes,
Poor *Collin* spoke his Passion tender;
And, parting with his *Grisy*, crys,
Ah! woe's my Heart, that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as Snow,
But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder:
From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go,
It breaks my Heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
No Beauty new my Love shall hinder;
Nor Time, nor Place, shall, ever change
My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.

The Image of thy graceful Air,
And Beauties which invite our Wonder,
Thy Lovely Wit, and Prudence rare,
Shall still be present, though we sunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder:
Then seal a Promise with a Kiss,
Always to love me, though we sunder,

Ye Gods, take care of my dear Lass,
That as I leave her I may find her:
When that blest Time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again, and never sunder.

SONG

SONG CCCXLV. *Ye Shepherds and Nymphs*

THE Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
No leſs than a Wonder by Nature deſign'd:
She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my Eye,
And the Cauſe of a Flame that never can die.

Her Mouth, from whence Wit ſtill obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful Bluſh, and the Smell of the Roſe;
Love and Deſtiny both ſtill attend on her Will,
She wounds with a Look, with a Frown ſhe can kill.

The deſperate Lover can hope no Redreſs,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in Exceſs:
In *Silvia* they meet, ſo unhappy am I,
Who ſees her muſt love, and who loves her muſt die.

SONG CCCXLVI. *Romp's Song.*

OH! I'll have a Huſband, ah, marry,
For why ſhould I longer tarry,
For why ſhould I longer tarry
Than other briſk Girls have done?
For if I ſtay,
'Till I grow grey,
They'll call me old Maid,
And fuſty old Jade,
So I'll no longer tarry
But I'll have a Huſband, ah, marry,
If Money will buy me one.

My Mother ſhe ſays I'm too coming,
And ſtill in my Ears ſhe is drumming,
And ſtill in my Ears ſhe is drumming,
That I ſuch vain Thoughts ſhould ſhun:
My Siſters they cry
O fie! and oh fie!
But yet I can ſee,
They're as coming as me;
So let me have Huſbands in Plenty,
I'd rather have twenty Times twenty,
Than die an old Maid undone.

Song CCCXLVII. *She tells me with Claret.*

SHE tells me with Claret she cannot agree,
And she thinks of a Hogshead whene'er she sees me;
For I smell like a Beast, and therefore must I,
Resolve to forsake her, or Claret deny.
Must I leave my dear Bottle, that was always my Friend?
And I hope will continue so to my Life's End?
Must I leave it for her? 'tis a very hard Task:
Let her go to the Devil, to the Devil: Bring t'other Flask.

Had she tax'd me with Gaming, and bid me forbear,
'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an Ear:
Had she found out my *Sally*, up three pair of Stairs,
I had baulk'd her, and gone to *St. James's* to Prayers:
Had she bade me read Homilies three Times a-day,
She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to say:
But at Night, to deny me my Bottle of Red,
Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to be said.

Song CCCXLVIII. *The blythsome Bridal.*

LET us a' away to the Bridal,
For there will be lilting there:
For *Jocky*'s to be married to *Maggie*,
The Lass wi' the gowden Hair.
And there will be Lang-kail and Pottage,
And Bannocks of Barley-Meal;
And there will be good sawt Herring,
To relish a Cog of good Ale.
Let us a' to the Bridal, &c.

And there will be *Saney* the Suitor,
And *Will* wi' the meikle Mou;
And there will be *Tam* the Blutter,
With *Andrew* the Tinkler, I trow:
And there will be bow'd-legged *Robbie*,
With thumbless *Katie*'s good Man;
And there will be blue-cheek'd *Dowbie*,
And *Lawrie* the Laird of the Land.
Let us, &c.

And

And there will be ſow-lipper *Patie*,
And plucky-fac'd *Wat* i' the Mill,
Capper-nos'd *Francie* and *Gibbie*,
That wins in the How of the Hill;
And there will be *Alaſter Sybbye*,
Wha in with black *Beſſy* did mool,
With ſnivelling *Lilly* and *Tibbie*,
The Laſs that ſtands aft on the Stool.
Let us, &c.

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Steenie*,
And coft him grey Breeks to his Arſe,
Who after was hangit for ſtealing,
Great Mercy it happen'd nae warſe.
And there will be gleed *Geordy Janners*,
And *Kirſh* with the lilly-white Leg,
Wha gade to the South for Manners,
And bang'd up her Wame in *Mons-Meg*.
Let us, &c.

And there will be *Juden Maclawrie*,
And blinkin daft *Barbara Macleg*.
Wi' flae lugged ſharny-fac'd *Lawrie*,
And ſhangy mou'd halueket *Meg*.
And there will be happer-ars'd *Nauſy*,
And fairy-fac'd *Flowrie* by Name,
Muck *Maddie*, fat-hippit *Griſy*,
The Laſs with the gowden Wame.
Let us, &c.

And there will be girn-again *Gibbie*,
With his glakit Wife *Jenny Bell*,
And miſle-ſhin'd *Mungo Macapie*,
The Lad that was ſkipper himſel.
There Lads and Laſſes in Pearlings,
Will feaſt in the Heart of the Ha',
On Sybows, and Rifarts, and Carlings,
That are baith ſodden and raw.
Let us, &c.

And there will be Fadges and Brachen,
With Fourth of good Gabbocks of Skate,
Powſowdy, and Drammock, and Crowdy,
And caller Nowt-Feet in a Plate.
And there will be Partans, and Buckies,
And Whytens, and Speldings enew,
With ſinged Sheep-heads, and a Haggies,
And Scadlips to ſup 'till ye ſpew.
Let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd Milk Kebbucks,
And Sowens, and Farles, and Baps,
With Swats, and well ſcraped Paunches,
And Brandy in Stoups, and in Caps:
And there will be Meal-kail, and Caſtocks,
With Skink to ſup 'till ye rive,
And Roaſts to roaſt on a Brander,
Of Flowks that were taken alive.
Let us, &c.

Scrapt Haddocks, Wilks, Dulſe, and Tangle,
And a Mill of good Sniſhing to prie;
When we're weary with eating and drinking,
We'll riſe up, and dance till we die.
Then let us a' away to the Bridal,
For there will be Lilting there,
For Jocky's *to be married to* Maggie,
The Laſs wi' the gowden Hair.

SONG CCCXLIX. *Thus mighty Eaſtern Kings.*

THUS mighty *Eaſtern* Kings,
Of *Abram*'s Race, and Monarchs good,
Of *Ægypt*, *Syria*, *Greece*, and *Rome*,
True Architecture underſtood.
No Wonder then if Maſons join
To celebrate thoſe Maſon Kings,
With ſolemn Note, and flowing Wine,
Whilſt ev'ry Brother jointly ſings.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Who can unfold the royal Art,
Or ſing its Secrets in a Song?
They're ſafely kept in Maſon's Heart,
And to the ancient Lodge belong.

SONG CCCL. *I wiſh my Love were in a Mire.*

BLeſt as the immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all while,
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile.
So ſpoke, and ſmil'd, the *Eaſtern* Maid;
Like thine, ſeraphick were her Charms,
That in *Circaſia*'s Vineyard ſtray'd,
And bleſt the wiſeſt Monarch's Arms.

A thouſand Fair of high Deſert,
Strove to enchant the amorous King;
But the *Circaſian* gain'd his Heart,
And taught the royal Bard to ſing.
Clarinda thus our Song inſpires,
And claims the ſmooth and ſofteſt Lays:
But while each Charm our Boſom fires,
Words ſeem too few to ſound her Praiſe.

Her Mind in every Grace compleat,
To paint, ſurpaſſes human Skill:
Her Majeſty, mixt with the ſweet,
Let Seraphs ſing her, if they will.
Whilſt wand'ring, with a raviſh'd Eye,
We all that's perfect in her View,
Viewing a Siſter of the Sky,
To whom an Adoration's due.

SONG CCCLI. *I'll ſing you a Song*, &c.

I'LL ſing you a Song was never in Print,
'Tis newly and truly come out of the Mint,
And I'll tell you before-hand, you'll find nothing in't.
Tol, lol, &c.

'Tis nothing I think, 'tis nothing I write,
'Tis nothing I court, 'tis nothing I ſlight,
And I don't care a Pin if I get nothing by't.
Tol, lol, &c.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, Birds, Beaſts, Fiſh, and Men,
Did ſtart out of Nothing, a Chaos, a Den,
And all things muſt turn to nothing again.
Tol, lol, &c.

The Lad that makes Love to a delicate Smooth-thing,
And hopes to obtain her by ſighing and ſoothing,
Moſt frequently makes much ado about nothing.
Tol, lol, &c.

But ſoon as his Patience and Purſe are decay'd,
He may to the Arms of a Whore be betray'd,
For ſhe that has no-*thing*, muſt needs be a Maid.
Tol, lol, &c.

'Tis nothing makes many things often-times hit,
As when Fools amongſt wiſe Men do ſilently ſit,
The Fool that ſays nothing may paſs for a Wit.
Tol, lol, &c.

When firſt by the Ears we together did fall,
Then ſomething got nothing, and nothing got all,
From nothing we came, and to nothing we fall.
Tol, lol, &c.

If any Man tax me with Weakneſs of Wit,
And ſays, that on nothing I nothing have writ,
I ſhall anſwer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.
Tol, lol, &c.

But let his Diſcretion be never ſo tall,
This very Word Nothing may give him a Fall,
For in writing of nothing I comprehend all.
Tol, lol, &c.

So let ev'ry Man give to the Poet his due,
For then 'twas with him, as 'tis now with you,
He wrote it when that he had nothing to do.
Tol, lol, &c.

This very Word Nothing, if took the right Way,
May be of Advantage, for what will you ſay,
When the Landlord he tells you there's nothing to pay?
Tol, lol, &c.

SONG CCCLII. *John Anderſon my Jo.*

WHAT means this Niceneſs now of late,
Since Time that Truth does prove?
Such Diſtance may conſiſt with State,
But never will with Love.
'Tis either Cunning or Diſdain,
That does ſuch Ways allow;
The firſt is baſe, the laſt is vain,
May neither happen t'you.

For if it be to draw me on,
You over-act your Part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not half that Art:
For if you chance a Look to caſt,
That ſeems to be a Frown,
I'll give you all the Love that's paſt,
The reſt ſhall be my own.

SONG CCCLIII. *Hail Maſonry.*

HAIL Maſonry, thou Craft divine!
Glory of Earth, from Heaven reveal'd;
Which doth with Jewels precious ſhine,
From all but Maſons Eyes conceal'd.
Chor. *Thy Praiſes due who can rehearſe,*
In nervous Proſe, or flowing Verſe?

As Men from Brutes diſtinguiſh'd are,
A Maſon other Men excels;
For what's in Knowledge choice and rare,
But in his Breaſt ſecurely dwells.
Chor. *His ſilent Breaſt and faithful Heart,*
Preſerve the Secrets of the Art.

From ſcorching Heat, and piercing Cold,
From Beaſts whoſe Roar the Foreſt rends:
From the Aſſaults of Warriours bold,
The Maſon's Art Mankind defends,
Chor. *Be to this Art due Honour paid,*
From which Mankind receive ſuch Aid.

Enſigns of State, that feed our Pride,
Diſtinctions troubleſome and vain!
By Maſons true are laid aſide,
Art's free-born Sons ſuch Toys diſdain.
Chor. *Ennobled by the Name they bear,*
Diſtinguiſh'd by the Badge they wear.

Sweet Fellowſhip, from Envy free,
Friendly Converſe of Brotherhood;
The Lodge's laſting Cement be,
Which has for Ages firmly ſtood.
Chor. *A Lodge thus built, for Ages paſt,*
Has laſted, and will ever laſt.

Then in our Songs be Juſtice done,
To thoſe who have enrich'd the Art,
From *Jabel* down to *Burlington*,
And let each Brother bear a Part.
Chor. *Let noble Maſons Health go round,*
Their Praiſe in lofty Lodge reſound.

SONG CCCLIV. *My Deary, if thou die.*

LOVE never more ſhall give me Pain,
My Fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever Maid my Heart ſhall gain,
My *Peggy*, if thou die.

Thy

Thy Beauties did ſuch Pleaſure give,
  Thy Love's ſo true to me:
Without thee I ſhall never live,
  My Deary, if thou die.

If Fate ſhall tear thee from my Breaſt,
  How ſhall I lonely ſtray?
In dreary Dreams, the Night I'll waſte,
  In Sighs the ſilent Day.
I ne'er can ſo much Virtue find,
  Nor ſuch Perfection ſee:
Then I'll renounce all Woman-kind,
  My *Peggy*, after thee.

No new-blown Beauty fires my Heart
  With *Cupid*'s raving Rage,
But thine, which can ſuch Sweets impart,
  Muſt all the World engage.
'Twas this that, like the Morning Sun,
  Gave Joy and Life to me;
And when its deſtin'd Day is done,
  With *Peggy* let me die.

Ye Powers, that ſmile on virtuous Love,
  And in ſuch Pleaſure ſhare;
You who its faithful Flames approve,
  With Pity view the Fair;
Reſtore my *Peggy*'s wonted Charms,
  Thoſe Charms ſo dear to me,
Oh! never rob them from thoſe Arms:
  I'm loſt, if *Peggy* die.

SONG CCCLV. *You little blind Deceiver go.*

YOU little blind Deceiver go,
  And tell thy beauteous Mother,
A ſtrong Reſentment I will ſhow,
  Since ſhe does love another.

What

What though her Air and Shape's divine,
Yet ſtill I can withſtand her;
I'll make the ſporting Youth repine,
And ſhew him I'm Commander.

But if true Love hath no Effect
On that delightful Treaſure;
The Power I have I'll not neglect,
But ſeize her at my Pleaſure.

SONG CCCLVI. *The happy Clown.*

IT was the charming Month of *May*,
When all the Flowers were freſh and gay,
One Morning by the break of Day,
Sweet *Chloe*, chaſte, and fair,
From peaceful Slumbers ſhe aroſe,
Girt on her Mantle and her Hoſe,
And o'er the flow'ry Mead ſhe goes,
To breathe a purer Air.

Her Looks ſo ſweet, ſo gay her Mien,
Her handſome Shape, and Dreſs ſo clean,
She look'd all o'er like Beauty's Queen,
Dreſt in her beſt Array.
The gentle Winds and purling Stream,
Eſſay'd to whiſper *Chloe*'s Name,
The ſavage Beaſts, 'till then ne'er tame,
Wild Adoration pay.

The feather'd People one might ſee,
Perch'd all around her on a Tree,
With Notes of ſweeteſt Melody,
They act a chearful Part:
The dull Slaves on the toilſome Plow,
Their wearied Necks and Knees do bow,
A glad Subjection there they vow,
To pay with all their Heart.

The bleating Flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming Nymph they ſpy,
They leave their hoarſe and rueful Cry,

And

And dance around the Brooks:
The Woods are glad, the Meadows ſmile,
And *Forth*, that foam'd and roar'd e'er while,
Glides calmly down, as ſmooth as Oil,
Through all its charming Crooks.

The finny Squadrons are content,
To leave their wat'ry Element,
In glazie Numbers down they bent,
They flutter all along.
The Inſects, and each creeping Thing,
Join'd to make up the rural Ring,
All friſk and dance, if ſhe but ſing,
And make a jovial Throng.

Kind *Phœbus* now began to riſe,
And paint with red the eaſtern Skies,
Struck with the Glory of her Eyes,
He ſkrinks behind a Cloud:
Her Mantle on a Bough ſhe lays,
And all her Glory ſhe diſplays,
She left all Nature in Amaze,
And ſkip'd into the Wood.

SONG CCCLVII. *Flights of Cupid.*

FLights of *Cupids* hover round me,
Spread your little, ſubtle Snares;
Beauty found the Force to wound me,
Beauty muſt relieve my Cares.

SONG CCCLVIII. *Roſy Bowers.*

(Sullenly Mad.)

FROM roſy Bowers, where ſleeps the God of Love,
Hither ye little waiting *Cupids* fly;
Teach me in ſoft, melodious Strains to move,
With tender Paſſion my Heart's darling Joy,
Ah! let the Soul of Muſick tune my Voice,
To win dear *Strephon*, who my Soul enjoys.

(Mirth-

(Mirthfully Mad)

Or if more influencing,
Is to be brisk and airy,
With a Step, and a Bound,
And a Frisk from the Ground,
I'll trip like any Fairy.
As once on *Ida* dancing,
Were three celestial Bodies;
With an Air, and a Face,
And a Shape, and a Grace,
I'll charm like Beauty's Goddess.

(Melancholy Mad.)

Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,
Death and Despair must end the fatal Pain:
Cold, cold Despair, disguis'd like Snow and Rain,
Falls on my Breast; bleak Winds in Tempests blow:
My Veins all shiver, and my Fingers glow:
My Pulse beats a dead March for lost Repose,
And to a Lump of Ice my poor fond Heart is froze.

(Fantastically Mad.)

Or say, ye Powers my Peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myself, or drown
Among the foaming Billows?
Increasing all with Tears I shed,
On Beds of Ooze, and crystal Pillows,
Lay down my love-sick Head.

(Stark Mad.)

No, no, no, no, I'll straight run mad,
That soon my Heart will warm;
When once the Sense is fled,
Love has no Power to charm.
Wild through the Woods I'll fly,
Robes, Locks shall thus be tore:
A thousand Deaths I'll die,
E'er thus in vain adore.

SONG CCCLIX. *The happiest Mortals*, &c.

THE happiest Mortals once were we,
I lov'd *Myra*, *Myra* me;
Each desirous of the Blessing,
Nothing wanting but possessing;
I lov'd *Myra*, *Myra* me,
The happiest Mortals once were we.

But since cruel Fates dissever,
Torn from Love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me;
Of all Pains the greatest Pain
Is to love——and love in vain.

SONG CCCLX. *Still Chloe*, &c.

STill, *Chloe*, ply thy courtly Art,
Touch and retouch thy Face,
'Till the cosmetick Powers impart,
A Bloom to ev'ry Grace.

What though the home-bred Country Maid,
To modest Rules a Slave,
Disdains all use of White and Red,
But what plain Nature gave.

Yet if to vie with thee she dare,
Whoe'er the Umpire be,
He must be blind, or must refer
The Palm entire to thee.

For whilst her aukward Cheeks display
Pale Rage, or blushing Shame,
No Change thy steddy Looks betray,
They always shine the same.

SONG CCCLXI. *As Damon, who had,* &c.

AS *Damon*, who had hardly ſped
In Wedlock's heavy Chains,
His tender Flock with *Thyrſis* fed,
Upon the ſmiling Plains;
Thus to the Youth the Sage exclaim'd,
And the curſt Hour in which he marry'd, damn'd.

Would'ſt thou, my Friend, in Pleaſure live,
Nor thy Repoſe deſtroy?
Would'ſt thou the Bliſs that Youth can give,
Without Remorſe enjoy?
Oh! ſhun that fatal Rock a Wife,
That galls thy Days with endleſs Plagues and Strife.

For when at laſt you have attain'd
The great myſterious Bliſs;
When you have that great Something gain'd,
And find how fleeting 'tis,
You'll curſe the fond and am'rous Heat,
And find out quickly who's the greateſt Cheat.

SONG CCCLXII. *Ye Minutes,* &c.

YE Minutes bring the happy Hour,
And *Chloe*, bluſhing to the Bow'r;
Then ſhall all idle Flames be o'er,
Nor Eyes, or Heart, e'er wander more:
Both, *Chloe*, fix'd for e'er on thee,
For thou art all thy Sex to me.

A guilty is a falſe Embrace,
Corinna's Love's a Fairy-Chaſe:
Be gone thou Meteor, fleeting Fire,
And all that can't ſurvive Deſire:
Chloe my Reaſon moves, and Awe,
And *Cupid* ſhot me when he ſaw.

SONG

SONG CCCLXIII. *Thy vain Purſuit, fond Youth, give o'er.*

IF Wine and Muſick have the Power
To eaſe the Sickneſs of the Soul,
Let *Phœbus* ev'ry String explore,
And *Bacchus* fill the ſprightly Bowl.
Let them their friendly Aid employ,
To make my *Chloe*'s Abſence light,
And ſeek for Pleaſures to deſtroy
The Sorrows of this live-long Night.

But ſhe to-morrow will return;
Venus, be thou to-morrow great,
Thy Myrtles ſtrew, thy Odours burn,
And meet the fav'rite Nymph in State.
Kind Goddeſs, to no other Powers
Let us to-morrow's Bleſſings own;
Thy darling Loves ſhall guide the Hours,
And all the Day be thine alone.

SONG CCCLXIV. *How cruel is a Parent's Care.*

HOW cruel is a Parent's Care,
Who Riches only prizes?
When finding out ſome Booby-Heir,
He thinks he wond'rous wiſe is?
While the poor Maid, to ſhun her Fate,
And not to prove a Wretch in State,
To 'ſcape the Blockhead ſhe muſt hate,
She weds where ſhe deſpiſes.

The harmleſs Dove thus trembling flies
The rav'nous Hawk purſuing,
A while her tender Pinions tries,
'Till doom'd to certain Ruin:
Afraid her worſt of Foes to meet,
No Shelter near, no kind Retreat,
She drops beneath the Faulkner's Feet,
For gentler Uſage ſuing.

SONG

SONG CCCLXV. *See what a Conqueſt.*

SEE what a Conqueſt Love has made!
Beneath the Myrtle's amorous Shade
The charming, fair *Corinna* lies,
All melting in Deſire,
Quenching in Tears thoſe flowing Eyes,
That ſet the World on fire.

What cannot Tears and Beauty do?
The Youth by chance came by, and knew
For whom thoſe cryſtal Streams did flow;
And tho' he ne'er before
To her Eyes' brighteſt Rays did bow,
Weeps too, and does adore.

So when the Heavens ſerene and clear,
Gilded with gaudy Light, appear,
Each craggy Rock, and ev'ry Stone
Their native Rigour keep;
But when in Rain the Clouds fall down,
The hardeſt Marbles, weep.

SONG CCCLXVI. *Lord what's come to my Mother.*

LORD! what comes to my Mother!
That ev'ry Day more than other,
My true Age ſhe would ſmother,
And ſays I'm not in my Teens:
Tho' my Sampler I have ſown through,
My Bib and my Apron outgrown too,
My Baby quite away thrown too:
I wonder what 'tis ſhe means!
When our *John* does ſqueeze my Hand,
And calls me, Sugar-ſweet,
My Breath almoſt fails me,
I know not what ails me,
My Heart does ſo heave and ſo beat.

I've

I've heard of Deſires,
From Girls that have been juſt of my Years,
Love compar'd to Sweet-Briars,
That hurts, and yet does pleaſe.
Is Love finer than Money?
Or can it be ſweeter than Honey?
I'm, poor Girl, ſuch a *Toney*,
Efaith, that I cannot gueſs.
But I'm ſure I'll watch more near,
There's ſomething that Truth will ſhow;
For if Love be a Bleſſing,
To pleaſe beyond Kiſſing,
Our *Jane* and the Butler do know.

SONG CCCLXVII. *Greenwood Tree.*

HOW hardly I conceal my Tears!
How oft did I complain?
When many tedious Days my Fears
Told me, I lov'd in vain.
But now my Joys as wild are grown,
And hard to be conceal'd;
Sorrow may make a ſilent Moan,
But Joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the bleating Flocks,
To ev'ry Stream and Tree,
And bleſs the hollow murmuring Rocks,
For echoing back to me.
Thus you may ſee with how much Joy
We want, we wiſh, believe;
'Tis hard ſuch Paſſion to deſtroy,
But eaſy to deceive.

SONG CCCLXVIII. *Tell me, Sileno, why you ſill?*

MY Heart is ev'ry Beauty's Prey,
And does my Power diſown;
I ne'er could keep it one whole Day,
And now 't has been ſo long away,
I know not where 'tis flown.

But

But if the Fair that find this Stray,
Will kindly give it room,
Or teach it better to obey,
Her Care with double Thanks I'll pay,
And take the Rambler home.

SONG CCCLXIX. *Ariſe, ariſe,* &c.

ARiſe, ariſe, great Dead, for Arms renown'd,
Riſe from your Urns, and ſave your dying Story;
Your Deeds will be in dark Oblivion drown'd,
For mighty *William* ſeizes all your Glory.

Again the *Britiſh* Trumpet ſounds,
Again *Britannia* bleeds;
To glorious Death, or comely Wounds,
Her godlike Monarch leads.

Pay us, kind Fate, the Debt you owe,
Celeſtial Minds from Clay untie;
Let coward Spirits dwell below,
And only give the Brave to die.

SONG CCCLXX. *Fooliſh Women, fly,* &c.

WAnton Gales, that fondly play
Round about my love-ſick Head
Quickly waft my Sighs away,
To the Nymph for whom I bleed.

Softly whiſper in her Ear,
All the Pains for her I feel,
All the Torments that I bear,
Tell her ſhe alone can heal.

Then with unſuſpected Care,
Gently fan her lovely Breaſt;
Happy you may revel there,
Where each God would wiſh to reſt.

SONG CCCLXXI. *The Sun was ſunk*, &c.

ALas! when charming *Silvia*'s gone,
I ſigh, and think myſelf undone,
But when the lovely Nymph is here,
I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear,
Thoughtleſs of all but her, I rove,
Ah! tell me, is not this call'd Love?

Ah me! what Power can move me ſo?
I die with Grief when ſhe muſt go;
But I revive at her Return;
I ſmile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:
Tranſports ſo ſweet, ſo ſtrong, ſo new,
Say, can they be to Friendſhip due?

Ah no! 'tis Love, 'tis now too plain,
I feel, I feel the pleaſing Pain;
For who e'er ſaw bright *Silvia*'s Eyes,
But wiſh'd, and long'd, and was her Prize:
Gods, if the trueſt muſt be bleſt,
O let her be by me poſſeſt.

SONG CCCLXXII. *As after Noon one Summer's Day.*

AS after Noon one Summer's Day,
Venus ſtood bathing in a River,
Cupid a Shooting went that Way,
New ſtrung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.

With Skill he choſe his ſharpeſt Dart,
With all his Might his Bow he drew,
Swift to his beauteous Parent's Heart,
The too-well guided Arrow flew.

I faint, I die! the Goddeſs cry'd,
O cruel! coud'ſt thou find none other
To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide!
Like *Nero*, thou haſt ſlain thy Mother,

Poor

Poor *Cupid*, ſobbing, ſcarce could ſpeak,
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how eaſy my Miſtake?
I took you for your Likeneſs, *Chloe*.

SONG CCCLXXXIII. *March in Scipio.*

WHere have you been, my lovely Sailor bold?
Why will you leave me here for the ſake of curſed Gold?
What tho' my Father he is croſs, my Mother ſhe is kind,
Therefore my Father's Croſſneſs, dear *Johnny*, never mind.
Alas, my deareſt *Nanny*, with Joy I you receive,
But your Father's Croſſneſs indeed did make me grieve:
But ſince your Mother's kind, your Father I don't fear,
So pray now go and fetch her, ſhe'll joy to ſee me here.
You are the only Girl, dear *Nanny*, I adore;
But long I cannot ſtay, I ſoon muſt quit the Shore.
Theſe Words, my deareſt *Johnny*, do cut me to the Heart,
To think that you are going, ſo ſoon I cannot part.
Why will you ſail the Seas, where ſtormy Winds do blow,
When you may ſtay at home, Love, in Safety, you do know?
Why will you ſail the Seas, where ſtormy Winds they be,
When you may ſtay at home, in Safety, Love, with me.
He ſaid, I'm now a Servant unto the King, you know,
And when that he commands me, I'm forced for to go;
Therefore, my deareſt *Nanny*, be not caſt down, or ſad,
For of all other Callings, a Sailor's the beſt Lad.
She ſaid, I love a Sailor, they have the beſt of Hearts,
They keep us from our Enemies, and ſail to foreign Parts;
They bring us Wealth from *India*, for to encreaſe our Store;
And were it not for Sailors, the Land would be but poor.

But

But yet, my deareſt *Johnny*, ſo ſoon I cannot part;
To think that you are going, cuts me to the Heart.
He ſaid, ſince I muſt go, cheer up, my *Nanny* dear;
I'll riſle all the *Indies*, and bring you Treaſure here.
With many pretty Fancies for to enrich our Store,
Sufficient to maintain us together, Love, on ſhore.
Then kiſſing of her coral Lips, young *Johnny* took his Leave,
And left his deareſt *Nanny* his Abſence for to grieve.

SONG CCCLXXIV. *Four and twenty Fidlers.*

FOur and twenty Fidlers all in a Row,
And there was fiddle, fiddle, and twice fiddle,
'Cauſe it is my Lady's Birth-day, [fiddle,
Therefore we keep Holiday,
We come for to be merry.

Four and twenty Drummers all in a Row,
And there was Rub a dub, rub, rub, tub.
And there was fiddle, fiddle, *&c.*

Four and twenty Trumpeters all in a Row,
And there was Tantara rara, tantara,
And there was rub a dub, *&c.*

Four and twenty Tabors and Pipers all in a Row,
And there was whif and dub,
And tantara rara, *&c.*

Four and twenty Women all in a Row,
And there was tittle tattle, and twice prittle prattle,
And whif and dub, *&c.*

Four and twenty Singing-Maſters all in a Row,
And there was Fa, la, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, la, la.
And there was tittle. *&c.*

Four and twenty Fencing-Maſters all in a Row,
And this, and that, and down to the Legs clap, Sir,
And cut 'em off, and Fa, la, *&c.*

Four and twenty Lawyers all in a row,
And there was *Omne quod exit in um damno ſed, Plus damno decorum*; and there was this and that, *&c.*

Four and twenty Vintners all in a row,
And there was rare Claret and White,
I ne'er drank worſe in my Life,
And excellent good Canary,
Drawn off the Lees of Sherry,
If you do not like it, *Omne quod*, &c.

Four and twenty Parliament-Men all in a row,
And there was Loyalty and Reaſon,
Without one word of Treaſon,
And there was rare Claret, &c.

Four and twenty *Dutchmen* all in a row,
And there was *Alter Malter Vantor Dyken Shapen Kopen de Hogue Van Rottyck Vantonſtick de Brille Van Boorſtyck, Van Foerſtyck*, and *Soatrag Van Hogan Herien-Van Donck.*
Rare Claret and White, &c.

SONG CCCLXXV. *If Love's a ſweet Paſſion.*

IF Wine be a Cordial, why does it torment?
If a Poiſon, oh tell me, whence comes my Content?
Since I drink it with Pleaſure, why ſhould I complain?
Or repent ev'ry Morn, when I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo charming the Glaſs is, ſo deep is the Quart,
That at once it both drowns, and enlivens my Heart.

I take it off briſkly, and when it is down,
By my jolly Complection I make my Joy known:
But oh! I'm bleſt! when ſo ſtrong it does prove,
By its ſoveriegn Heat to expel that of Love!
When in quenching the old, I create a new Flame,
And am wrapt in ſuch Pleaſures that ſtill want a Name.

SONG CCCLXXVI. *Draw, Cupid, draw.*

HEAR, *Chloe*, hear,
And do not turn away
From my Deſire, but quench my Fire,
And my Love's Flames allay:
And let my Song go along,
Unto Compaſſion move,
And make you kind,
And bend your Mind,
And melt you into Love.

If *Chloe* loves, and conſtant proves,
Oh happy, happy, then am I;
But if that ſhe unconſtant be,
And does delight to rove,
As ſure as Gun,
I am undone,
And ſhan't have power to move.

SONG CCCLXXVII. *When firſt I beheld Clarinda's Eyes.*

WHEN firſt I beheld *Clarinda*'s Eyes,
Love did my trembling Heart ſurprize:
Long have I hugg'd my am'rous Chain,
And long have I mourn'd the fair Tyrant's Diſdain:
Still whining and ſighing,
And pining and dying,
Not once bravely trying Relief to obtain.

Now ſhall the feeble Boy reſign,
To the gay, bluſhing God of Wine.
Wine's a Specifick in ev'ry Diſeaſe,
Drink Wine, and frail Beauty no longer ſhall teaze.
Thus whilſt I'm deſtroying,
Th' Effects of proud Coying,
I'm daily enjoying, and purchaſing Eaſe.

Come put the clattering Glaſſes round,
Hark! with what Harmony they ſound!

Enlarg'd by this Bumper my Freedom I boaſt,
And thus I recover the Heart I had loſt.
But whence all this Trembling!
A Relapſe ſo reſembling!
In vain is diſſembling, ——— *Clarinda*'s the Toaſt.

SONG CCCXXVIII. *Young Cupid one Day wilely.*

YOung *Cupid* one Day wilely,
With well-diſſembled Art,
Let fly an Arrow ſlily,
And pierc'd me to the Heart.
A while I ſigh'd, grew ſtupid,
But to quit Scores with *Cupid*.
I learn'd a Way, which ſoon I'll try,
Since Reaſon takes my Part:
I'll ſteal away his Arrows,
And ſweet Revenge purſue:
With Womens Hearts I'll head 'em,
And then they'll ne'er fly true,
No, no, they'll ne'er fly true.

SONG CCCLXXIX. *Gently touch the warbling Lyre.*

WHY, lovely Charmer, tell me why,
So very kind, and yet ſo ſhy?
Why does that cold forbidden Air,
Give Damps of Sorrow and Deſpair?
Or why that Smile my Soul ſubdue,
And kindle up my Flames anew?

In vain you ſtrive with all your Art,
By turns, to freeze and fire my Heart;
When I behold a Face ſo fair,
So ſweet a Look, ſo ſoft an Air,
My raviſh'd Soul is charm'd all o'er,
I cannot love thee leſs or more.

SONG CCCLXXX. *Come let us prepare.*

COME, fair-one, be kind,
You never ſhall find
A Fellow ſo fit for a Lover;
The World it ſhall view
My Paſſion for you,
But never your Paſſion diſcover.

I ſtill will complain
Of Frowns and Diſdain,
Though I revel throughout all your Charms:
The World ſhall declare,
Idie with Deſpair,
When only I die in your Arms.

I ſtill will adore,
And love you more and more,
But, by *Jove*, if you chance to prove cruel,
I'll get me a Miſs,
That freely will kiſs,
Though after I drink Water-Gruel.

SONG CCCLXXXI. *Vain Belinda.*

FOoliſh Women, fly Men's Charms,
Fly their Cringing, fly their Arms;
For ſhould you by chance comply,
Tis not they, but you muſt die,
'Tis not they, *&c.*

Men with Pleaſure ſoon are cloy'd,
And forſake you, when enjoy'd:
Strive their winning Arts to ſhun,
If you ſlight them they 're undone.
If you, *&c.*

When that you them overpower,
Reſerve yourſelf until the Hour
Of the matrimonial Nooſe,
Then falſe Men you may abuſe,
Then falſe Men you may abuſe.

SONG CCCLXXXII. *The Sun was ſunk.*

IN vain poor *Damon* proſtrate lies,
And humbly trembles at my Feet,
While pleading Looks, and begging Sighs,
With moving Eloquence entreat.
Pity perſuades my trembling Breaſt,
That Pains ſo great ſhould be redreſt.

But ſome ſtrange Whiſpers intercedes,
And tells me I muſt let him wait,
And make him ſeal reſtrictive Deeds,
E'er I admit him to my State.
Women ſhould triumph whilſt they can,
Since Marriage makes 'em Slaves to Man.

SONG CCCLXXXIII. *Love and Folly.*

LOVE and Folly were at play,
Both too wanton to be wiſe;
They fell out, and in their Fray
Folly put out *Cupid*'s Eyes.

Strait the Criminal was try'd,
And had his Puniſhment aſſign'd,
Folly ſhould to Love be ty'd,
And condemn'd to lead the Blind.

Then wiſely let's venture,
Ourſelves to deceive,
Since Fate has decreed us
To love and believe.

For all we can gain
By our Wiſdom and Eyes,
Is to find ourſelves cheated,
And wretched, when wiſe.

SONG CCCLXXXIV. *Leave Kindred, &c.*

LEave Kindred and Friends, ſweet Lady,
Leave Kindred and Friends for me;
Aſſur'd your Servant is ſteady,
To Love, to Honour, and Thee.
The Gifts of Nature and Fortune,
May fly by Chance, as they came,
They're Grounds the Deſtinies ſport on,
But Virtue is ever the ſame.
Although my Fancy were roving,
Your Charms ſo heavenly appear,
That other Beauties diſproving,
I'd worſhip thine only, my Dear.
And ſhould Life's Sorrows imbitter
The Pleaſure we promiſe our Loves,
To ſhare them together is fitter
Than moaning aſunder, like Doves.
Oh were I but once ſo bleſſed,
To claſp the Fair in my Arms,
By thee to be claſped and kiſſed,
And live on thy Heaven of Charms;
I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
Should Fortune capricious prove,
Though Death ſhould tear me to pieces,
I'd die a Martyr to Love.

SONG CCCLXXXV. *Of Leinſter fam'd for Maidens fair.*

FLY, fly, ye happy Shepherds, fly,
Avoid *Philira*'s Charms;
The Rigour of her Heart denies
The Heaven that's in her Arms.
Ne'er hope to gaze, and then retire,
Nor yeilding to be bleſs'd,
Nature, who foam'd her Eyes of Fire,
Of Ice compos'd her Breaſt.

Yet, lovely Maid, this once believe
A Slave, whoſe Zeal you move:
The Gods, alas, your Youth deceive,
The Heaven conſiſts in Love.
In ſpite of all the things you owe,
You may reproach 'em this;
That where they did their Form beſtow,
They have deny'd their Bliſs.

SONG CCCLXXXVI. *When firſt I laid, &c.*

WHEN firſt I laid Siege to my *Chloris*,
Cannon Oaths I brought down,
To batter the Town,
And I ſtorm'd her with amorous Stories.

Billet-doux like Small-ſhot did ſo ply her,
And ſometimes a Song
Went whiſtling along,
But ſtill I was never the nigher.

At length ſhe ſent Word by a Trumpet,
If I lik'd that Life,
She would be my Wife,
But ſhe would be no Man's Strumpet.

I told her that *Mars* would not marry,
And ſwore by my Scars,
Got in Combats and Wars,
That I'd ſooner dig Stones in a Quarry.

At length ſhe granted the Favour,
Without the dull Curſe,
For better, for worſe,
And ſav'd the dull Parſon the Labour.

SONG CCCLXXXVII. *My Love was fickle.*

MY Love was fickle once, and changing,
Nor e'er would ſettle in my Heart;
From Beauty ſtill to Beauty ranging,
In every Face I found a Dart.

'Twas

'Twas firſt a charming Shape enſlav'd me,
An Eye than gave the fatal Stroke,
'Till by her Wit *Corinna* ſav'd me,
And all my former Fetters broke.

But now a long and laſting Anguiſh,
For *Belvidera* I endure;
Hourly I ſigh, and hourly languiſh,
Nor hope to find the wonted Cure.

For here the falſe, inconſtant Lover,
After a thouſand Beauties ſhewn,
Does new ſurprizing Charms diſcover,
And finds Variety in one.

SONG CCCLXXXVIII. *Greenwood Tree.*

OF all the Torments, all the Cares,
With which our Lives are curs'd,
Of all the Plagues a Lover bears,
Sure Rivals are the worſt:
By Partners of another kind,
Afflictions eaſier grow,
In Love alone we hate to find
Companions of our Woe.

Cynthia, for all the Pangs you ſee
Are labouring in my Breaſt,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but ſlight the reſt:
How great ſoe'er your Rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope,
I can endure my own Deſpair,
But not another's Hope.

SONG CCCLXXXIX. *How happy am I.*

HOW happy am I,
The fair Sex can defy,
And can ev'ry Day ſay my Heart is my own;
For I never ſaw yet,
That Beauty or Wit,
But I lov'd, if I pleas'd, or could let it alone.

I thought that my Flame
Would ſtill prove the ſame,
For beautiful *Celia*, while *Celia* was true;
But Love was ſo blind,
When *Celia* was kind,
I chang'd her for *Mopſa*, for *Mopſa* was new.

SONG CCCXC. *As in a Grove I lately ſtray'd.*

YE Swains that are courting a Maid,
Be warn'd and inſtructed by me;
Though ſmall Experience I've had,
I give you good Counſel, and free.
The Women are changeable Things,
And ſeldom a Moment the ſame;
As Time a Variety brings,
Their Looks new Humours proclaim.

But who in his Love would ſucceed,
And his Miſtreſs's Favour obtain,
Muſt mind it as ſure as his Creed,
To make Hay while the Sun is ſerene.

There's a Seaſon to conquer the Fair,
And that's when they're merry and gay;
To catch the Occaſion take care,
When 'tis gone, in vain you'll eſſay,

SONG CCCXCI. *Haſte, Shepherd, haſte, and come away.*

I Gently touch'd her Hand, ſhe gave
A Look that did my Soul enſlave;
I preſs'd her rebel Lips in vain,
They roſe up to be preſs'd again:
Thus happy I no further meant,
Than to be pleas'd, and innocent.

On her ſoft Breaſts my Hand I laid,
And a quick, light Impreſſion made:

They

They with a kindly Warmth did glow,
And ſwell'd, and ſeem'd to overflow:
Yet truſt me, I no further meant,
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her Eyes my Eyes did ſtray,
O'er her ſmooth Limbs my Hands did ſtray;
Each Senſe was raviſh'd with Delight,
And my Soul ſtood prepar'd for flight:
Blame me not, if at laſt I meant,
More to be pleas'd, than innocent.

SONG CCCXCII. *How tormenting's the Anguiſh.*

HOW tormenting's the Anguiſh,
When the Fair pine and languiſh,
And too ſoon their Indulgence diſcover:
If the Nymph is complying,
The Swain ceaſes dying,
And the Warmth of his Paſſion is over.

The beſt way to charm him,
Is with Fears to alarm him,
To keep him in awe, and at Diſtance;
By making him jealous,
She makes him more zealous,
And ſecures him her Slave by Reſiſtance.

SONG CCCXCIII. *On, on, my dear Brethren.*

ON, on, my dear Brethren, purſue the great Lecture,
And refine on the Rules of old Architecture:
High Honour to Maſons the Craft daily brings,
To thoſe Brothers of Princes, and Fellows of Kings.

We drove the rude *Vandals* and *Goths* off the Stage,
And reviv'd the old Arts of *Auguſtus'* fam'd Age;
And *Veſpaſian* deſtroy'd the vaſt Temple in vain,
Since ſo many now riſe under *Montague's* Reign.

The noble five Orders, compos'd with ſuch Art,
Shall amaze the ſwift Eye, and engage the whole Heart;
Proportion, ſweet Harmony, gracing the whole,
Give our Work, like the glorious Creation, a Soul.

Then Maſter and Brethren, preſerve your great Name,
This Lodge ſo majeſtick ſhall purchaſe you Fame;
Rever'd it ſhall ſtand 'till all Nature expire,
And its glories ne'er fade, 'till the World is on fire.

See, ſee, behold here what rewards all our Toil,
Inſpires our Genius, and makes Labour ſmile:
To our noble Grand-Maſter let a Bumper be crown'd,
To all Maſons a Bumper, ſo let it go round.

Again, my lov'd Brethren, again let it paſs,
Our ancient, firm Union cements with a Glaſs,
And all the Contention 'mongſt Maſons ſhall be,
Who better can work, or who better agree.

SONG CCCXCIV. *Why is your faithful Slave diſdain'd?*

He. WHEN once the Marriage-Knot is ty'd,
The beſt Way's to live ſatisfy'd,
All jangling is in vain:
For when we have done all we can,
We are but juſt where we began,
And ſtill muſt drag our Chain.

She. But when you're ſotting Night and Day,
And laviſh Health and Wealth away,
Who can her Tongue refrain?
He. That makes the Matter ſtill the worſe,
For then I do but drub and curſe,
And add more to your Pain.

She. True 'tis, I ſuffer every way,
Am ſlav'd, am beaten, Night and Day,
You know it to your Shame.
He. No more, my *Juggy*, let's be Friends,
At Night I'll make you full Amends,
With what I dare not name.

SONG

SONG CCCXCV. *Highland Laddie.*

THE *Lawland* Lads think they are fine,
But oh! they're vain, and idly gaudy,
How much unlike that graceful Mien,
And manly Look of my *Highland* Laddie.
My handſome, charming Highland *Laddie!*
May Heaven ſtill guard, and Love reward,
Our Lawland *Laſs, and her* Highland *Laddie.*

If I were free at will to chuſe,
To be the wealthieſt *Lawland* Lady,
I'd take young *Donald* in his Trews,
With Bonnet blue, and belted Plaidy.
O *my bonny*, &c.

The braveſt Beau in *Borrows-Town*,
In a' his Airs, with Art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a Clown,
He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.
O *my bonny*, &c.

O'er *Benty-Hills* with him I'll run,
And leave my *Lawland* Kin and Daddy,
Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun,
He'll ſkreen me with his *Highland* Plaidy.
O *my bonny*, &c.

A painted Room, and ſilken Bed,
May pleaſe a *Lawland* Laird and Lady,
But I can kiſs, and be as glad,
Behind a Baſh in's *Higland* Plaidy,
O *my bonny*, &c.

Few Complements between us paſs,
I ca' him my dear *Highland* Laddie,
And he ca's me his *Highland* Laſs,
Syn rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
O *my bonny*, &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his Love prove true and ſteddy,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While Heaven preſerves my *Highland* Laddie.
O *my bonny*, &c.

SONG CCCXCVI. *You Maidens, you Wives.*

ON the Banks of a River, close under the Shade,
Young *Cleon* and *Silvia* one Evening were laid,
The Youth pleaded strongly for Proof of his Love,
But Honour had won her his Flame to reprove,
She cry'd, where's the Lustre when Clouds shade the Sun?
Or what is rich Nectar, the Taste being gone?
'Mongst Flowers on the Stalk sweetest Odours do dwell,
But if gather'd, the Rose itself loses the Smell.

Thou dearest of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,
If e'er thou wilt argue, begin on Love's Side.
In Matters of State let grave Reason be shown,
But Love is a Pow'r will be ruled by none.
Nor should a coy Beauty be counted so rare,
For Scandal can blast both the Chaste and the Fair:
Most fierce are the Joys Love's Alembick do fill,
And the Roses are sweetest when put to the Still.

SONG CCCXCVII. *Waft me, some soft and cooling Breeze.*

FAIR, and soft, and gay, and young,
All Charm! she play'd, she danc'd, she sung!
There was no way to 'scape the Dart,
No Care could guard the Lover's Heart!
Ah why! cry'd I, and dropt a Tear,
(Adoring, yet despairing here,
To have her to myself alone)
Was so much Sweetness made for one!

But growing bolder in her Ear,
I in soft Numbers told my Care;
She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal Heat.
Like Heaven's too mighty to express,
My Joys could be but known by guess:
Ah Fool! said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one!

But long I had not been in view
Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew,
E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms,
She ſunk into another's Arms.
But ſhe that once could faithleſs be,
Will favour him no more than me;
He too will find himſelf undone,
And that ſhe was not made for one.

SONG CCCXCVIII. *As Celia near a Fountain lay.*

WHEN yeilding firſt to *Damon*'s Flames,
I ſunk into his Arms;
He ſwore he'd ever be the ſame,
Then rifled all my Charms.

But, fond of what he long deſir'd,
Too eager of his Prey,
My Shepherd's Flame, alas, expir'd,
Before the Verge of Day.

My Innocence of Lovers Wars,
Reproach'd his quick Defeat;
Confus'd, aſham'd, and bath'd in Tears,
I mourn'd his cold Retreat.

At length, ah, Shepherdeſs, cry'd he,
Would you my Fire renew,
You muſt, alas, retreat like me,
I'm loſt if you purſue.

SONG CCCXCIX. *What Man in his Wits*, &c.

WHAT Man in his Wits had not rather be poor,
Than for Lucre his Freedom to give;
Ever buſy the Means of his Life to ſecure,
And ſo ever neglecting to live.

Invi-

Inviron'd from Morning to Night in a Croud,
Not a Moment unbent, or alone;
Conſtrain'd to be abject, though never ſo proud,
And at ev'ry one's Call but his own.

Still repining, and longing for Quiet each Hour,
Yet ſtudiouſly flying it ſtill;
With the Means of enjoying his Wiſh in his Power,
But accurſt with his wanting the Will.

For a Year muſt be paſt, or a Day muſt be come,
Before he has Leiſure to reſt:
He muſt add to his Store this or that pretty Sum,
And then he'll have Time to be bleſt.

But his Gain's more bewitching the more they increaſe,
Only ſwell the Deſire of his Eye:
Such a Wretch let mine Enemy live, if he pleaſe,
But let not mine Enemy die.

SONG CCCC. *Hark! the Cock*, &c.

HArk! the Cock crows, 'tis Day all abroad,
And looks like a jolly, fair Morning:
Up *Roger* and *James*, and drive out your Teams,
Up quickly to carry the Corn in.
Davy the Drowſy, and *Barnaby Bowſy*,
At Breakfaſt we'll flout and we'll jeer, Boys:
Sluggards ſhall chatter with Small-beer and Water,
While you ſhall tope off the *March*-Beer, Boys.

Laſſes that ſnore, for ſhame give it o'er,
Mouth open, the Flies will be blowing:
To get us ſtout Hum 'gainſt *Chriſtmas* does come,
Away, where the Barley is mowing.
In your Smock-Sleeves too, bind up the Sheaves too,
With nimble young *Rowland* and *Harry*;
Then when Work's over, at Night give each Lover
A Hug and a Buſs in the Dairy.

Two for the Mow, and two for the Plough,
Is then the next Labour comes after;
I'm ſure I hir'd four, but if you want more,
I'll ſend you my Wife and my Daughter.

Roger

Roger the luſty tell *Rachel* the truſty,
The Barn's a rare Place to ſteal Garters;
'Twixt her and you then, contrive up the Mow then,
And take it at Night for your Quarters.

SONG CCCCI. *Oh! London is a fine Town.*

OH! *London* is a fine Town, and a gallant City,
'Tis govern'd by the Scarlet-Gown, come liſten to my Ditty.
This City has a Mayor, this Mayor he is a Lord,
And governeth the Citizens all by his own accord.
Oh! London, *&c.*

He boaſteth his Gentility, and how nobly he was born,
His Arms they are three Ox-heads, and his Creſt a rampant Horn. [*Hall,*
The firſt Journey his Lordſhip takes is to *Weſtminſter*-
Attended by twelve Companies, for he muſt have them all.
Oh! London, *&c.*

The Barges are made fine and gay, for his Lordſhip and the beſt,
And Dung-Boats and Lighters provided for the reſt:
Then at the Exchequer he's ſworn upon a Shoe-Sole,
That he will be no wiſer Man than was his Brother [*Jobbernole.*
Oh! London, *&c.*

The Sword is born before him up and down the Stairs,
To fright away the little Boys that laugh at our Lord-Mayors.
And when that is ended, home again he comes,
With joyful Noiſe upon the *Thames* of Trumpets and of [Drums.
Oh! London, *&c*

His Lordſhip lands at *Black-Fryars*, and on along he jogs,
Attended by his Companies, as hungry as Dogs.
Then in comes the Carver, and boldly falls to work,
With Knife like to a Scimeter, as fierce as any *Turk.*
Oh! London, *&c.*

He

He hit upon the Gooſe-Bone, and turn'd both Edge and Point, [the Joint.
'Till he look'd upon my Lord-Mayor he could not hit
Then up came Cuſtard with twenty-four Nooks,
As you may find recorded in *Johnny Stow*'s Books,
Oh! London, *&c.*

And why it was ſo big, if you would know the Reaſon,
It was to keep their Chaps at work, that would be prating Treaſon.
Then they go to *Greenwich* all in the City Barge,
And there they have a noble Treat all at the City Charge.
Oh! London, *&c.*

And when they come to *Cuckolds Point* they make a gallant Show,
Their Wives bid the Muſick play *Cuckolds all a-row.*
Then they go to *Paul's-Church*, e'er Morning Prayer begins, [Pins.
And as they go along the Street, they ſtoop to pick up
Oh! London, *&c.*

But if you'd know, I'll tell you, the moral Reaſon of it,
They that would to Riches grow, muſt ſtoop for little Profit. [maker,
My Lord-Mayor rides along the Street like unto a Law-
With forty Catch-Poles at his Arſe, to proſecute the Baker.
Oh! London, *&c.*

And when he comes to the Baker's Stall, and finds his Bread too light, [and Knight
He ſends it home to his own Houſe, to feaſt both Lord
Then to the *Seſſions-Houſe* they go, the Seſſions there to keep,
Until that the Recorder comes, they all are faſt aſleep,
Oh! London, *&c.*

They call up all their Juries by twelves and by twelves,
And if they hang up no Man, they may go hang themſelves. [they ride,
So then they borrow Boots and Spurs, and out of Town
To ſee the Bears baited on the Bank Side.
Oh! London, *&c.*

And

And when that they have done, they all return again,
Like ſo many Apes with each his golden Chain.
Then to hear a Sermon once a Year he rides unto the
Spittle, [but little.
And there he ſits full three Hours long, and brings away
Oh! London, *&c.*

And when that he comes home, he ſits down at his Board,
And if he has not minc'd Pyes his Chear's not worth a
T——d. [gone,
My Lady ſays unto my Lord, when all the Gueſts are
I do intend to-morrow to invite my Friend Sir *John*.
Oh! London, *&c.*

For I don't think it fit always to have Tradeſmen,
I pray therefore let me rub in a Courtier now and then:
My Lady boldly aſk'd my Lord what Diſhes ſhe ſhould
have,
To entertain her Friend Sir *John* that was ſo fine and
brave.
Oh! London, *&c.*

My Lord he nam'd a Calf's-Head, at which ſhe made
a Piſh,
And ſaid, ſhe'd have a Turkey-Cock, 'cauſe ſhe lov'd
a ſtanding Diſh.
Next, once a Year into *Eſſex* a Hunting they do go,
To ſee 'em paſs along, oh! 'tis a pretty Show!
Oh! London, *&c.*

Through *Cheapſide*, and *Fenchurch-Street*, and ſo to
Aldgate-Pump, [Sword croſs his Rump:
Each Man with Spurs in's Horſe's Sides, and his Back-
My Lord he takes a Staff in Hand, to beat the Buſhes o'er,
I muſt confeſs it was a Work he ne'er had done before.
Oh! London, *&c.*

A Creature bounces from a Buſh, which made them
all to laugh, [*Eſſex* Calf.
My Lord he cry'd, A Hare, a Hare! but it prov'd an
And when they had done their Sport, they came to
London, where they dwell, [knew them well.
Their Faces all ſo torn and ſcratch'd their Wives ſcarce
Oh! London, *&c.* For

For 'twas a great Mercy ſo many 'ſcap'd alive,
For of twenty Saddles carried out, they brought again but five.
Oh! London, *&c.*

SONG CCCCII. *Farewel, ye Hills and Valleys.*

FArewel, ye Hills and Valleys,
Farewel, ye verdant Shades:
I'll make more pleaſant Sallies
To Plays and Maſquerades.
With Joy for Town I'll barter
Thoſe Banks where Flowers grow;
What's Roſes to a Garter?
What's Lillies to a Beau?

Farewel, *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Harry*,
Farewel, *Moll*, *Nell*, and *Sue*;
No longer muſt I tarry,
But bid ye all adieu.
For Time I will retire,
And amidſt the Quality,
Where many a Knight and 'Squire
Will gladly wait on me.

Farewel, ye ſhady Bowers,
Where Lovers often meet,
And paſs the ſilent Hours
With melting Kiſſes ſweet.
Of all the Country Pleaſures,
I take a long Adieu,
For I have no more Leiſure,
To waſte away with you.

SONG CCCCIII. *When Celadon, &c.*

WHen *Celadon* firſt from his Cottage did ſtray,
To court his dear *Jugg* on a Hillock of Hay;
What aukward Confuſion oppreſt the poor Swain,
When thus he deliver'd his Paſſion in Pain!

Oh

Oh Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Eyes,
Sweet *Jugg* 'tis for thee faithful *Celadon* dies;
My Pipe I've forſaken, tho' reckon'd ſo ſweet,
And ſleeping, and waking, thy Name I repeat.

When Swains to an Ale-houſe by force do me lugg,
Inſtead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jugg;
And ſure you can't chide at repeating your Name,
When the Nightingale every Night does the ſame.

Sweet *Jugg* he a hundred times o'er does repeat,
Which makes People ſay that his Voice is ſo ſweet:
Oh why can you laugh at my ſorrowful Tale;
Too well I'm aſſur'd that my Words won't prevail.

For *Roger* the Thatcher poſſeſſes thy Breaſt,
As he at the laſt Harveſt-Supper confeſs'd:
I own it, ſays *Jugg*, he has gotten my Heart,
His long curling Hair is ſo pretty and ſmart.

His Eyes are ſo black, and his Cheeks are ſo red,
They prevail more with me, than all you have ſaid;
Tho' you court me, and kiſs me, and do what you can,
'Twill ſignify nothing, for *Roger*'s the Man.

SONG CCCCIV. *What tho' I am a Country Laſs.*

WHAT tho' I am a Country Laſs,
A lofty Mind I bear-a,
And think my ſelf as good as thoſe,
Who gay Apparel wear-a.
What tho' my Clothes are home-ſpun Grey,
My Skin it is as ſoft-a,
As thoſe that in their Cypreſs Veils
Carry their Heads aloft-a.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep,
It is what muſt be done-a:
A Garland of the ſweeteſt Flow'rs
Shall ſhade me from the Sun-a.

And when I ſee they feeding be;
Where Graſs and Flow'rs do ſpring-a:
Beſide a purling Cryſtal Stream
I'll ſet me down, and ſing-a.

My Leathern-Bottle, ſtuft with Sage,
Is Drink that's very thin-a:
No Wine did e'er my Brains enrage,
Or tempt me for to ſin-a.
My Country Curds, and wooden Spoon,
Methinks are very fine-a:
When on a ſhady Bank, at Noon
I ſet me down and dine-a.

What tho' my Portion won't allow
Of Bags of ſhining gold-a;
A Farmer's Daughters now a-days,
Like Swine are bought and ſold-a.
My Body's fair, I'll keep it ſound,
And an honeſt Mind within-a;
But for an hundred thouſand Pound,
I value not a pin-a.

No Jewels wear I, in my Ears,
Or Pearls, about my Neck-a;
No coſtly Rings do I e'er uſe,
My Fingers for to deck-a.
But for the Man, who-e'er he be,
Whom I ſhall chance to wed-a;
I'll keep a Jewel worth them all,
I mean my Maidenhead-a.

SONG CCCCV. *Molly Mog.*

SOME ſings *Molly Mog* of the Roſe,
And call her the *Ockingham* Pelle;
Whilſt others do Ferſes compoſe
On beautiful *Molly Lepelle.*

Put of all the young Firgins, ſo fair,
Which *Prittain's* crete Monarchy owns;
In Peauty there's none to compare,
With hur charming dear *Gwinifrid Shones.*

Unenviet

Unenviet the ſplentit Contition
Of Princes, that ſit upon Trones:
The higheſt of all hur Ampition,
Iſs the Loſe of fair *Gwinifrid Shones.*

Pold Mortals, the Clobe will ſearch ofer
For cold, and for tiamond Stones;
Put hur can more Treaſures tiſcofer
In Peautiful *Gwinifrid Shones.*

From the Piggeſt crete Mountain in *Prittain,*
Hur wou'd fenture the preaking hur Pones;
So that the ſoft Lap hur might ſit on
Of Peautiful *Gwinifrid Shones.*

Not the Nightingale's pitiful Note
Can expreſs how poor *Shenkin* bemoans
Hiſs Fates; when in Places remote,
Hur is abſent from *Gwinifrid Shones.*

Hur Loſe iſs than Honey far ſweeter,
And Hur is no *Shenkin* ap Drones;
Put wou'd lapour in Proſe, and in Metre
To praiſe hur tear *Gwinifrid Shones.*

As the Harp of *St. Tavit* ſurpaſſes
The Bogpipes, poor Tweetles and Crones;
So *Lepelle, Molly Mog,* and all Laſſes
Are excell'd by hur *Gwinifrid Shones.*

SONG CCCCVI. *Tho' Dangers alarm me.*

I'LL face e'ery Danger to reſcue my Dear,
For Fear is a Stranger, where Love is ſincere.
I'll face e'ery Danger to reſcue my Dear,
For Fear is a Stranger, where Love is ſincere.
Repulſes but fires us, Deſpair we deſpiſe,
If Beauty inſpire us to pant for the Prize.
Repulſes, *&c.* [*Da Capo,*

SONG

SONG CCCCVII. *My Paſſion is as Muſtard ſtrong.*

MY Paſſion is as Muſtard ſtrong,
I ſit all ſober ſad;
Drunk as a Piper all Day long,
Or, like a *March* Hare mad.

Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For tho' as drunk as *David*'s Sow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as a Pear-monger I'd be,
If *Molly* were but kind,
Cool as a Cucumber would ſee
The reſt of Womankind.

Like a ſtuck Pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er,
Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Care,
Sleek as a Mouſe before.

Plump as a Partridge I was known,
And ſoft as Silk my Skin,
My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown,
But as a Groat now thin.

I, melancholly as a Cat,
Am kept awake to weep,
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a Top can ſleep.

Hard is her Heart, as Flint or Stone,
She laughs to ſee me pale;
And merry as a Grig is grown,
And briſk as bottled Ale.

The God of Love, at her Approach,
Is buſy as a Bee;
Hearts ſound as any Bell or Roach,
Are ſmit, and ſigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as Hops or Hail
The fine Men croud about her,
But ſoon as dead as a Door-Nail,
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my Leg her Shape appears;
O! were we join'd together,
My Heart would ſoon be free from Cares,
And lighter than a Feather.

As fine as Five-Pence is her Mien,
No Drum was ever tighter;
Her Glance is as a Razor keen,
And not the Sun is brighter.

As ſoft as Pap her Kiſſes are,
Methinks I feel them yet,
Brown as a Berry is her Hair,
Her Eyes as black as Jet.

As ſmooth as Glaſs, as white as Curds,
Her pretty Hand invites,
Sharp as a Needle are her Words,
Her Wit like Pepper bites.

Briſk as a Body-Louſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a Penny dreſt,
Sweet as a Roſe her Face and Lips,
Round as a Globe her Breaſt.

Full as an Egg was I with Glee,
And happy as a King;
Good lack! how all Men envy'd me,
She lov'd like any thing.

But falſe as Hell, ſhe, like the Wind,
Chang'd, as her Sex muſt do,
Tho' ſeeming as the Turtle kind,
And as the Goſpel true.

If I and *Molly* could agree,
Let who will take *Peru*,
Great as an Emp'ror I ſhould be,
And richer than a *Jew*.

'Till you grow tender as a Chick,
I'm dull as any Poſt.
Let us, like Burrs, together ſtick,
As warm as any Toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a Die,
And with me better ſped.
Flat as a Flounder when I lie,
And as a Herring dead.

Sure as a Gun, ſhe'll drop a Tear,
And ſigh perhaps, and wiſh,
When I'm as rotten as a Pear,
And mute as any Fiſh.

SONG CCCCVIII. *Come, let us prepare.*

FAIR *Venus*, they ſay,
On a rainy bleak Day,
Thus ſent her Child *Cupid* a packing:
Get thee gone from my Door,
Like a Son of a Whore,
And elſewhere ſtand bouncing and cracking.

To tell the plain Truth,
Our little blind Youth
Beat the Hoof a long while up and down, Sir,
'Till all Dangers paſt,
By good Fortune at laſt,
He ſtumbled into a great Town, Sir.

Then ſtrait to himſelf
Cries this tiny ſly Elf,
Since begging brings little Relief, Sir,
A Trade I'll commence,
That ſhall bring in the Pence,
And ſtrait he ſet up for a Thief, Sir.

At Play-houſe and Kirk,
Where he ſlily did lurk,
He ſtole Hearts both from young and old People.

'Till

'Till at laſt, ſays my Song,
He had like to have ſwung
On a Gallows as high as a Steeple.

Then with Arrows and Bow
He a Soldier muſt go,
And ſtrait he ſhot Folks without Warning:
He thought it no Sin,
When his Hand once was in,
To kill you his Hundred a Morning.

When he found that he made
Little Gains by his Trade,
What does our ſly graceleſs Blinker?
But ſtrait chang'd his Note,
As well as his Coat,
And he needs muſt paſs for a Tinker.

Have you any Hearts to mend?
Come, I'll be your Friend,
Or elſe I expect not a Farthing:
Tho' they are burnt to a Coal,
I'll ſoon make 'em whole;
And, Maids, is not this a fair Bargain?

But, Maids, have a Care,
Of this Tinker beware,
Shun the Rogue, tho' he ſets ſuch a Face on't,
Where he ſtops up one Hole,
'Tis true, by my Soul,
He'll at leaſt leave a Score in the Place on't.

SONG CCCCIX. *Young Roger*, &c.

YOung *Roger* of the Mill, one Morning, very ſoon,
Put on his beſt Apparel, his Hoſe, and clouted Shoon;
And he a wooing came to bonny buxom *Nell*,
Adſzooks, cries he, coud'ſt fancy me, I like thee wond'rous well.

My Horſes I have dreſt, and gave them Corn and Hay,
Put on their beſt Apparel: and having come this Way;

Let's

Let's sit and chat awhile with thee my bonny *Nell*,
Adzooks, says he, could'st fancy me, I'se like thy Person well.

Young *Roger* you're mistaken, the Damsel then reply'd,
I am not in such Haste to be a Plowman's Bride;
Know I then live in hopes to marry a Farmer's Son.
If it be so, says *Hodge*, I'll go sweet Mistress, I have done.

Your Horses you have dress't, as I have heard you say,
Put on their best Apparel, and having come this Way;
Come sit and chat awhile. O no indeed not I,
I'll neither wait, nor chat, nor prate, I'se other Fish to fry.

Go take your Farmer's Son, with all my honest Heart,
What tho' my Name be *Roger* that go to Plow and Cart,
I need not tarry long, I soon may gain a Wife,
There's buxom *Joan*, it is well known, she loves me as her Life.

Pray what of buxom *Joan*, can't I please you as well,
For she has ne'er a Penny, and I am buxom *Nell*,
And I have fifty Shillings, the Money made him smile,
Oh then my Dear, I'll draw a Chair, and chat with thee a while.

Within the Space of half an Hour, this Couple a Bargain struck [good Luck:
And I hope then with their Money they both may have
If you have fifty Shillings, then I have forty more,
with which a Cow we'll buy,
We'll join our Hands in Wedlock Bands, then who but you and I?

FINIS.